

CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR

OF A NATION IN

PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

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CARICATURE

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION
IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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J. M. Flagg

T. S. Sullivan

F. Nankivel

F. L. Fithian

Peter Newell

C. T. Anderson

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J. Conacher

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Albert Levering

Malcolm Strauss

Charles Sarka

Bert Levy

Gordon Grant

Boardman Robinson

Orson Lowell

Chester Garde

C. F. Peters

R. B. Fuller



Illustrated by

C. B. Hartman

Held

R. F. Schabelitz

H. A. Petersen

W. O. Wilson

L. Fellows

C. W. Kahles

Ray Rohn

Clyde Squires

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Clarence W. Anderson

Charles Wright

Will Yawter

J. K. Bryans

Authors

Walt Mason

H. C. Keller

Tom P. Morgan

Arthur Chapman

Wilbur D. Nesbit

George Bingham

Berton Braley

J. A. Waidron

Charles Hanson Towne

John Kendrick Bangs

F. Gregory Hartswick

Clinton Scollard

Douglas Malloch

G. Vere Tyler

Lawton Mackall

Strickland Gillilan

S. E. Kiser



W. J. Lampton

Jane Burr

W. Kee Maxwell

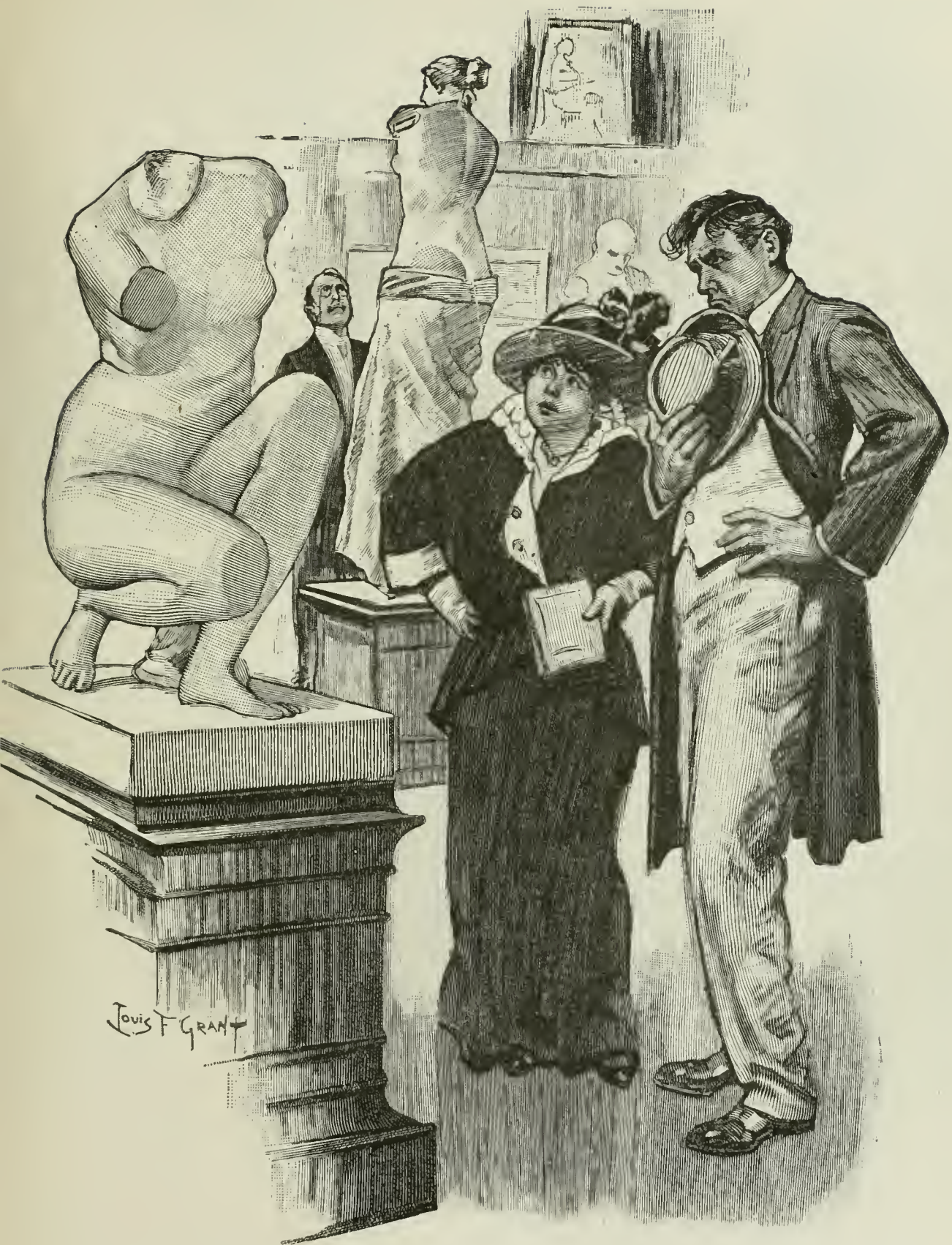
Homer Croy

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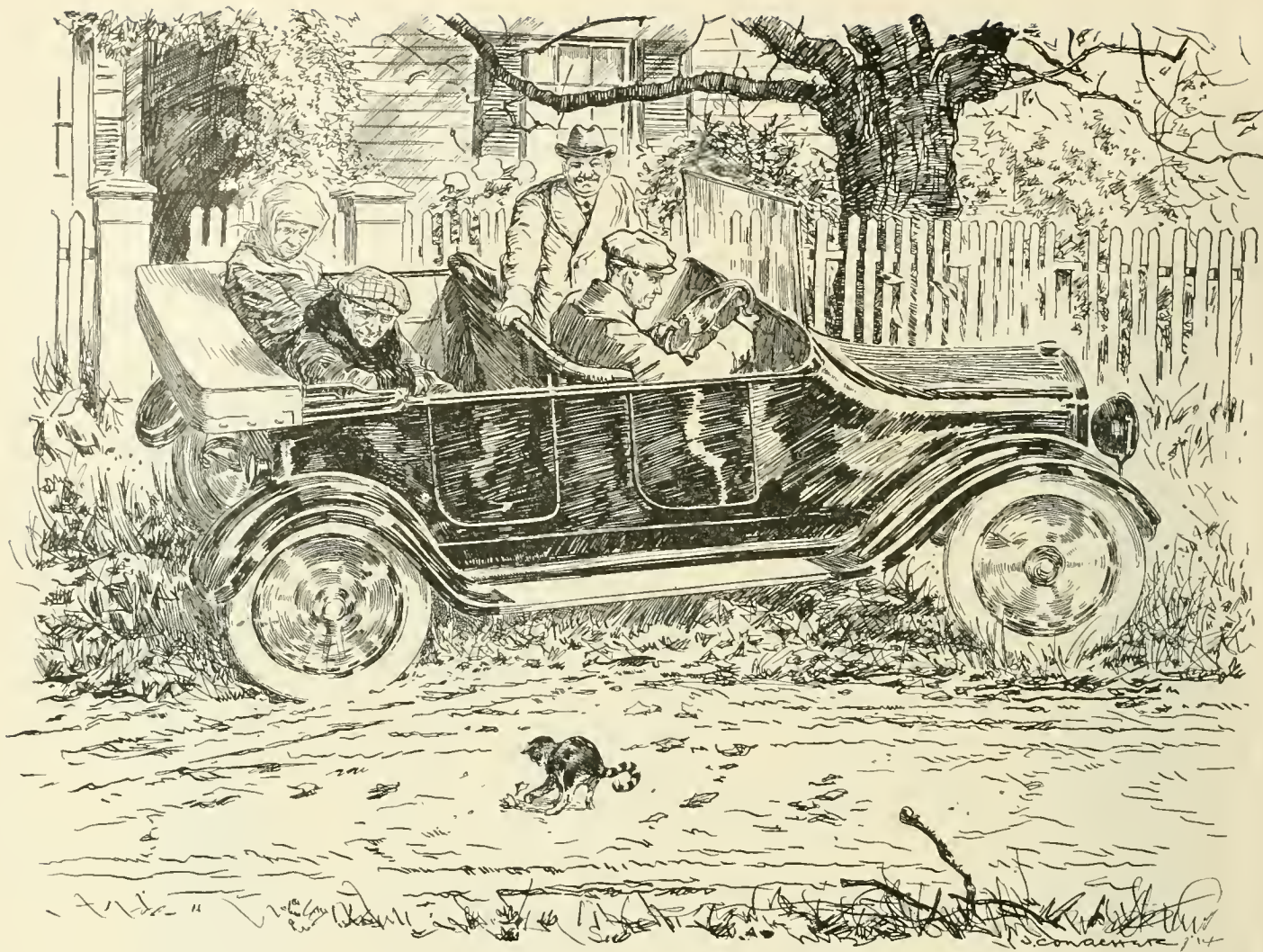
LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Drawn and engraved on wood by Louis F. Grant, for Judge

Visitor—The trouble with all these artists is they never finish anything



YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

Punctured

I WOODED her the twentieth-century way,
With that wireless telegraphy known
to all lovers.

In a trim automobile we rode out each day
And felt the same joy that the love ditties
say

O'er a horse-propelled vehicle generally
hovers.

But her father grew wroth when he saw
my intent,

As fathers have often the habit of doing.
Now the vows are forgot and the auto for
rent—

For to winter in Boston my darling he sent
And stopped all our automobilling and
cooing.

—Douglas Malloch.

An Auto Incident

WITH the last drop of gasoline gone,
Umson found his machine stalled by
the roadside, fully six miles from Struth-
ers, at three o'clock in the morning. He
was overjoyed when he saw, approaching
through the darkness, the glimmer of a
lighted lantern. A low rumble soon gave
evidence that the light was attached to a

vehicle of some kind, and soon a wagon,
drawn by two stout horses, hove into
sight.

"There's a five-spot in it for you if you
tow me into town," bailed Umson.

The driver readily consented.

For an hour or more they rode in the
approaching dawn.

Just before they reached
the village, Umson called to
the man on the wagon seat,

"Pretty early to be on the
road, isn't it?"

"Yes," the driver re-
turned; "but I have to, be
out early to get all over my
route."

While he was handing out
the five dollars, Umson in-
quired,

"What is your business?"

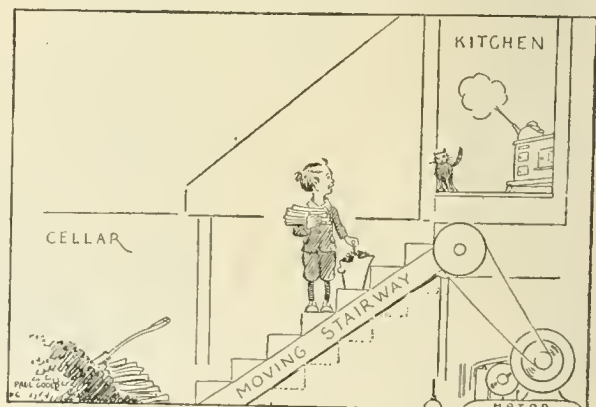
And he nearly dropped in
his tracks when the man re-
plied,

"I peddle gasoline in the
village."—Charles A. Leedy.

New Year Resolves

'Tis New Year's Day. Make now your
high resolves,
And then forget them as the year revolves.

Some people's idea of political inde-
pendence is to smoke a Republican cigar
while they vote the Democratic ticket.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE HOME
How to make things easy for Johnny



Copyright, Judge, New York, 1915

“P R E P A R E D N E S S”



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



Copyright, Fliegende Blaetter

In the Nursery

"Mein Gott, Kinder, wo habt ihr denn unsern kleinen Willi hingetan?"
 "In den Papierkorb!" Wir spielen Raubritter und da sitzt er im Burgverlies!"

"Goodness gracious, children, where did you put little Willie?"

"Into the waste basket. We're playing robber barons and have put him into the dungeon."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

No Privacy

"Want to leave me, Mary? I thought you were quite comfortable. What is it for—something private?"

"No, ma'am, it's a sergeant"—*London Mail*.



Copyright, Meggendorfer Blaetter

"Sagen Sie mal, verehrte Frau Alpengasthof, zu was steht denn an jedem Bett ein Regenschirm?"
 "No ja, im Fall, dass in der Nacht z' regnen anfangt!"

"Tell me, honored hostess, why is there an umbrella beside each bed?"

"Why, in case it should start to rain in the night."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



Colonel of swashbucklers—Nah, then, Swank! The wimmin can look arter theirselves. You 'op it and jine yer regiment!—*Punch* (London).



A Sensitive Mouth

"Eh la, est votre chien me flairer de bien près!"
 "Oh, il sent tout le monde, mais il mord rarement."

"Eh, there! Your dog is sniffing very close to me."

"Oh, he sniffs everybody, but he bites rarely."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).



Fashion

"Maman, tu vas te coucher, que tu te mets en chemise?"

"Mais non, mon petit, je vais diner en villa."

"Mamma, are you going to bed? You wear a nightgown."

"Not at all, dearie. I am going out to dinner."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).



A Priori Probability

Suspect—Well, boy, what are you looking at me like that for?

Zealous Boy Scout (on guard at a reservoir)—Please, sir, we're looking for a foreign gentleman with fifty tons of chemicals concealed on his person.—*Sketch* (London).



The Martial Spirit

"Why are you moping there, Dick?"

"I've no one to play with."

"Well, go and fetch Freddie next door."

"Oh, I played with him yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough to come out yet."—*London Opinion*.

Life in an Automobile Town

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

IF ONE wants it brought home to him that this is an age of specialization, he should look in on an automobile town.

An automobile town is not a place where one finds an exceptionally large number of automobiles on the streets, but where the main business is manufacturing machines.

The average resident of an automobile town would rather sell an auto than ride in one, any day.

Everybody in such a town talks automobiles. Drop in at the leading club in town, and one has half a dozen multi-millionaire manufacturers of autos pointed out in rapid succession. They are not all portly, elderly men of the conventional rich clubman type. They are young and lean and have strong, hard hands, which is explained when you are told that a few years ago they were mechanics.

"There's that fellow Brown. Just got a hunch for a grand little auto, drew the plans and got some backing, and here he is to-day rolling in wealth."

If one seeks a boarding house, the landlady is not long in informing him that soon she hopes to retire from business, owing to the dividends she is receiving from her stock in the Biljones automobile. You have never heard of the Biljones automobile, but the landlady tells you all about it, from radiator to tail lamps, and assures you there is no such value for the money in any other car.



DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?



VIVID IMAGINATION

Motorist—Bing! we went into the ditch! And after that everything was a blank.
Lady—Yes; I can imagine just what you said.

The stenographer across the table from you works in an automobile factory's office, of course. The witty young man at the end of the table is advertising agent for the Smithkins machine. And so you meet them, designers, engineers, assemblers, spoke threaders, speedometer polishers and heaven knows what else! At the theater a young lady who wraps automobile tires in paper coverings engages in conversation with a young man who

fits windshields, and you find it difficult to follow the play, owing to this discussion regarding the wisdom or folly of the engineering board in changing the rear axle of the Jobsonia car. The motorman who stops the street car in order that you may get on is a stockholder in a new concern that's simply going to revolutionize the light-car business when it gets going. The conductor who takes your nickel sticks to motor-truck stock for his investments. You suspect that even the newsboys are putting their pennies into the automobile industry, and that in the course of a year or two they will all be in the plutocrat class. You dread to question any acquaintance about his business, for you know it's a hundred-to-one shot that he is going to tell you all about the greatest automobile in the world, which he is helping to make or in which he is financially interested. But at last, on departing, you talk with a prosperous-looking citizen, who frankly tells you that he is not interested in any shape or color of automobile.

"What is your line, then?" you gasp in surprise.

"Motor cycles," he says; and then you fall back, with the knowledge firmly impressed upon you that it's gasoline that's making the world go round.

The automobile people to the contrary notwithstanding, the best sparking device continues to be a sofa, with the lights turned low.



SOAP is one of the distinguishing marks of civilization. Smokeless powder is the other.

Soap does to dirt what a cat does to a flourishing colony of mice. Place a large T. cat with a good appetite in the midst of a mouse mass meeting, and in a short time the rodent census will not be worth taking. Place a cake of soap in the vicinity of a week's collection of grime, and the latter disappears down the drain pipe in great fear.

The savage may have a good heart and a pleasant disposition, but because he is not intimately acquainted with soap, he is received with reluctance as a neighbor by the fastidious white man and is asked to stand slightly to leeward, particularly on a warm day. The said savage lives happily in a last year's bath and an old flour sack until he acquires the soap habit. After this he achieves pants, underwear, an Ingersoll watch, a passion for moving pictures and a good understanding of the machine gun and ward politics.

Soap is not a natural but an acquired habit. It is not relished by the very young except as food, and even in this capacity it does not retain its popularity. After a baby has reached joyfully out for a beautiful, translucent cake of pink soap and has gorged his system on this delicacy, he acquires a distaste for the substance which frequently lasts all his life.

Soap is made of oils and alkalines and dissolves the tender outside skin, which can then be rubbed off with a towel, leaving a fresh, new coat underneath. However, to the average boy of eight to twelve, soap is made of nitric acid and bites right through the skin into the heart. Those who have seen a terror-stricken male child shrieking with agony while his implacable mother is rubbing soap on his ears are not impressed with the mild sufferings of the inquisition.

The more refined and industrious

the citizen, the more soap he consumes. The less refined and energetic he is, the more he shuns it and looks upon it with ill-concealed nervousness. One small cake of soap will last a tramp a lifetime. Tramps are very careful of their hands and faces and do not want the nice, tender integument broken up and removed with the dirt. They prefer to remove the inside coat and sometimes the vest of the stomach with forty-rod whiskey.

Why He Was Careful

A MAN who believed in pedestrianism coaxed a friend to accompany him on a little jaunt. Every time they crossed the road, his friend looked first one way and then the other and refused to budge if there chanced to be a motor car in sight.

"It's all well enough to be careful," said the pedestrian, "but you seem to have let automobiles get on your nerves."

"I've good reason to be careful," answered his friend. "The insurance policy I carry is void if I get run over by one."

The Token

Country-house host (to arriving guest)—H'lo, Jack! Drove over with Miss Cuddles, eh? Ripping sleighing, but cold going, ain't it?

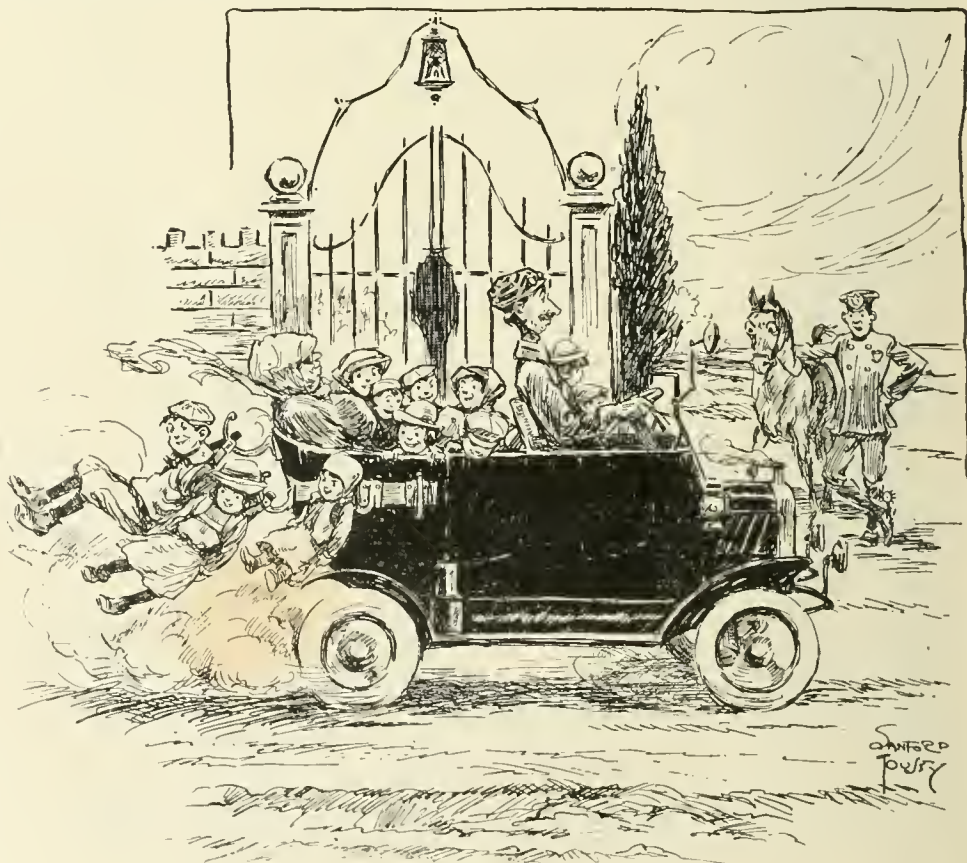
Jack (cheerfully)—Oh, didn't notice it.

Host—All right, then. Come in and thaw that earring out of your mustache.

Discreet

"Have you a careful chauffeur?"

"Very. He never runs over any one unless he's sure he can make a getaway."



BUT HE NEEDED A NEW CAR

His family having increased out of proportion to the size of his car, Mr. Chugley finally reaches this solution.





DETECTIVES

LAWYERS

CO-RESPONDENTS

WAITING AT THE CHURCH

CO-RESPONDENTS

An Automobile Lexicon

SHOCK absorbers—Articles calculated to offset the profanity produced by blowouts, punctures, skidding, etc.

Transmission—Refers to the transferring of money from the car owner's pocket to that of the repair man.

Clutch—Should always be used in the plural. Refers to a prospect of getting into the clutches of the agent.

Garage—Synonym for beehive, i.e., a place where the auto owner gets stung and listens to honeyed words of wisdom (?).

Spark plug—The chaperon when she sits in the tonneau.

Battery—Usually coupled with assault in case of traffic accident.

Cut-out—Refers to non-owners, since each feels that he is cut out to be an auto owner.

Center control—Occurs whenever a road hog occupies the middle of the highway and refuses to allow his fellow-autoists in the rear to pass.

Bearings—These are hard to keep when en tour, due to rural misinformation bureaus.

Spokes—Refers to spokeswoman of an auto party—usually a suffragette.

Traffic cop—The non-missing link between speed violation and sunrise court.

Punctureproof—Refers to the garage man's heart.

—Don Bregenzner,

Which?

Howard—I see the neighbors on your street have petitioned the city to have a light placed in front of your house. What do you think of it?

Henry—I'm puzzled. I don't know whether it is kindness on their part, so that I can find the keyhole, or just plain curiosity to see what time I come home nights.

One Advantage

Mrs. Crawford—The doctor recommended motoring for my nerves.

Mrs. Crabshaw—No doubt it would do you a great deal of good to ride in a car, my dear. At any rate it would put a stop to the nervous feeling caused by dodging them.

Road Repartee

"Driving a horse, eh? The horse is a back number."

"So will that car be in another year."

The Difference

In England the Order of the Garter is often seen; around the Flatiron Building, more frequently still, the disorder of the garter.

Nilly Willy

Crawford—Did you have any regular schedule when you went on your motoring tour?

Crabshaw—Oh, no; we just naturally stopped wherever the car happened to have its breakdown.



ABSOLUTELY HEARTLESS

Irate motorist—Why don't you watch where you're going? How do you expect me to use that radiator after you've poked your head through it?



THE CITY round about me roars and lifts its raucous voice again, and all the region out of doors is full of women and of men. In such a humming human hive a man should have his friends, you say. Alas! there is no man alive who's lonelier than I to-day. I'm lonesome as the heartsick gent who dwells upon a desert isle and hopes a ship will soon be sent to take him back where cities smile.

I see a group of neighbors stand about the corner of the block, and I approach them, hat in hand, to hear and share their cheerful talk. But on beholding me they roar, as speedily they turn their backs, "Here comes the blamed jimtwisted bore who talks about the income tax!" The corner where they lately stood deserted is, as is the street, and all throughout the neighborhood I hear the sound of fleeing feet.

I have a hundred vital views that I am sighing to express, and I could tell more sparkling news than all the columns of the press; I long to join my fellow-men, but when they see me forward stride, they look disturbed and say again, "Is there no hole in which to hide? Here comes the jay who never told a story, since his day of birth, that wasn't forty times as old as any chestnut on this earth!" One scornful glance they cast on me, in whose sad heart grim sorrow reigns, and then like startled deer they flee and hide in culverts and in drains.

I seek the halls of dazzling light, where winsome maids and stalwart boys enjoy the glamour of the night—and I would fain increase their joys. I have a hundred playful jests that I to all of them would tell, but at the thought the brilliant guests throw up thier hands and start to yell. "He takes as long to tell a yarn," I hear my vile detractors croak, "as I would take to build a barn, and there are sideboards on each joke. So let us to the basement fly and hide for seven hours or ten; perhaps the tiresome mutt will die before the band starts up again."

I drift into the grocer's store, to buy some codfish and some mace; and there are loungers twenty-four on chairs and boxes in the place. I know they find existence stale, and so I think I'll cheer their way by telling them a merry tale that I got next to yesterday. I thus disperse the whole blamed gang; they mutter, as they doorward forge, "Before he winds up his harangue, he'll dig up facts from Henry George!"

Oh, let me on an island dwell, some island in uncharted seas, where I my anecdotes may tell to helpless monkeys in the trees!

There comes to us all a time when we begin to wonder if we are as smart as we have always thought we were.

The Sabbath

"How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song—
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe,"

—From 'The Sabbath,' by James Graham.

"**H**OW STILL the morning of the hallowed day!"

The early morning—say, before three-twenty;
But after that the scene will grow more gay—
We shall have noise, and noise aplenty.

'Tis then that all the motorists appear—

The six-day workers on their Sabbath outing—
And fill the hallowed day with fumes of beer,
With squawking horns and ribald shouting.

Poor rural labor's muteness comes from wrath
At seeing all its dead and dying chickens,
And from the dust—the motor's aftermath.
With any voice it plays the dickens.

The plowboy and the milkmaid, still and hushed,
Had best be still and hold a safe position;
For if they don't, they're certain to be crushed
Beyond all hope of recognition.

The limping hare that stops and looks on man—

What makes her think that she can be less fearful?
This stopping stuff is not a prudent plan:
She'll get her bumps if she ain't keerful!

I walked afield on Sunday when a boy;
But now I don't, if any one should ask it,
Lest, in my search for Sunday's restful joy,
I'd find myself within a casket.

—K. L. Roberts.

Up to the Minute

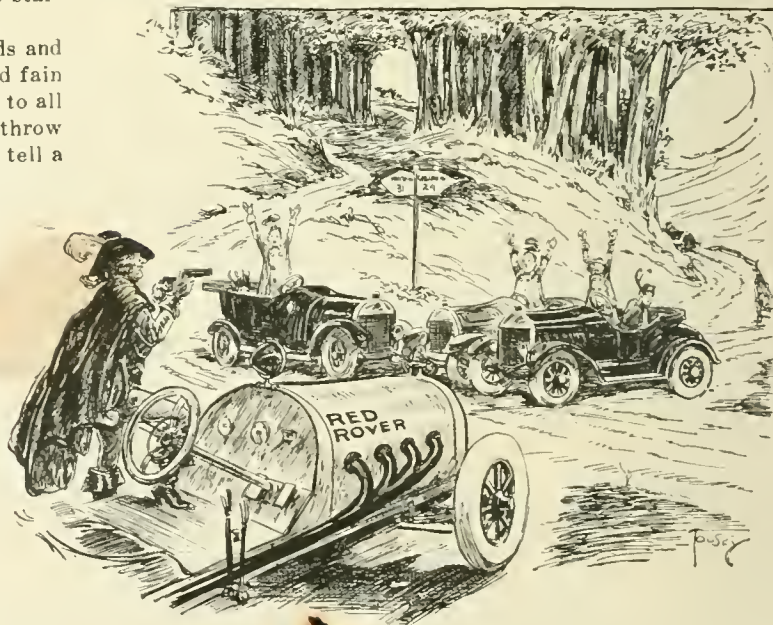
Cranque—A wife is an expensive luxury.

Blanque—So is an automobile.

Cranque—Sure. But you can get a new model every year.

"The man who tells us of our faults is our best friend,"
quoth the philosopher.

"Yes; but he won't be long," added the mere man.



Dick Turpin (1915 model)—Now, gents stand up and keep hands off your self starters



SATIRE

Social Amenities

THEY met on Fifth Avenue. It was afternoon.

"I thought," said Mirabel, "you were going over to Lakewood?"

"I am, later," replied Hugh Bander. "My car is round the corner. I was just going to meet a man at the Baldorf. I thought you were going to motor up to the Jimsons, at Larchmont. Where's your limousine?"

"Why, I 'phoned and found the Jimsons were coming to town. My car is over there—see?" And as Hugh looked in the direction indicated, Mirabel shot a glance in another at a chap who had been coming toward her when Hugh appeared, but who now turned away. "I'm going to shop and then go back home," she chirped. "And it'll be beastly dining alone!"

"Can't help it!" responded Hugh. "Au revoir!" And he left Mirabel, who watched him as he disappeared in the Baldorf. A moment later she was joined by the chap who had been exchanging glances with her.

A few minutes later Hugh came out of the hotel, looked about a bit, signaled his car, got in and was off. Mirabel's car had disappeared.

In the evening there was a gay crowd at Razzle's Restaurant, a spacious resort where food was a feature, though dancing was the attraction.

Mirabel and the chap she had met on Fifth Avenue had dined together and were dancing. During this exercise they invaded a remote corner where several persons were still at table. Among these was Hugh, with a woman quite as attractive as Mirabel.

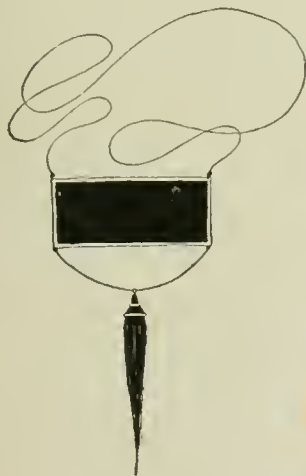
"Why," exclaimed Mirabel, drawing her partner out of the maze, "here he is! Hugh, dear, let me introduce Mr. Bramwell—Mr. Bramwell, my husband."

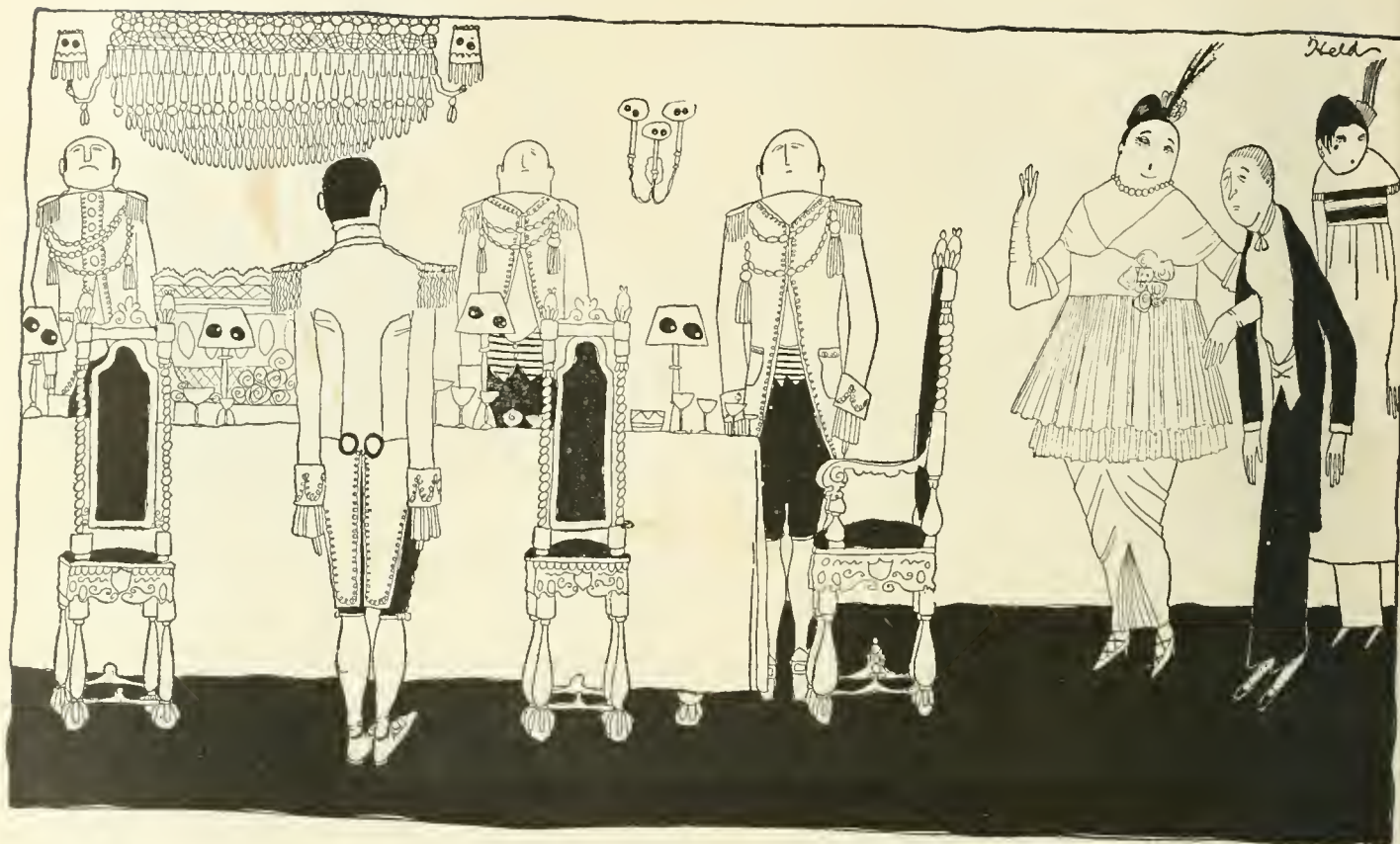
"And permit me," responded Bramwell, with nonchalance, smiling at Bander's companion, "to return the courtesy. Mrs. Bander, my wife—Mrs. Bramwell, Mrs. Bander."

—J. A. W.



" 'I'M GOING TO SHOP AND THEN GO BACK HOME,' SHE CHIRPED "





Hostess—I insist that you stay and have just a little snack

Wanted—A Twilight Sleep for Potes

STORK Scopolamin, that comes in the gloaming,

Rare bird of the twilight sleep,
Couldn't I hire you, old scout, when I'm pomeing?

Parturient potes, giving birth to their verses—

Oh, how they wail and they weep,
Filling the air with their howlings and curses!

How grand it would be to go bye-bye, and waking,

Find a wonderful child of my brain
Cooing here on my desk and my forehead not aching!

Stork Scopolamin, please help the deserving!

Old bird, have you thought of the pain
Of a Jove who's condemned to diurnal Minervng?

—Don Marquis.

There is something about a handsome widow that makes it easier to propose to her than to keep from it.

Grounds for Complaint

Mrs. Heavyswell—I hear that German butler you liked so much has left.

Mrs. Eppycure—Yes; he complained that the cook was not observing strict neutrality when she served Irish stew.

Misinformed

"Hello, Dotty! What are you doing these days?"

"Same old thing."

"Are you really? I thought he went abroad."

Revenge

I talked and talked with my lady love,
Till the dawn grew bright in the skies above,

And a rooster crew. Then I made a start,
For fear of her father, to depart;
But on going I met that daylight booster,
And killed that much too previous rooster!

Hitting the Mark

THERE came a great poet, who sang a great lay

In the course of his lifetime, then passed on his way;

And people had nothing whatever to say,
Quite nothing, quite nothing, quite nothing.

But next came a rhymmer, who wrote, in his way,

A hundred and eighty-five poems a day;
And straightway the multitude shouted,
"Hooray!"

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

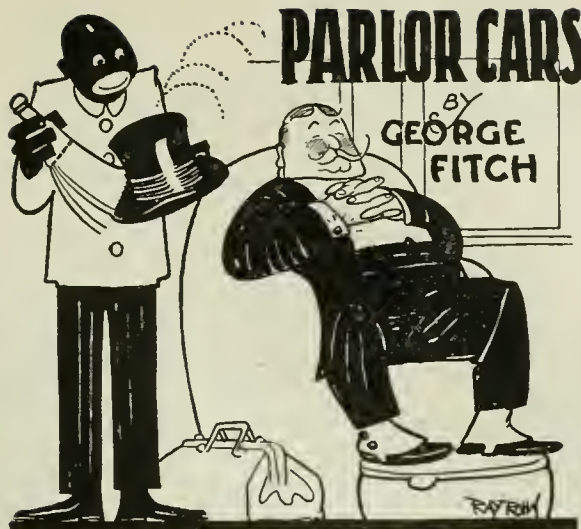
—John Brown Jewett.

Mathematically Speaking

Second cook—Did you expect me to scrape those fish you just disemboweled?

First cook—Yes. They are drawn to scale.

Many a congressman who returns home to look after his fences finds himself up against a stone wall.



A PARLOR car is a contrivance whereby a traveler can take up three times as much room in a railroad train as the average man does and use up four times as much coal and steam as is necessary in getting from place to place.

Parlor cars seat from twenty to thirty people and weigh as much as a torpedo boat. They are lavishly fitted up with plush chairs like those in the attic, colored porters and last month's time tables, and ride as comfortably as a good automobile. A parlor car makes as much difference in a road bed as \$11,000,000 worth of ballast and new rails—which is why those who have the parlor-car habit are more passionately devoted to traveling than the agriculturist

a mile and complain loudly about the starvation rates. But the same railroads tuck a few scions of luxury into an abnormally heavy parlor car, charge them one-third of a cent per mile apiece additional, and give them a library to read into the bargain. Of late plebeian rates have been going steadily up—which leads us to suspect that the downtrodden man who stands in the smoke-filled aisle of the battered car ahead, holding a baby and paying two and one-half cents a mile for the privilege, is in reality paying part of the fare of the happy citizen who is occupying the parlor car behind in solitary state, with a colored porter to brush the dust and part of the coat off him at every

who accompanies his cattle to Chicago on a fast freight.

Parlor cars, like grand opera and municipal scandals, are usually found around large cities. The parlor car is not fond of the rural districts and does not abound in those sections of the country whose population consist chiefly of large red barns. Swarms and droves of parlor cars infest the railroads about New York City and have made passenger travel so costly in those parts that while the common plug citizen of Illinois can insert himself in a day coach and ride gayly to the State line for two cents a mile, the residents of Pennsylvania and New England have to produce from two and one-quarter to three cents a mile before they can secure any results in the way of transportation.

Railroad companies haul eighty people in a day coach for \$1.60



"Gran'pa where is the baby the stork brought us yesterday?"
 "In with mother, dear. Would you like to see him?"
 "Yes. But I want to see the stork, too."

station. Parlor cars are a boon and a luxury, but not to the man who rides in the smoker, and he ought not to be compelled to help pay for them.

Flopped

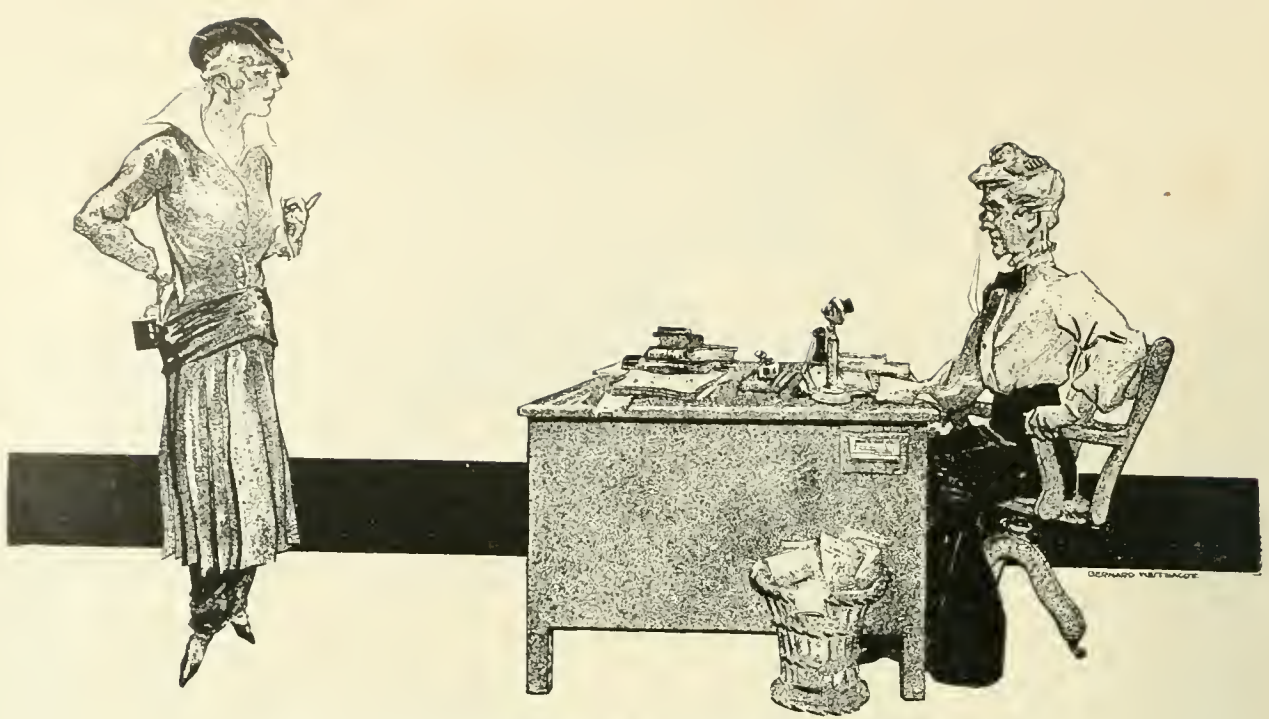
A WHILE ago
 Theskirtswerespare,
 But now they show
 A widening flare.

And shoulders wide
 Erstwhile, I wis,
 Are nullified
 Andlooklikethis.

The fashion game
 That rules the town
 Has turned each dame
 Quite upside down.

—Walter G. Doty.

The trouble with the word confidence seems to be that it starts in with a con, with the bona-fide part of it trailing along apparently as an afterthought.



Mrs. Newlywed—I want a cook, but she must be capable.
Head of employment agency—Madam, I have several on my books capable of anything.

Come Spend the Afternoon with Me

The American Hostess—Time, 4 p. m.

OH, DEAR! I'd forgotten to tell you to hurry a trifle, Marie! At a quarter past four I've invited some ladies to drop in for tea; a dozen—perhaps I'm mistaken—or maybe the number was ten, and though I'm a trifle uncertain, I think there will be seven men. Just bring in a plate of those wafers and slice up a lemon or two. If the cream is all gone, why, don't bother—the lemons will very well do. And bring in the dishes and silver we use for ourselves every day; I'd haul down the new ones and help you, if I only thought fussing would pay. It's always been said that my parties display such unqualified taste. Five minutes to dress—that is plenty—I'll call you to hook up my waist. Now, really, that table looks lovely! You do things so quickly and well! Go put on your cap and your apron—do hurry, Marie! There's the bell!

The Good Old German Way—Time, Thursday, 6 a. m.

Come, now! Get up! It's six o'clock, I say! We got yet plenty we shall do to-day! We clean the walls and polish every chair and shine the keyholes and the silverware. Come, hand me yet those dishes from the shelf; I wash them quick and dry them all myself.



AND THE TELEPHONE GIRL IS CALLED IMPATIENT
 "Hello, Central! I've just put some eggs on to boil and I find that my clock has stopped. Would you mind ringing me up in three minutes?"

And then to-morrow—all day long we took till suppertime to cook, not so? to cook! We make some Pfeffernuess und Gans Klein, some frische Pretzels, Snitz, und Fleider Wein; some Stolla, Pfarvel, Schalet, und Sardellen; yet Carmeliter, Koumiss, Mirabellen; still Krebse, Smeltz, Kolatchen, Bundte mit Kloese; sure Auflauf, Schrub, Kolrabi, Sweitzer Kas; auch Kuchen, Brod Torte, Strudel, Krapfen Spritzen; Ja! Kischtkke, Plaetchen, Zweiback—Donner-Blitzen! Then we be ready, Saturday at three—four ladies come to Kaffee Klatch mit me!—*Jane Burr.*

A Cheap Substitute

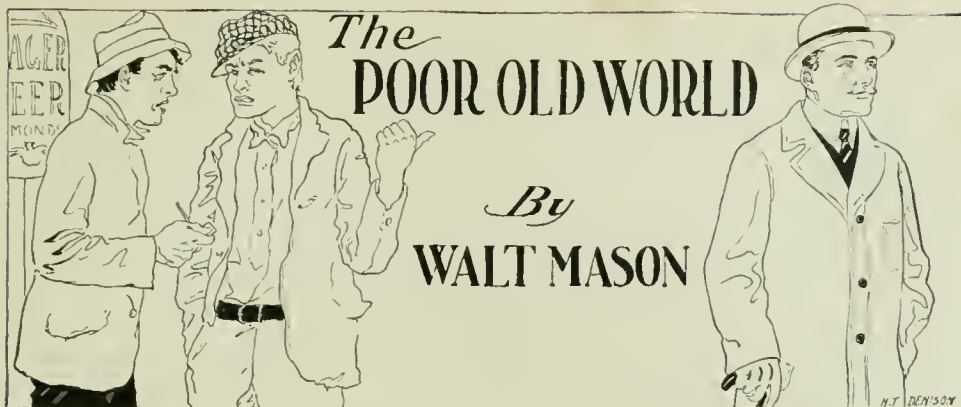
Dearest, here's a triolet.
 Just for you I learned to make it!
 Yes, I know the violet
 (Dearest, here's a triolet)
 Is the flower you love to get;
 But the bill—it's hard to shake it!
 Dearest, here's a triolet.
 Just for you I learned to make it!

—*Kate B. Burton.*

Idle Thoughts

If the general run of men were half as eager to slap their friends on the back as they are to punch their enemies in the eye, friendship, we opine, would prove a more enduring possession.

A duffer's game at golf is rather to be chosen than great fame as a champion at tiddledywinks.



I'VE KNOWN a thousand misfit men who could not gather in the yen or nail the nimble shilling; while others gained the shining swag, they sat around and chewed the rag, the air with grumbles filling.

You meet the misfits everywhere; they bone you on the office stair, waylay you in the hallways. You stake them for the cornbeef hash or lend them fifteen cents in cash, that they may trim their galways.

The misfits sing the same old tunes; they sleep outdoors and live on prunes, because misfortune fenced 'em. They're down and out, their name is Pance, because they never had a chance; the world is dead against 'em. How often have we heard that wail? A million times. It's growing stale, it jars a man to hear it; for this old world on which we stay is out of sight, superb, o. k., all right or pretty near it.

In this old world where misfits fail, the hustling boys take in the kale, their bank accounts are humming; the lad obscure who plays the game goes right ahead and conquers fame and has no kick a-coming. It is the same old world, you know, that

Lincoln lived in long ago and split his rails of cedar. He found it all a man could ask; he went ahead, from task to task, and got there, gentle reader. It is the same old world, I wist, in which Jim Garfield sprained his wrist, bewhacking towpath donkeys. You know how high he made his perch; he left the knockers in the lurch and made them look like monkeys. It is a world in which, I swow, the farmer boy who guides the plow may rise to any station; he may acquire much good long green or edit some large magazine or rule a mighty nation.

It makes me tired to hear the jays who can't accomplish winning plays abuse this good old planet; it is a

feeble, futile whine, and if they'd take advice of mine, the cops would promptly can it.

I'd like to meet a misfit lad, who'd say, "This world is not too bad; in fact, it is a daisy. I think the world is good and nice; I do not cut my share of ice, because I'm too darned lazy."

I'd buy an overcoat and hat for such a candid youth as that; I'd feed him pie and chickens. But with his kind I'm not in touch; he'd be a freak, resembling much some character of Dickens.



Mabel—How are you getting on at college, Percy?

Percy—Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know.

Mabel—Well, heaven knows you need one!



FORE!

The effect war has had on Mr. Duffer, the golfer, who has been reading nothing but war news in the dailies



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE BEFORE A GRAND JURY IN A DRY TOWN

Averting a Calamity

"LOOK at this roast!" exclaimed Digby, in a tone of supreme disgust at his dinner table. "As black as my hat on the outside and hardly warm on the inside!"

"Sh-sh-sh!" said Mrs. Digby, as she shook one finger toward Digby. "She will hear you if you are not careful."

"And look at that dish of mashed potatoes!" added Digby. "The color

of wood ashes and lumpy and not half seasoned and!"

"Do speak lower, James!" said Mrs. Digby, with her eye on the door between the dining room and the kitchen. "She will be sure to hear you! I think that she is always listening."

"Look at this stuff she has put on in the name of gravy! It has half an inch of clear grease floating around on top of it, and it is the color of putty! It's no more

like the rich, brown gravy we have served with meat at the club! And cast your eye on that soggy mess she calls bread! It would give a goat indigestion to eat her bread, and!"

"Speak lower, James, if you must talk like that. I thought I heard a step out in the entry, and I have an idea she is there, hearing every word you say!"

"And her coffee! Of all the sloppy, tasteless, lukewarm stuff I ever did drink in the name of coffee, hers is the limit! And if she ever again puts such a sickening mess on the table and calls it pie as she put on last night, I'll swear if I don't!"

"Sh-sh-sh! I feel sure I heard her in the entry. You simply must not allow her to hear you, James, for she has a temper that is a cross between that of a hyena and a rattlesnake. Some days I am afraid to go near the kitchen. She swore

dreadfully to-day because I wanted to make a cake, and I think she had been drinking again and—Sh-sh-sh-sh, James! She will hear you!"

"What if she does hear me?"

"What if she does, man? She would leave at once, that's what she would do! Do you get me, James? I know her well enough to know that she would certainly leave if she heard you! Now I guess you will keep still!"

—Max Merryman.



IT CERTAINLY IS HARD TO PRESERVE NEUTRALITY

Why Boarders Stay

"OUR ROOM is abominable, but this is the only place where George can eat the food. . . . Oh, didn't you? His father died of nervous indigestion."

"The food is atrocious. We wouldn't stay a minute if it was not for the view."

"The people in the house are quite impossible, but she always keeps the rooms warm, and I am so susceptible to changes in temperature."

"Just think of shutting up our beautiful home and living in a place like this! I'd go back to-morrow, but I cannot have the care of a big house and attend to my suffrage duties."

"The children are so happy playing in the big, old-fashioned halls, and I think if they are brought up with people from the start, they always have such easy manners, don't you?"

"Oh, it's terrible; but we're invited out so much, it really doesn't make any difference where we are."

"John says he can't work when he thinks of me alone all day in a four-room flat, so I pretend I like these horrid old cats. I'd put up with anything rather than hurt John's prospects."

"Bless his little cold nose! His muddy'll take off that horrid old muzzle this minute. Muddy and faddy are just miserable here, but they won't complain, because the nice maid comes and stays with Snoozelums when they go to the theater."

Suppressed ensemble: "Because it's cheap!"

—Lois Willoughby

A Pessimist

"You advertise your chestnuts as being uniform in quality."

"I do."

"Well, they are not. You left the worm out of this one."

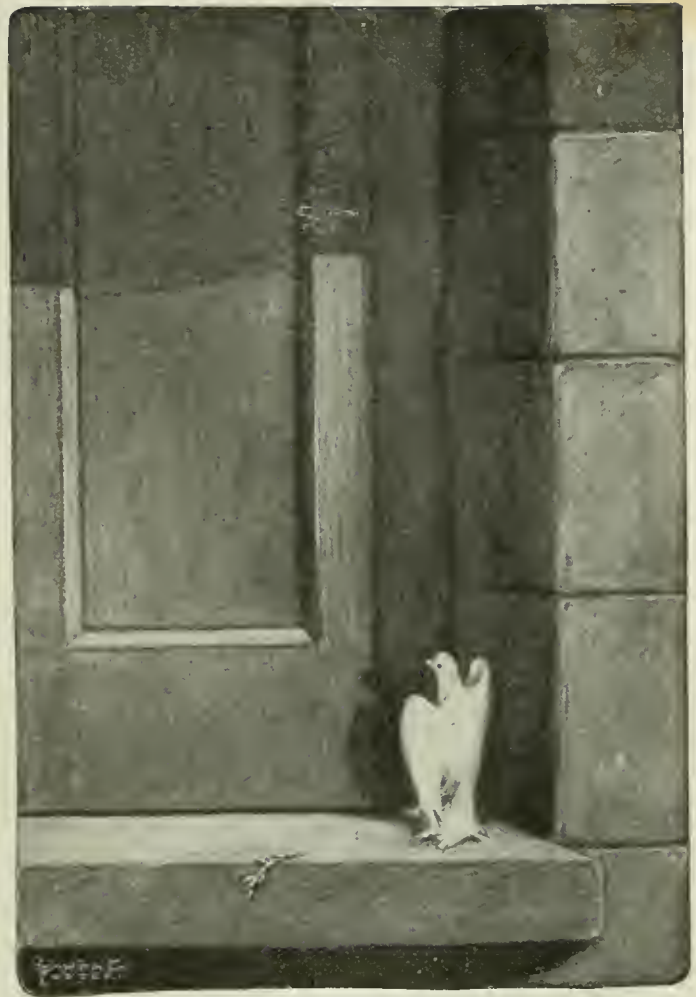
Proof

Hokus—What makes you think he is a vegetarian?

Pokus—I have smoked his cigars.

Knick—Doesn't Jones fit in anywhere?

Bock—No; that man would be a square peg in a doughnut.



THE OUTCAST

To Fortuna

DEAR lady, pictures show
How, lightly clad, you go
On a wheel, to and fro,
Dealing out gifts.
You have your favored sons,
Such as the happy ones
Who have no fear of duns—
You give them lifts.

But there's a humble wight,
Working hard, day and night,
Whom it will much delight
If you could call.
He doesn't ask for much—
Just a small trifle, such
As wouldn't really touch
Your store at all.

He's not the sneering kind,
He doesn't think you blind,
And so has plainly signed
This bit of verse.
So when you roll this way,
Don't mind your negligee;
Drop in 'most any day!

You might do worse.—Tudor Jenks.

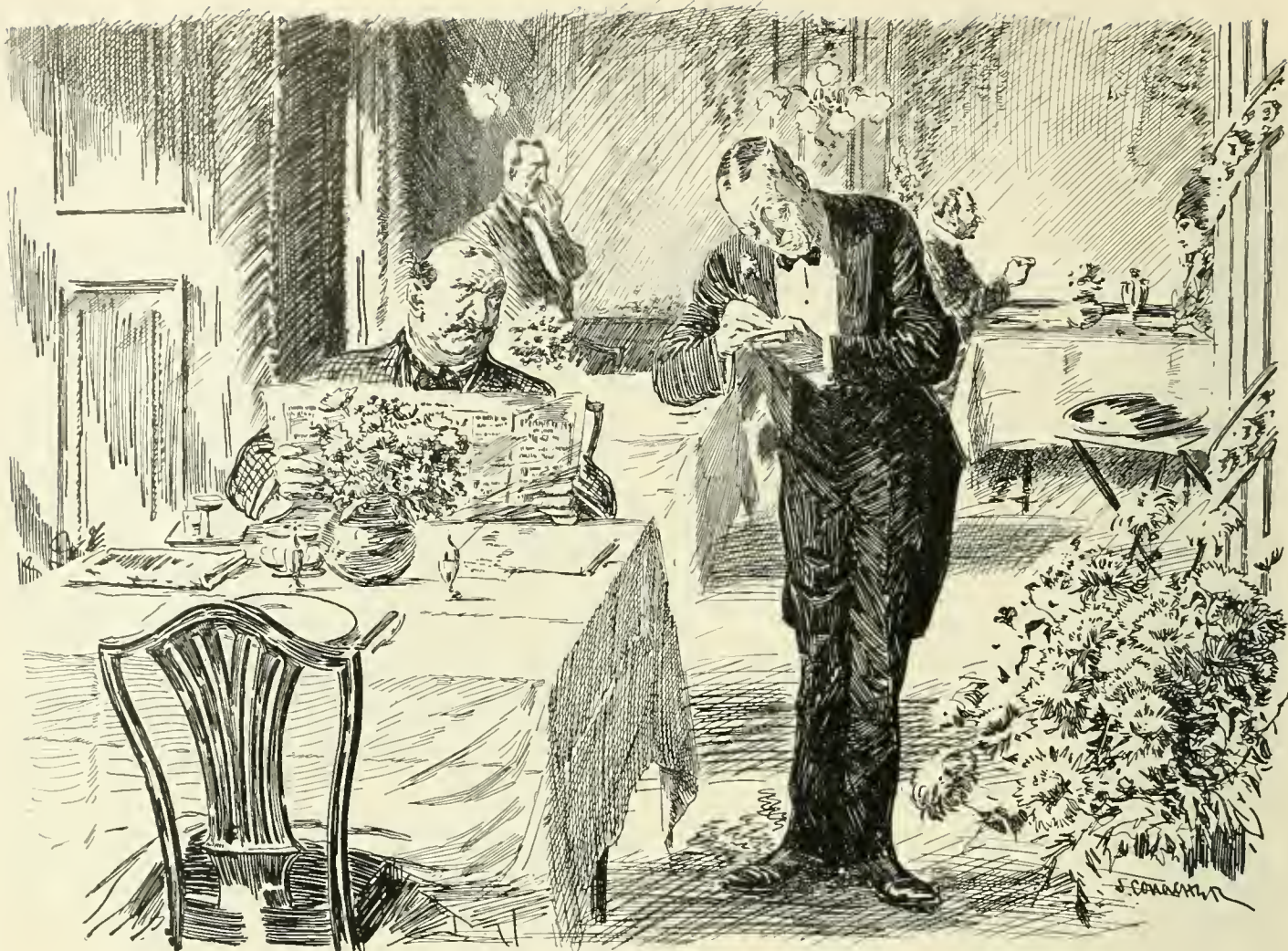
COMMENT

"'Pears to me these here allies are puttin' up a great fight."

"Ya-as, but 'tain't nothin' to what these Belgians, an' French an' British are doin'."



A pessimist: A man with one speed forward and four reverse.



"Yes, sir, omelettes have gone up—on account of the war."

"Great Scott! are they throwing eggs at each other now?"

True Love's Adversities

HE KISSED her by postal and parcel post,
By letter and registered mail;
But his methods proved vain as the kiss of
a ghost,

Till this lover at last hit
the trail.

He kissed her by cable and
wireless gram.

Come closer—by tele-
graph; yet

She would not admit that
she loved him, shrewd
lamb!



E'en by 'phone—not until their kismet.

—Buttell Loomis.

A Pertinent Question

Little Helen was taken to church for the first time one Sunday. The service was a source of wonder to her, but after the alms basin had been passed and she had put in her mite, her curiosity was uncontrollable, and she turned to her mother.

"Mother," said she, "what do we get for our money?"

It's Only Meaning

Uncle Roger had been po'ly for some time and had tried with alacrity every sort of patent medicine he could secure.

An old acquaintance hailed him with,

"Hello, uncle!

How are you-all nowadays?"

"How is I? W'y, hawss, fo' mos'ly six munts a meal's vit-tles ain' mean nuf-fin' t' me, 'scusin' somepin tuh take medicine atter!"

At Palm Beach

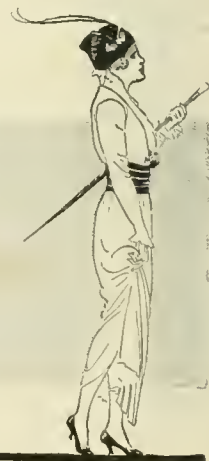
"How do you like your hotel, Clara?"

"Oh, fine! The rooms are small and dark, and the food is badly cooked; but the gossip is excellent."

His Forte

Madge—Why do you prefer Wagner?

Marjorie—Because he composes about the only kind of music one can hear above the conversation.



WAR TERMS—"A TURNING MOVEMENT"



HER NAME was Susan Sarah Salt, and oftentimes she said, "I'll find a man without a fault—till then I will not wed. Proposals all will be denied which don't from virtue flow; the man who'd have me for a bride must be as pure as snow."

There came a suitor rich, who spoke of love and asked her hand; she scorned him, for she'd seen him smoke cigars to beat the band. "I cannot for a lifetime lean on any man," she cried, "who's soaked so full of nicotine it oozes through his hide."

A year went by; another man came up, with lovelit eye. "I hear," she said, "you rush the can whenever you are dry. The lips that for the growler thirst can never touch my face. Go hence! Your name is Wienerwurst—your words are a disgrace!"

The months rolled on, as months have rolled and always will revolve; and she, though growing somewhat old, was firm in her resolve. Then Clarence came, with pledge and vow all loaded to the guards. She said, "I cannot be your frau, for you are fond of cards! You waste your wealth; with other gents you blow it left and right! They say you've squandered sixty cents at poker in one night! I'll be a spinster till I croak, jeered at by married dames, before I'll train with sports who smoke or play at sinful games."

And time slid past, as time will slide, and gray was in her hair; few asked her now to be a bride, and vows were growing rare. Yet Reggie came, and at her feet he knelt and talked of biz; he said his life would be too sweet, if she would but be his. She proudly shook her tawny curls, and Reggie heard her say, "I've seen you chase the chorus girls along the Great White Way. I'd rather be my maiden aunt and leave all hope behind, than wed a man who'd gallivant with chickens of that kind!"

The years rushed on, and Susan's life was lonely, cold and gray; one last lone chance to be a wife came finally her way. She asked no questions, but she sighed, "Let's haste and close the deal; the sooner I am made a bride, the better I will feel."

Her husband smokes an old clay pipe; you smell it from afar. They say it was unduly ripe some years before the

war. When too much smoking makes him dry, he seeks the nearest joint and with four fingers of old rye his vitals doth anoint. He owns to every human fault, to each besetting sin; but Susan, who was lately Salt, regards him with a grin.

The Age of Wisdom

I'M NEARER forty now than not (do tell me 'tisn't so!)
And men have filled great libraries with things I'll never know.
I've lived and loved and read and worked in many a distant clime;
I've taken scientific tours in prehistoric time.
I've made the circuit of the earth and many lands I've seen;
And yet—why, I was thrice as wise when I was seventeen!

At seventeen one has the sure, straight wisdom of a lad;
There are two sorts of folk alive—the good sort and the bad.
Your creed, your father's party—they rise serene, alone;
The country, State or town that's best is certainly your own.
There are no ethical debates so serious and long;
There's only one way that is right and one way that is wrong.

At seventeen you are not torn by interests diverse;
You split no hairs and have no cares 'twixt better things and worse.
The school eleven's sure to win, unless the game's unfair;
You've got to get to college and make the best frat there.
And then some day you'll join your dad and make the business
whirl;

And underneath the sun for you there's just the only girl.

Well, we that see so close at hand the Hill of Middle Age,
Don't think we do not envy you your attitude so sage.
For me, as I have said above, I've weathered many a clime
And read and lived and loved and worked a little in my time;
I've paid, as most of you will pay, a rather heavy price,
And all I've gained is this, I think—the art of thinking twice.
Apart from that there's little worth that I have learned or seen;
A boy is wise in many things when he is seventeen!

—Reginald Wright Knapp.



AT FIRST, NOBODY. AT LAST, ANYBODY



The Hog

THE Hog is an omnivorous suoid quadruped, whose principal occupation is messing around in any old place that isn't fenced in. The Hog has to be kept in a pen; otherwise he will stray into places where he doesn't belong and where he cannot do any good and make himself a general nuisance. Hogs have been educated to do tricks, but no matter how much schooling they have had, they are still Hogs and never change their manners. Big Hogs are worth more than little Hogs, especially after they have been canned. Canning Hogs is more profitable than raising Hogs, which proves that dead Hogs are the more valuable. The chief characteristic of the Hog is to root—he is not particular where. If a Hog were to be turned loose in an office, he would poke around desks, mess up private papers and become a good deal of a nuisance. It wouldn't be exactly his fault, because he wouldn't have intelligence enough to know there was nothing for him to fatten on; he would just poke about in a senseless way, grunting unintelligible squeaks, and keep human beings from doing their allotted tasks. Don't be a Hog.

—Maurice Switzer

The Modest Little Maid

Miss Prudence Prim retires in gloom;
To guard against surprise,
She sends her sewing from the room—
She fears the needles' eyes.
She plugs the keyhole up to thwart
The rubber plant, across the court.

—C. L. Edson.

Not a Popular Suggestion

"I tell you, comrades," cried the socialist orator, "if you will only give socialism a chance, you will find it works!"

"Aw, go wan!" replied the cheer leader in the audience. "What we want is suthin' that abolishes work."

Costly Bluff

Crawford—Is he sorry he boasted so much to his wife about his income?

Crabshaw—I should say he was! She is using it as evidence against him in her suit for alimony

A Strong Resemblance

"WHAT a funny-looking man that conductor is!" said Mrs. Jiggles, on the trolley.

"Yes," said Jiggles. "I've been trying to think who he looks like. His face is very familiar to me."

"Oh, I know who it is!" said Mrs. Jiggles. "It's our goldfish!"

A Philosopher

"Week before last," said the kind lady to the paralyzed beggar, "'you got a dollar from me because you were deaf and dumb. Last week I gave you a quarter because you were blind, before I realized that you were the same man. Now you ask for money because you are paralyzed.'"

"Yessum," said the beggar. "Them's the facts."

"Don't you think you'd do better if you chose one affliction and stuck to it?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am," said the beggar. "They's nothin' so fatal to the full development o' all one's nateral powers as narrer specialization."

Owing to the censor, one-half the world doesn't know how the other half dies.



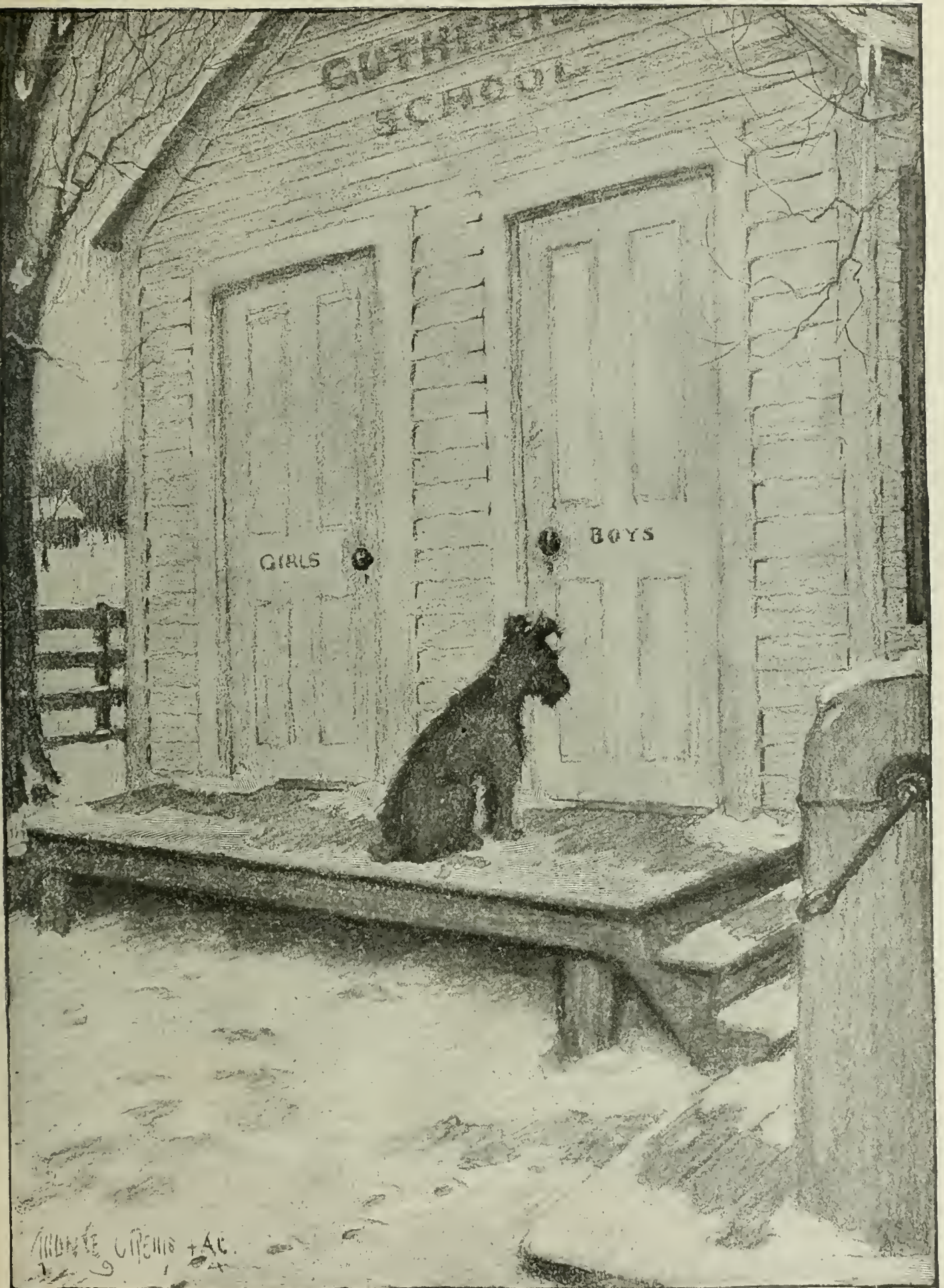
MARKED DOWN

"Oh, mother, look! Isn't it too bad Christmas didn't come just a few weeks later?"

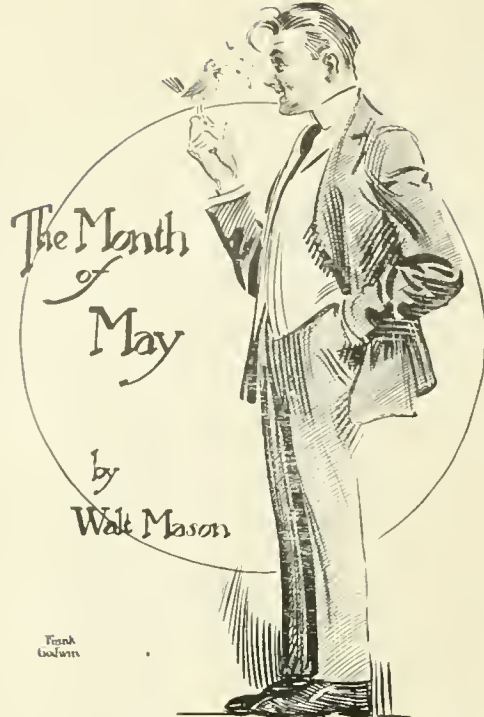


PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

"Say, ain't that the stupidest audience you ever seen? They went wild over that punk dance of the soubrette's but they never give me a hand. Believe me. Lil, dramatic art is goin' to the bow-wows!"



WHEN BOBBIE'S KEPT IN



OH, LET us sing the month of May, if we can make a roundelay that's fit to greet so fine a month, which comes in every year but oneth!

A man may beef when winter's here, and we will give attentive ear; the more he rants and paws the air, the more he echoes our despair and voices thoughts we long have thunk concerning winter, which is punk. He may repeat such words as "dam" until he strains his diaphragm, and none will hand him a reproach or on his eloquence encroach. For winter, with its snow and sleet and slush and blizzard and repeat, tries out the weary souls of men and makes them long for spring again.

A man may quote the pagan bard when summer hits him good and hard. And he may blight all blooming eyes and call down murrains on the flies, denounce the chiggers and the ants and bugs that crawl inside his pants; oh, he may snort around and yell, and we will say he's doing well and beg him to keep up his gait and hand out cuss words while we wait! For he and other kindred gents express our private sentiments, and it is good to have a man denounce the whole blamed mundane plan and rip the whole works galley west, while we sit by and take a rest.

But in the gentle month of May we hate to hear a person say a single word suggesting grief; to plant that person brings relief.

There's something wrong with any guy who can observe the bright May sky, and watch the soft, refreshing showers, and sniff the perfume of the flowers, and hear the bulbul and the shrike sing gems from "Chin-Chin" or the like, and still rear up on his hind limbs and sing his penitential hymns, or say that anything is wrong in this glad world of light and song.

Lord help the grouchy human cheese who can inhale the May-time breeze, and mark the pleasant sylvan nooks, and hear the ripple of the brooks, and see the boys cavort and roll, ecstatic, in the swimming hole, and still lean up against a fence and reel off language dark and dense, denouncing that and cussing this, in this sweet world of vernal bliss!

In May there's no excuse for gloom! Unless you're boxed up in a tomb, you ought to smile a dollar's worth and bless your luck that you're on earth. Man may be old as Adam's ox and have the stringhalt when he walks, but when the birds of spring give tongue, he ought to feel absurdly young, forget the spavins on his knees, and skin the cat and climb the trees!

Psychology—Don't Run!

(As Shown in Our Leading Ladies' Magazines)

SHE WAS, ah, so deeply thinking of her husband! Trying so hard to understand, pitifully trying, bravely trying! Incessant self-questionings were searching deep in her soul and bringing from its innermost recesses what struggle always brings—character, yearning, change, growth. The color and imprint of life were fast upon her life story. Life must mean love. Love must mean life. Hence she began to live. If, once, she had lived once, now she lived twice—

At that moment the door opened, and in came her husband with a pea-green vest and a similar smile—that cold, frowsy, audacious smile she knew so well. The thoughts that welled and swelled and melted and yet again welled in her bursting bosom are too sacred to be told.

"Reginald," she said at last, "did you price the tiaras?"

Wincing beneath the blow, Reginald sank like a log upon the piano.

"I forgot," he hoarsely murmured. The smile was quite gone from his face now. The flames crackled ominously in the gas log. And in the next apartment a young girl, singing sweetly, in a full, rich, throaty tone, tore off a few yards. It was too much.

Reginald leaped through the window, quite, entirely and altogether disappearing. Where he had been was vacant. His wife began searching her soul again, ah, so deeply!

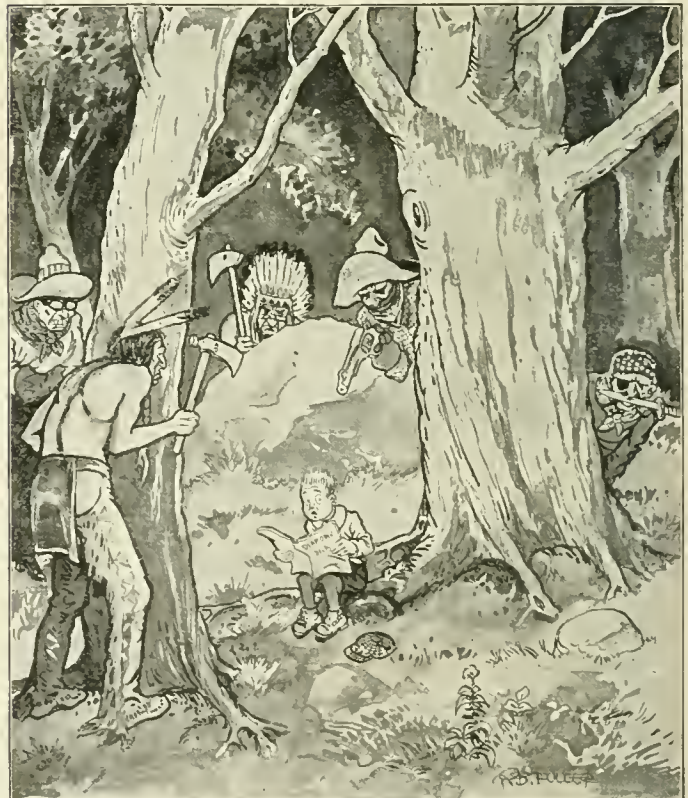
—Fred Ladd.

Improved by Experience

"Goodness," she exclaimed sarcastically, "but you were born bright!"

"Certainly," he agreed; "and knocking around has polished me considerably."

Some fellows try to exert a pull when they ought to push.



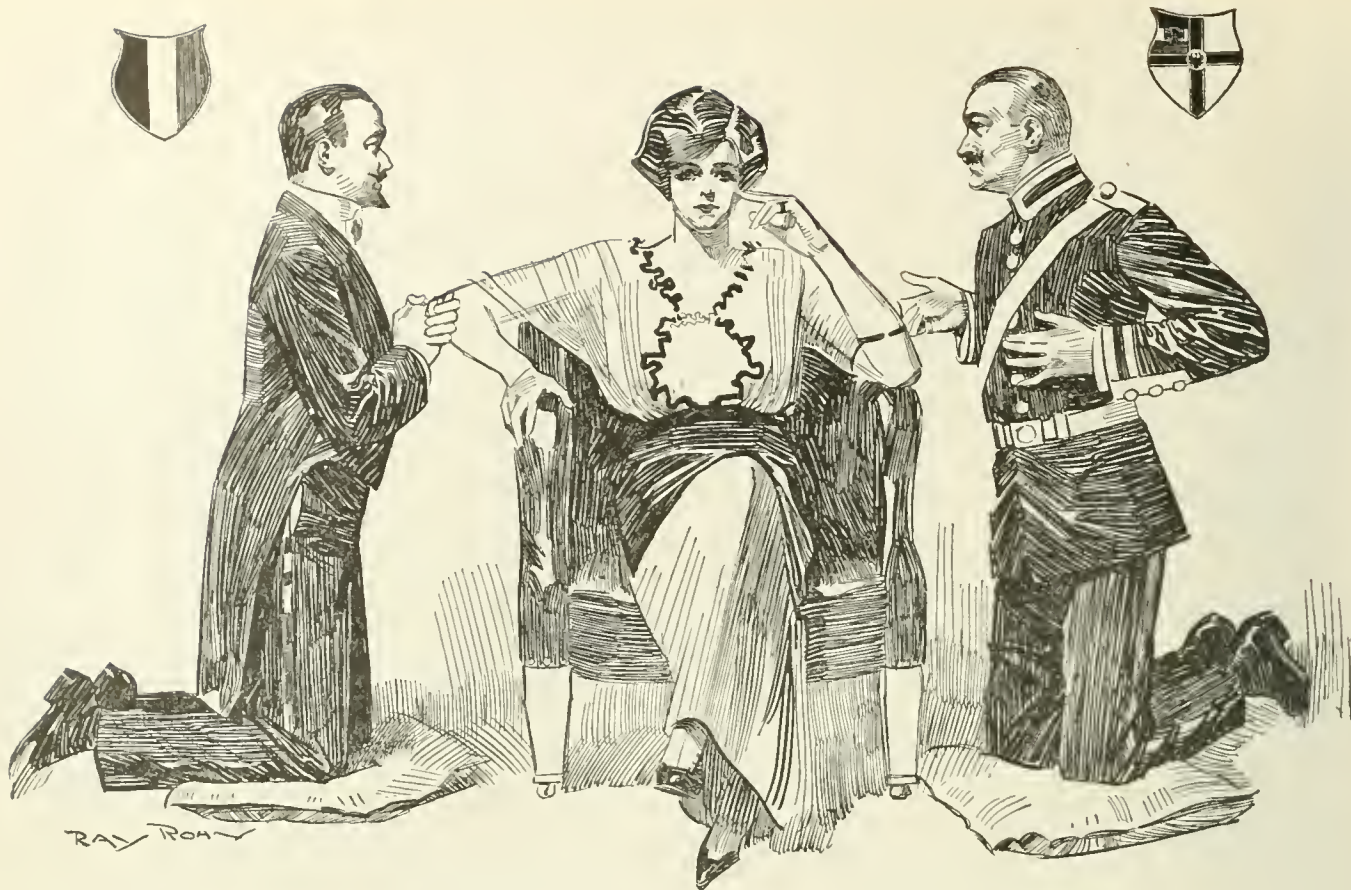
IMAGINATION

"Gee! I wisht I'd stayed at home to read this!"



A M A T E U R S





STRICTLY NEUTRAL

Rastus and His Shoes

THE OLD darky was about to turn away from his old master's son, after greeting him upon the main thoroughfare of the town, when the latter noticed a wistful cast in the old man's eye, and for the sake of an ancient friendship stopped him to see if his one-time retainer had any unsatisfied yearnings.

"Of course you know, Rastus," he said, "that I want always to be your friend, and if there is anything I can do for you, you won't fail to let me know, will you?"

"Thank yuh, Marse George," Rastus replied. "Seein' as how yo' mention it, kuh-nell, Ah do need a pair o' shoes powahful bad, suh. Dese here ole boots Ah got on muh feet now is mos' nigh done fer."

"Why, certainly, certainly!" cried the colonel. "Delighted to be of service, Rastus. We'll get 'em right away. Come along with me, and I'll fit you out."

He led the old man into a large shop half way up the block, and in a few minutes the old darky walked forth upon the highway with a parcel under his arm containing the finest product in the way of brogans the market afforded.

"Now, remember, Rastus," said the colonel pleasantly, as they parted, "I'm always ready to remember old times, and my dear old dad was fond of you, and when you need help, I'll do all I can to give it to you."

Rastus murmured his grateful thanks and passed on. Three days later, however, he was back, this time at the colonel's door.

"Good-morning, Rastus," said the colonel cheerily. "Glad to see you again. Anything special?"

"Why—yass, Marse George," the old fellow replied. "Yo' was good enough, Marse Kuhnell, to say ef Ah needed help"—

"Surelee!" returned the colonel. "What is it this time?"

"Well, yo' see, Marse George," said Rastus, "Ah do need shoes powahful bad, suh. Dese here ole boots"—

"Why, you old rascal," laughed the colonel, "I bought you a brand-new pair only three days ago!"

"Yass, Marse George—yassuh, Ah knows dat," replied the old man; "but, yo' see, suh, dem new shoes is too good fo' an ole no-count niggah like me, suh, an', b'sides dat, Marse George, Ah's a pore man, suh, an' Ah kain't affohd to pay nobody to break dem shoes in fo' me, suh. Hain't yo' got a nice ole pa'r o' boots dat'll sort o' rest easy on de foot ob an ole man?"—*Carlyle Smith.*

Even Worse

Bibbs—What is your wife doing when she isn't talking?

Gibbs—She's looking it, that's what.

No Time

Judge—Why don't you look for work?

Casey—Oi haven't the toime to waste in such unprofitable employment.



"What size collar does your husband wear?"

"Dear me, I've forgotten! But I know it's larger than Fido's."



CANDOR

"What ought to be the range of a soprano voice like mine?"
 "Well, judging from your singing I should prefer it at a long range."

Cause and Effect

THERE would be more honest people in the world if it wasn't for the fool and his money.

Many a woman has lost a good friend by marrying him.

Froth gets to the top, in which it resembles some men.

The very existence of some people would seem to disprove the theory that there is no effect without a cause.

The girl with pretty feet never gets the bottom of her skirts muddy.

If getting married doesn't take the conceit out of a man, nothing will.

A girl may not love her enemies, but she invites them all to her wedding.

Nine-tenths of the women who cry at weddings have been married themselves.

—Sam S. Stinson.

The Bright Side

A certain man, journeying in the Jericho, Ind., neighborhood, fell among thieves, who assailed him with grievous crabtree cudgels, beat him full sore, and finally left him in a mangled heap by the roadside. An innocent bystander presently discovered him and proceeded to bystand and utter appropriate questions with the liberality of a machine gun in action.

"Oh, it is not as bad as it might be!" feebly but philosophically replied the sufferer. "You see, when I was but two years old, I sat down in a hot skillet and fried myself quite a good deal; at the age of six I coasted downhill and arrived headforemost against a deacon's monument and fractured my nose; at nine years of age I was pitched up into the barn loft by mistake for a forkful of hay and somewhat seriously implicated on the tines of the pitchfork; when twenty-two years of age I was hugged by a red-headed widow and had three ribs broken; and soon after my marriage to the same lady I was so severely scalded with hot soup that enough of my epidermis peeled off to have made a vest for a small boy.

"Some time later, during an argument over a Scriptural text, the wife of my bosom chased me upstairs into the attic, and after clambering out onto the roof I slid off and broke a leg or two on the ground below. A year or so afterward, when I poked a penny into a weighing machine to see how much my tribulations had reduced me, the front of the device fell out on me and dented my skull most painfully.

"Thus, in a way, I have grown used to unpleasant episodes of various sorts and do not mind them as much as I

otherwise might; and, as I hinted in the first place, my condition could be worse, for I have a twin brother who is the able editor of a village weekly, half of the readers whereof are yelling for more war news and the other half snarling for less, and all of whom insist upon having, when occasion arises, obituary poems, lodge resolutions, cards of thanks and mentions of the unimportant comings and goings of themselves and their relatives published in conspicuous positions and without price. I might be the other twin instead of the one I am. So, you see, I still have much to be thankful for."

Reason for Reticence

"My Uncle Sankey Wattles, who confesses to being a trifle hard of hearing," stated J. Fuller Gloom, the well-known misanthrope, "complains bitterly that I never tell him anything interesting. The reason for my reticence is that I am already so cordially detested by my fellow-citizens for my plain speaking that if I told Uncle Sank the intimate news and gossip of the neighborhood, which, as he is really as deaf as a stone dog, would have to be conveyed to him in resonant shouts, and as a perfectly natural consequence of his affliction he wants to hear everything that is none of his business, the chances are that I should be sued for slander by most of my neighbors or lynched by a mob composed of our best people, or both."

There will be lots of people in heaven just as much surprised to see you there as you will be to see them.



A FRENCH WAITER IN A GERMAN HOTEL



Conductor—Come on, now, do a fox trot! None of yer hesitation steps!

Finding a Market for the Goods

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE CROWD around the stove in the hotel office, having discussed the strategy of war sufficiently, fell to talking about the "Made in U. S. A." movement.

"'Made in U. S. A.' goods are all right," remarked the village lawyer; "but 'Made

in U. S. A.' goods must have a market. And where are you going to sell 'em?"

"Yes, indeed," thought pretty nearly everybody right away; "true enough. Where are you going to sell 'em?"

The man at the writing desk, who called himself a salesman, and whom everybody else present called a drummer, stopped writing and began to show signs of interest.

"You can sell guns all right," continued the lawyer, "and uniforms and powder; but we don't all make shooting irons and red pants and such stuff. Where are you going to sell pleated shirts and straw hats and mouth organs?"

"In Peru," said the salesman, wheeling around in his chair.

"In Peru?" ejaculated the discussion club in unison, like a musical-comedy chorus, which means that they said it almost together.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman, getting up and coming over. "In Peru and Paris and Holland and Berlin and Lima and London and other places. Take it along in June, and there is a demand for straw hats in Peru that would surprise you. All it needs is a little more pushing behind U. S. A. goods, that's all."

"But Berlin," ventured the night clerk. "How are you going to sell U. S. A. goods in Berlin?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said the drummer or salesman. "Don't you know there are small boys in Berlin right now longing for American-made harmonicas, or mouth organs, as you call them, but who have been playing the German kind because

the German kind was the only kind they could get? And as for pleated shirts, American pleated shirts, the good dressers of Paris are longing for them right now. All we need to



DREAM OF AN AMBITIOUS PUPPY



Dealer—Now first you prime the motor with the priming gun, after making sure there is plenty of gasoline and lubricating oil in the tanks. Then pedal it lively, and while the motor is turning over drop the valves—thus. This grip controls the spark and lifts the valves, the other controls the throttle. Then release the clutch and put on the brake to stop the rear wheel from spinning; then put the machine down from the stand and get into the saddle; then open the throttle—just a trifle—and gradually engage the clutch, keeping the spark fully advanced all the time. Then as the machine gets under way bring the clutch lever way back.

New rider—Yes, I fully understand; but how do you start the machine?



Peggie—Jack, what was there about Gladys you didn't like? Jack—Another fellow's arm.

do is to call them to their attention. There is millinery, too—Paris is aching for some good, American-made, U. S. A.-made millinery."

"What you givin' us?" inquired an innocent bystander. "There wouldn't no woman in Paris buy no American-made hats nor dresses, either."

"Sure they would! In fact, they would be willing to wear U. S. A. styles in both gowns and hats, learn to prefer them to Paris styles in time, if we would make them for them."

"I guess you ain't never been in Paris," said the lawyer.

"Yes, I have—and London, too," replied the salesman. "I sell all those towns."

The crowd, which up to this time had evidenced only the interest to which a man who has a cracked-brain theory is entitled, now sat up and paid him the respectful attention that properly belongs to an accomplished liar.

"Yes, I was in Paris last week, and Peru week before last. Sold a nice bill of American cut glass in Paris."

The man who had just told the story about catching a six-pound small-mouth black bass got up and offered the salesman his seat.

"That's my line," said the salesman, taking the proffered seat with a nod of courtesy; "cut glass—made in the U. S. A.

Take London, for example: There used to be a lot of English cut glass sold in London, but I sell practically all the glass they buy there now—cut glass, I mean."

A cold sweat broke out on the brow of the bass fisherman, who saw his throne about to tumble with a crash—a crash of cut glass. "I suppose you call on all the stores in London," he said.

"Well, all but one," said the salesman; "all but one. At that, I am generally able to get in there the night before and get out the next noon."

The salesman observed the grin that was spreading its cheerful contagion from face to face. "Of course," he said, "you gentlemen understand that, when I am talking about United States trade opportunities, about selling harmonicas in Berlin and straw hats in Peru and millinery in Paris and cut glass in London—all made in the U. S. A.—I am talking about Berlin, Wis., and Peru, Ind., and Paris, Ky., and London, Tex., don't you? If you don't, then you are no worse off than a lot of manufacturers in

the United States that I know. Well, good-night. I've got to write up a few nice orders. I've just been in Lima, O., and sold a nice bill, and now I've got to make Holland, Mich., and sell some more!"

Next Summer

FOR ME no more the foreign shore
Which called me yesterday;
No more shall Rome lure me from home,
Nor Paris, giddy, gay.
I shall not view the Nile of blue;
Venetian scenes will lose me, too.
My mind's inclined the scenes to find
"Made in the U. S. A."

The desert's waste I shall not taste,
Nor note the sky of gray
Which oft enshrouds the London crowds
(Of late far from blase).
No antique tower shall have the power
To draw from me a single hour;
My mind's inclined the scenes to find
"Made in the U. S. A."

I have no means to view such scenes;
It costs to go away,
And I must eat. But what a treat
To let my fancies stray!
So 'neath the trees, with blowing breeze
To cool my brow, I'll sit at ease—
My mind's inclined the scenes to find
"Made in the U. S. A."

—A. Walter Utting.



NELL WINTERS

How ridiculous to meekly follow
the vagaries of fashion!

Yet how ridiculous when
she doesn't!

W O M A N



W I N T E R

S P O R T S.



THOROUGHLY ENJOYING THE PLAY

Judge Not

THE school of experience isn't a Sunday school.

The people who marry for money earn every penny of it.

The man who won't listen to reason may be thinking the same thing about you.

The devil rejoices more in one hypocrite than in ninety and nine genuine, Simon-pure sinners.

—S. S. Stinson.

Made in U. S. A.:

Countesses. Divorces. Farewell tours.
Full houses (poker, not theatrical).
Fun. Haste. Irish potatoes.
Lecture tours. Liberty. French pastry.

Gunless armies.

Markets for English authors.

Markets for French painters.

Markets for German musicians.

Markets for Russian dancers.

Menless navies. Needy diplomats.

Money. Noise. North Poles.

One-thousand-dollar-a-year professors.

Pork. Press agents. Oriental rugs.

Panama Canals. Peace treaties.

Pugilists. Slang. Time.

Turkish cigarettes. Trains.

Twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year ball players.

Votes for women. Waste.

The Only Thing We Do Not Make:

Trips to Europe.

Made in Europe:

Claims. Counts. Havoc.

Heroes. Marked advances.

Orphans. Strategic retreats.

Widows. Sudden dashes.

Afraid To Risk It

Miss Withers—Do you think you could come anywhere near guessing my age?

He—Not with any degree of safety.

The Yankee Girl

OVER the sea
From "gay Paree"

No longer come the modes;

No chic chapeaux

Nor French-cut clothes

Arrive at our abodes.

But native wit

Does not permit

These things to cause dismay;

The Yankee maid

Is still arrayed

In garments smart and gay.

"Necessity

My dears," says she,

"Has mothered styles this year,

And you'll admit

I'm looking fit

And not the least bit queer."

—Lida Keck Wiggins.

Hard on Papa

Little Elsie—My papa's a minister, and that is best.

Little Grace—My papa's a lawyer, and that's best, too.

Little Elsie—No, your papa is not a really lawyer; he just practices law. But my papa is a really minister, because he just preaches and never practices. My mamma says so.

Unparliamentary

Mrs. Tiff—You say your husband is unparliamentary?

Mrs. Huff—Yes; he's always out of order.

Our Peerless Products

THE French excel in twisting curls,
The Germans making toys;
But who can beat Cheyenne's cowgirls
Or Harvard's football boys?

The Spanish do a thrilling dance,
Of which they love to talk.
They haven't seen the classy prance,
To wit, the Castlewalk.

The Argentino brags of beef;
It leads the world, he vows.
But our "white hopes," 'tis my belief,
Would outweigh all his cows.

From Africa, so hot and dark,
Come animals not rare—
The common kinds that filled the ark.
We raise the Teddy bear.

—Terrell Love Holliday

Near Thoughts

Be sure you are right, and then ask the conductor.

When the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, they made a dent on that boulder that shows yet.



A MONOPOLY IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

He Woke Up

IT WAS the day of a big tournament. Since there were not enough caddies, new ones had to be procured. Each new caddie worked with an old one.

It fell to the lot of one of the new caddies to hold the flag while two of the players putted. The distances of their balls from the hole appearing nearly equal, one player called out, "Who's away, caddie?"

With a start the caddie's reverie was broken. "Mother," he cried.

Personal?

He—Men are descended from monkeys.

She—Some haven't descended yet.

The Bogus Label

McShane, for daughter, bought a count;

But there was the devil to pay.

(A little bird slipped Mac the word.)

His Nibs gave back the whole amount—

He was "Made in the U. S. A."

Too Much to Bear

Friend—Why are you crying, Bobby?

Bobby—Ma whipped me because my face was dirty, and then washed it.

A Misprint

"Deleted by censor"—the line that we see
So oft in the papers an error may be.

When listing the enemy's loss, I suspect,

"Dilated by censor" is nearer correct.

Strictly Cash Basis

SHORTLY after the reconstruction period began, an old Southern planter met one of his negroes whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"

"I's a-preachin' of de Gospil."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yassah, marster, I's a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I de-mands de cash."

Some men even count their chickens before they buy an incubator.





AN OVER-TIRED, POPULAR MODEL



Starting Him Right

"LOOK here, squire!" indignantly began the chairman of the village society for the analysis and adjustment of other people's business. "What in fire did you mean by telling me all that outrageous stuff about your nephew, C. C. Spindler, who is going to move here from the western part of the State next week? You said that one of his initials stands for 'Copernicus' and the other for 'Champollion,' which

you claimed was the name of an extinct ancestor who was with Cap'n Kidd as he sailed.

"You also told me that Mr. Spindler has five wives and nineteen children, and beats 'em all at frequent intervals, and that he was once a candidate for the Legislature and twice narrowly escaped being indicted by the grand jury. You stated that he couldn't account for his whereabouts on the night that the bank in his town was robbed, and that at least three different houses he had occupied were burned in a very mysterious way.

"Of course I felt it my duty to look into the matter, and I find that you deliberately deceived me. I met a man who has lived near Mr. Spindler for years, and he told me that there was no truth to any of them yarns. In the first place, the initials of your nephew's name stand for 'Charge, Chester'—er—er—I mean, 'Charles Chester.' He has never had but one wife and is still devoted to her, and the neighbor says that their three children



HIS VOCATION

Mr. Fattums—I don't know what profession my son should follow. He's reckless, careless, and indifferent to consequences.

Mrs. de Pompus—Make him a taxicab driver.

are fat, happy and a pleasure to look upon, and that Mr. Spindler himself has never been in any sort of trouble in his life, but has always behaved himself in a most admirable and monotonous fashion."

"Well, Jasper," replied the old codger, "I'll tell you: Being acutely aware that several persons in this town, not knowing Charles Chester's record, would feel bound to invent one for him,

I determined to take time by the forelock and supply them with sufficient data, of a sort, to start off on. But in my zeal for an artistic effect I may have overdone it slightly."

—Tom P. Morgan.

L-o-v-e: A Romance of Four Letters

HE SENT her a letter, a passion-filled letter,

That promised her joy for the rest of her life;

She sent him a letter, a soul-throbbing letter, Accepting his offer, and soon was his wife.

SIX MONTHS LATER:

He sent her a letter, a drummer's night letter,

To ask, "Where's the razor I told you to pack?"

She sent him a letter, a "two cents due" letter,

To say she'd gone home and was not coming back.

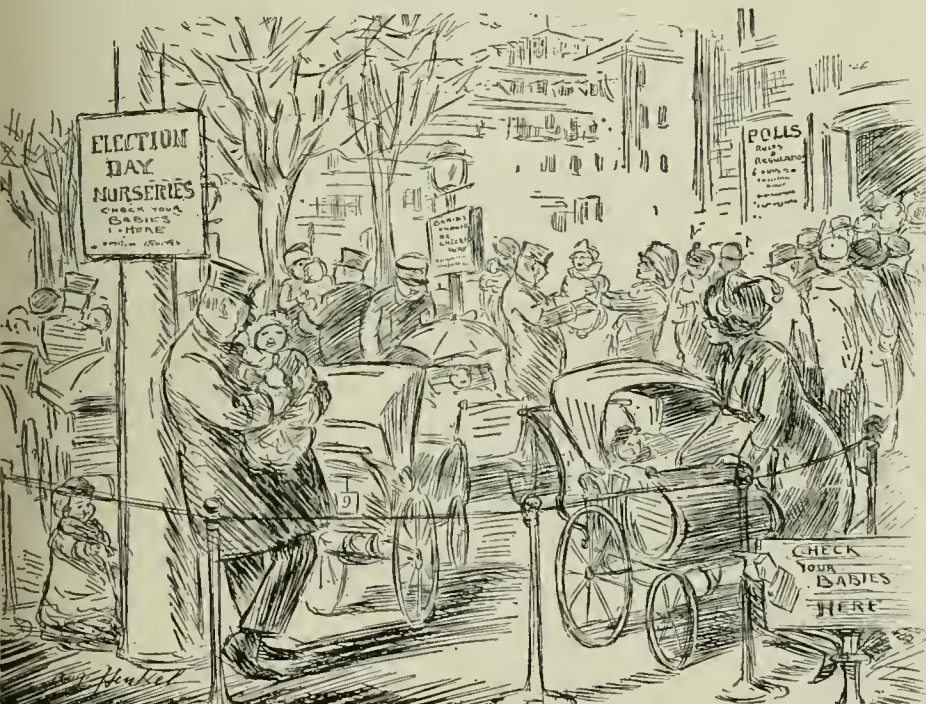
—Frederick Moron.

Worth Seeing

Tenderfoot—Whaddye diggin' the big hole for?

Trapper—Wild cats.

Tenderfoot—By gravy, I've often heard of wild-cat mines, but this is the first time I ever saw one!



WHEN WOMEN VOTE—THE PROBLEM SOLVED



THERE comes a time to every gent when he is busted flat; he cannot raise a blooming cent, nor yet the half of that.

"Ods fish," he mutters, "what's the odds? My friends I'll go and see, and gladly they'll produce their wads and share the same with me. When they were broke, I sprung my roll and staked them with a smile, and now that I am in the hole, they'll guide me to their pile."

And then he goes to Jasper Jones and says, "I'm out of tin; I wish you'd lend me seven bones until my ship comes in." He thinks that Jones with eager haste will panting be and hot to bring the money from his waist and say, "Just take the lot!"

But Jones remarks, "Ahem! Kerchoo! And likewise haw and hum! I fear I cannot rescue you—my luck is on the bum. There is a mortgage on my shack, to be foreclosed to-day; my workhorse fell and broke his back; my hens refuse to lay. The children in my poor abode are clamoring for pie; I have to bear a heavy load—my cows have all gone dry. I'd gladly stake you with a V if I had lots of chink, but things are going bad with me, and I am on the blink.

"Why don't you save," continues Jones, "the money that you earn? Each month you draw a bunch of bones, and then that bunch you burn. If you would put it in the bank, 'twould bring you three per cent.; just try that scheme, and you will thank me for my good intent. Along the downward path you tear, and soon you'll reach the dump; and when at last you've landed there, you'll know you've been a chump. Brace up! He is a fool who spends; salt down the coin in kegs, and then you will not seek your friends to try and pull their legs."

And then he seeks old Beeswax Brown, whom he had helped one day, and says to him, "I'm out and down, so stake me while you may."

"I'd gladly do it if I could," says Beeswax, "but, oh, chee! I just have bought six cords of wood, and it has busted me! But now that you are standing here, let's cut some moral ice; I fain would whisper in your ear some words of good advice. You make, I'm told, eight plunks a week—that stipend is a scream—and then unholy joys you seek and blow it for ice cream. If you would put five cents a day in some good savings bank, when you are old and bent and gray, old Beeswax you would thank!"

And so it goes until, a wreck, you seek the great beyond; you tie a rock around your neck and jump into a pond.

Useless Brains

A WELL-KNOWN Mississippi minister was fond of playing pranks. One day, while riding with an illiterate negro, the minister began gravely to chatter Italian to his brunette driver.

The negro looked wildly at the minister and said nothing.

Finally the white man, in pretended pique, said,

"What's the matter? Why don't you answer?"

"I dono what yo'-all talkin' 'bout."

"What's wrong? Haven't you any brains?"

"Yassah, I got some brains, all right; but dey ain' no use to me now."

—Strickland Gillilan.

How It Was

Oh, Jonah met a monster whale upon a certain day.

It swallowed Jonah, as you know, but Jonah got away.

What made the whale give Jonah up and risk his getting drowned?

He couldn't keep the good man down was what he quickly found.

Her Real Grievance

Lawyer (to fair client)—Don't you think this cash offer of twenty thousand dollars from the defendant is a fair compromise for your wounded heart? Isn't prying that old tightwad from his twenty thousand shiny ducats punishment enough for his breach of promise?

Client—No, indeed! I want him to marry me!

Under Suspicion

Several members of a women's club were chatting with a little daughter of their hostess.

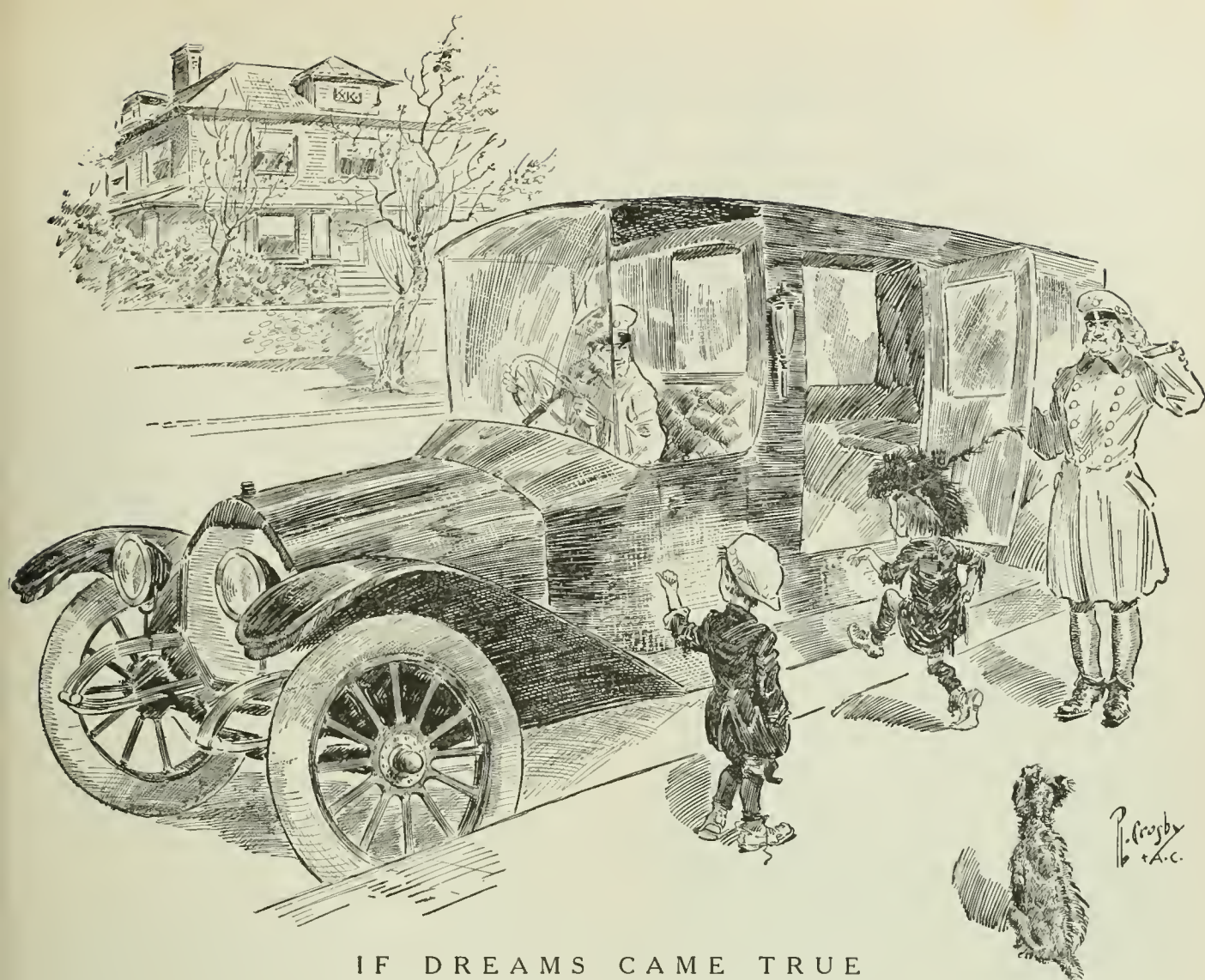
"I suppose you are a great help to your mamma," said one.

"Oh, yes," replied the little miss, "and so is Ethel; but it is my turn to count the spoons to-day after the company is gone."



"It's rather cold to-day, Mrs. Muggs."

"Well, if ye'd bundle up more it wouldn't be."



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

"Drive to every soda fountain in town, James."

"MAY I have a few words with you?"

I rose and bowed—somewhat flustered. I was alone in my study, it was late, and here, without warning, was the image of the heroine of my novel.

I moved up a chair and made as if to lay aside my pipe. With a gracious smile, she said,

"Let us have no formality. I am the intruder and would give as little trouble as possible. You recognize me?"

"If I am not presumptuous"——

"You have guessed," she said, with a smile. "Yes, I am the heroine of your novel, 'Violet's Venture.' If I do not please you, you have only yourself to blame!"

"But," I put in, "you are—a dream!"

"Clever," she acknowledged. "But it is my purpose to see that the dream does not become a nightmare."

"You are not satisfied with your romance as I have"——

"Else I would not be here." Selecting a cigarette from my box, she asked, "You don't mind?"

MY NOVEL EXPERIENCE

By TUDOR JENKS .

"Why," I began, "a woman of your traditions"——

"Nonsense!" she sneered, as she lighted up. "You needn't put in this scene. I am no prig! You said in an early chapter:

'She was of a venturesome strain, a throwback to her great-uncle Philip, who had died among the head-hunters of Borneo.'

A girl of that type would surely sample those gold-tipped dainties so temptingly displayed. Don't waste time; I have more important matters to settle. For example—which am I to marry, Victor or Raoul? By the way, Raoul won't do for a name; it sounds like a catcall."

"Oh, all right! We'll make it Ralph. It won't matter. You don't marry him."

"But Victor is 'getting beyond his first youth' and has 'grizzled hair.' Ugh! Slide him back a few years and darken his locks."

"Now, my dear Violet"——

"Enough of that!" she broke in. "You're not in this novel and needn't be so familiar."

"I can put myself in if I choose," said I, a little hurt. But my heroine smiled so disdainfully that I was sorry I had made her so proud. I went on, "You needn't mind Victor's age, for he is to run away with Dorine."

Violet (I'll call her so if I like!) raised scornful eyebrows and demanded,

"And when is my young man to appear? We're in Chapter Ten, and this Victor-Dorine stuff hasn't begun yet. Where's the young hero for me?"

"This," I explained, tapping ashes from my pipe, "is a realistic, character novel. You will choose a business career and"——

"Isn't this to have a love story in it?"

"Not of the— It's a serial for the *Modernity Magazine*, and the editor wants"——

"I don't care a stale charlotte russe what



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN (WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY).



Native—There's a good garage in the next village, mister. Shall I tow ye?

he wants!" Violet exclaimed, flinging her cigarette into the grate. "I won't be the heroine in anything but the old-style, course-of-true-love, smiles-and-tears, orange-flowers-and-lace, bread-and-cheese-and-kisses, end-all-right love story. And that's final."

"But why not?" I demanded. "Love is all right, of course, but there must be a change of subject at times."

"Why not? Because I want readers to love me and to read of my beauty and my costumes and to see how sweet I am when I'm in love and all that! I want young, romantic readers—not college professors and psychology folks"—

"They won't find out"—said I, but she wouldn't listen.

"Rubbish! They read the end first, and if I don't marry, that is all they read. But, by the way, how did you get my gowns right?"

"Why," I confessed, with some hesitation, "there is a young woman who"—

Violet smiled on me with returning kindness.

"My dear boy! No wonder you don't write love stories! Why, you are— Has she accepted you yet?"

"But I haven't asked her. You see, I am"—

"Well, drop this foolish character study and go ask— What is her name?"

"Why, it is—Violet," I admitted.

"I thought so. Go ask her, right away to-morrow; marry her, and maybe then you will know something about how a heroine ought to be served up to the public. Until then, I for one will not play dummy for you!"

"I can put you into a story if I like!" I insisted defiantly.

"Not so that any one will notice it!" she replied slangily—and in a moment I was alone.

I did my best to disprove her prophecy, but in vain. She would not assume the moods I wished, made a mock of the other characters, and I wrought uselessly till I capitulated and took her advice. And the real Violet taught me the essence of romance.

Back at Mother

Laura was very backward about wearing to school a hat which her mother had fashioned out of some leftovers.

"Well, did the boys and girls poke fun at it as you expected?" asked the mother, when Laura returned home.

"No, mamma," the little one replied. "I carried it in my hand, and no one had any idea what it was."



A B I R D

Peggie—Why do you say he is a bird?

Polly—Well, he is chicken-hearted and pigeon-toed, has the habits of an owl, likes to wear a swallow-tail coat and collars with wings, he is always acting the goose, and he is a perfect jay.



Hard to please

by
Walt
Mason

• FRANK GODWIN •

shrivel any mortal soul! I'll have to go and get a frau, though I must search from pole to pole! I'm tired of club and billiard hall, of hoarding-house and reading-room; a bachelor's resorts are all so wearisome and full of gloom!"

He hunts o'er all the countryside and scorns the counsel of the wise, and pretty soon digs up a bride, who's gifted with two starry eyes. And ere the orange wreath is old, he goes around with brooding brow. "I see," he mutters, "I've been sold; I'm loaded down with fetters now. I swapped my freedom for a chain, I drew a booby prize from fate; now I do nothing but explain why I came home three minutes late. I'm fed on milk and musty prunes, and when I'd sleep away my care, my wife goes through my trouser-loons and swipes such coins as I have there. Bring back the happy, joyous days, when I pursued the best of lives! Oh, why do feeble-minded jays give up such bliss to marry wives?"

There is no happiness below, no bliss in human neighborhoods; man always will be blest, you know, but never seems to get the goods.

Safety first: Never hold a nail that a wife drives.

IN SUMMER, when the wind was cooked and there were sun-strokes and repeat, we raised our voices and gadzooked and cussed the dreary months of heat. We cussed the sun, we cussed the flies, we cussed all chiggers, old and young, and wished to blast the blooming eyes of all the bugs that bit and stung.

Ah, then we never used to tire of longing for the winter's snow! "A quiet evening by the fire—what bliss!" we murmured, in our woe. "There are no bugs to bite us then, no flies to fret our lives away; when good old winter comes again, how we shall grudge each passing day!"

The winter's here, the tempest roars, and we still have our stock of woes, for every time we go outdoors, we freeze our whiskers or our toes.

"Gee whiz!" we mournfully declaim. "The winter puts us in the hole! We're weary of this dismal game of blowing all our scads for coal, of digging pathways through the snow, of packing cordwood from the shed. Oh, winter is the time of woe, and we'd be glad if we were dead! When good old summer comes once more, we'll prize each golden, sunny day; then dippy blizzards do not roar or blow down ice from Hudson Bay."

Eternal is our discontent; the things we have are always fakes, and every living human gent is full of grief and mental aches.

When man is single, he is sore because he has no blooming bride; he spends his evenings brooding o'er the blessedness that's been denied. "Oh, for a home and wife," he sighs; "a wife to hold upon my knees! Oh, for a girl with starry eyes, to pour the tea and slice the cheese! This barren life I'm leading now would



DOMESTIC ECONOMY

"Now Jefferson, I'll hold the children one at a time, and you do the figuring."



A MASKED BATTERY



"There goes another poor devil launched upon the sea of matrimony."
 "Yes; and he looks as if he expected to strike a mine any minute."

Senatorial Erudition

AS SOME people may know, education is not the most important qualification for election to the State senate in New York. At one of the sessions of this great body, a member who was much given to the delivery of flowery speeches closed an impassioned oration with "O tempora! O mores!"

"Bet you don't know what that means," said an up-State member to his neighbor, who was from an East Side district in New York City.

"Why, certainly I do!" retorted the East Sider heatedly.

"I've got five dollars that says you don't know," persisted the up-State one. The East Side member covered the bet at once, and the money was given to another member to hold.

"Now! What does it mean?"

"'O tempora! O mores!'" recited the Tammanyite convincingly, "is Eyetalian for 'One God, One Country.'"

"Darn it, give him the money!" said the up-Stater. "That's one on me! I didn't think he knew!"

Lacking

THE KING ordered all the men to take the field. The chancellor tremblingly approached the throne and whispered something, but his majesty shook his head impatiently.

"Let the publicity end be taken care of by the women and children!" he exclaimed.

"But the women and children," ventured the chancellor, "will have all they can do to till the soil, operate the factories, keep the bourses open and so forth!"

"Then let the publicity end take care of itself!" the king insisted stubbornly.

The result was about what you might expect. The war was fought with valor and brilliancy, but when it passed into history, it did so with almost a total lack of anything like distinction.

A Choice of Evils

A maiden's pouting I can stand
 (There are worse things, there is no doubting);

But, ah, of all things in the land,
 Pray save me from a maiden's spouting!

The Reason

THE bridegroom, just now married,
 Had strangely disappeared;
 And for the bride the bridesmaid
 Quite naturally feared.

Until the blushing beauty
 Straight made it understood
 He was out ascertaining
 If father's check was good!

—Harold Susman.

All Is Vanity

Mrs. Gramercy—So you refused to move where your husband decided to go?

Mrs. Park—Why, dear, he picked out the first floor, and nobody would know it was an elevator apartment!

Exploded

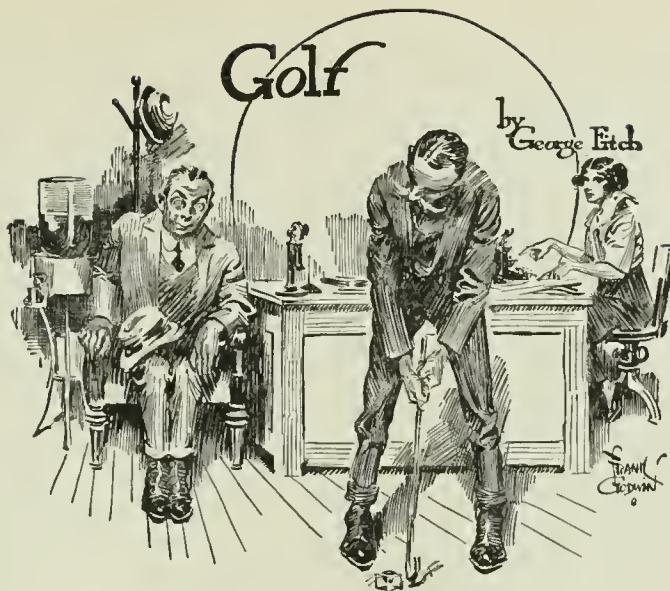
"It's the things we haven't got that make us unhappy," remarked the parlor philosopher.

"How about the toothache?" suggested the mere man.

Economy begins at home and ends at the garage.



THE UNEMPLOYED



ABOUT this time of the year a great many American business men become absent-minded and restless.

They do not take their usual keen pleasure in such indoor sports as pulling ticker tapes and running endurance races with stenographers. They do not even enjoy hearing the high-priced vaudevarlet pull the joke which their dear old fathers loved when Lincoln was a boy.

When the sun shines brightly and a breath of warm air steals through the office window, they sink into a dreamy state, from which even a big cash order can scarcely extract them. Something is very plainly the matter with these men.

They are coming down with golf again.

In another month thousands of cases will rage throughout the business world. Whole offices will be infected, and the customer who comes in to buy seven carloads of prime beans will have to edge up to his subject by discussing putting in its final stages.

It is sad to see a strong, keen man, who last December would work until midnight to put the eternal kibosh on a competitor, tottering from his desk at two p. m. in March, in order to go over to the club and talk "stances" and "grips." If he would only go away to the north, as the man does who has hay fever in August, he might recover.

But when any one suggests this, he laughs rudely and bets the friendly adviser five dollars that he can putt five balls nearer the center of the rug than any man in the house.

In April the disease is at its height. Men who have broken out with golf are very hard to get along with in April. They do not give a hang whether Great Britain captures our ships or not, but they discuss the slowness of the golf committee in words that burn and destroy.

In May a great improvement is noted. All golf sufferers become completely disabled on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, but are better during the week, though still nervous and wandering in their conversation, being likely to break up a directors' meeting at any time by discussing the back spin mashie shot.

In June and July the patients mend rapidly. A feature of the convalescence is their extreme irritability on Mondays, however. Those who have to work under a golfaetic on Monday will do well to get a line on his Sunday scores before approaching him with a request for a vacation.

By November the patient is usually entirely well. He works steadily, recognizes his children at first glance and is often seen with his wife on Saturdays. It is affecting to see the joy in a

household when father comes home from the Golf Sanitarium in the autumn and puts his clubs in the attic.

Patients in a light stage of this great summer complaint lose money rapidly each week, but attend baseball games with some interest and can do light work. In more severe cases the patient suffers from decay of the vocabulary and inability to vote on election day if the weather is nice. In the third stage or hopeless cases the unfortunate man pays fifty cents an hour all winter for the privilege of driving golf balls off a door mat into a canvas screen in a downtown golf carousal. In such cases chloroform should be administered by kind hands.

Taking His Measure

A bright little newsie entered a business office, and approaching a glum-looking man at one of the desks, began with an ingratiating smile,

"I'm selling thimbles to raise enough money to"—

"Out with you!" interrupted the man.

"Wouldn't you like to look at some nice thimbles?"

"I should say not!"

"They're fine, and I'd like to make a sale," he continued.

Turning in his chair to fully face the lad, the grouch caustically inquired,

"What'n seven kinds o' blue blazes do you think I want with a thimble?"

Edging toward the door to make a safe getaway, the boy answered,

"Use it for a hat."

—C. A. Leedy.

Some Confession

"We love but once." If so, I fear
My heart is in a dreadful whirl.
I send a valentine each year,
But always to a different girl.

Time To Reduce

Madge—Is she keeping Lent because she repents of her double life?

Marjorie—No; on account of her double chin.





Road hog—Blow your old horn, ding ye! I ain't goin' to turn out for no automobile!

Distinction

CAIUS and Titius were possessed of an equal thirst for distinction.

"I," declared Caius, "will write the Declaration of Independence on the back of a postage stamp."

"And I," declared Titius, determined not to be outdone, "will beat my wife's rugs without growling."

Now which, mes enfants, do you think achieved the really distinguished thing and which the merely outre?

Some Uprising

Tim—My wife and I have had a quarrel. You know she is getting frightfully stout, and last night I told her she looked like an inflated balloon.

Jim—Well, you can hardly blame her for going up in the air.

Complications

A porch swing in the lobby of a furniture store bore the sign, "Made in America."

Soon so many people gathered about the spot and began to laugh immoderately that one of the salesmen went out to investigate.

"What is the matter?" asked the store manager.

"A tramp is asleep in the swing," said the salesman, "and the sign is in his lap."

A Sanitary Drink

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And yet I feel constrained
To add a prophylactic thought:
Pray let thy glance be strained.

His Reason

"The reason I stick around the house, instead of going downtown, when my niece is entertaining the sewing circle," explained the old codger, "is not because I want to hear what the women say, but because I know they would say something I'd want to hear if I wasn't there."

Quality

Ancient maiden—
Does this parrot swear much?

Bird dealer—No, ma'am; but what swearin' he does is very loud and clear.



Yesterday—



SUNDAY MORNING

—To-day





ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Baldness



by Geo. Fitch

BALDNESS is a lack of perseverance on the part of the hair.

Man is born in adversity, grows up in trouble, survives colic, teething, admiring neighbors and safety pins in his infancy, endures education and football, bears up under matrimony, is afflicted by politics, big business, train wrecks, collar buttons, twins, toothache, lunch-counter pie, November, Christmas, rheumatism, after-dinner oratory and bills. Yet at seventy he is hale and hearty, while his hair, which loafed out on the job two years late and has had nothing to do but enjoy a free ride through life, has become discouraged and has silently withdrawn years before.

Sticktoitiveness is a great virtue in all cases, but never more so than in the case of hair. When a man has hung on in this severe and exhausting life for seventy years, accompanied by his faithful and untterrified hair, he is justified in speaking of the latter in terms of the warmest admiration, even if it is tomato-colored.

When a man's hair quits the job, his smooth and well-polished dome of intelligence rises more or less grandly above the ruins, thus enabling the public to discuss his cranial architecture. Nothing is more impressive than a broad and massive intellect case sweeping grandly backward from the eyes to the rear collar button. John Quincy Adams was twice as imposing with his flushed and defiant two-acre forehead as he would have been with a crop of sorrel hair, worn pompadour. Our own William J. Bryan's forehead, rising magnificently into the zenith like the white summit of Chimborazo, is eloquent even when his throat is temporarily closed for repairs. But sometimes the hair retreats from a head which is knobby in the wrong place and is no more impressive undraped than an ostrich egg, little end up. In this case a man may be pardoned for speaking bitterly of his late hair and cursing its chicken-heartedness in re-treating in mid-battle.

Baldness is treated lightly by those who have copper-fastened hair, clinched on the inside, and the baldheaded man has to endure a great many jokes from the public. He also has to accept unlimited sympathy from his barber. It is hard to tell which is the more painful. Elijah was the only baldheaded man who ever got even with his scoffers. If a baldheaded man ever becomes dictator of the world, he will find it difficult to refrain from locking up bears, humorists and barbers in the same cage.

Several thousand cures for baldness have been invented, but only one relief is effective. This is resignation. Bald-

ness is not painful and is even ornamental when the hair retreats in an orderly manner from the front, instead of sneaking out from behind a derby hat. However, the hair should be unanimous when it leaves. It is hard to admire thirty-six faithful hairs carefully parted in the middle of an oasis of forehead.

Women very seldom become bald. This is presumably because they wear long hair and brush it for one hour and three-quarters each day. Any man may save his hair by treating it in this way. But outside of Buffalo Bill, who wears his long for revenue only, man has inflexibly chosen the lesser evil.

True to His Profession

Physician—I'm sorry, sir, but we can't quite be sure as to what is wrong with your arterial system unless we put you under the X-ray machine.

Publisher—That's all right. I never made any secret of my circulation.

Dealing in Futures

"I've named you as my literary executor."

"Why, you've never been able to sell any of your writings!"

"I know; but posthumous works are always in demand."



AT PALM BEACH

Cynthia—These bathing suits make people look shorter, don't they? *Tom*—And people look longer, too!



A Dramatic Difference

"MAMMA, what is the difference between a ham actor and a bum actor?"

The careful mother gave the child's question a moment's profound consideration before replying.

"Well, my son," she said slowly, so that the youthful mind would get the full comprehension and be able to discriminate thoroughly through all future time, "a bum actor would indignantly resent being called a ham actor, but a ham actor would not care at all how much he was called a bum actor if he could still draw his salary."

Dodging an Argument

Crawford—How do you get your wife to believe what you say when you come home late?

Crabshaw—I first listen to what she accuses me of doing, and then I own up to it.

Musical Note

"Here's a fellow," said the Answers to Correspondents editor, "who wants to know what musical instrument produces foot notes."

"Tell him a shoe horn," suggested the sporting editor.



A "swell" figure. "No" figure.
MISNOMERS



His dog—There! Thank goodness, we'll go home now.

The Quaint Cow

ASSOCIATION of ideas brings some eccentric notions

That tickle up our risibles with very funny motions. For instance, 'tis a fact to which there can be no objection:

A Jersey cow don't use cold cream to freshen her complexion.

Near Thoughts

The Chautauqua is an educational institution. Even if the patrons learn no more than how to spell and pronounce it, it will not have been in vain.

The way to tell whether a distant object in the North Carolina mountains is a stump or a native—watch it. If it moves, it's a stump.

Literary Note

Longfellow had just written "Excelsior."

"If I want to wait," he mused, "I might get a big price for this as breakfast-food poetry."

Heaving a sigh, he mailed the manuscript to his publishers.

An Appeal

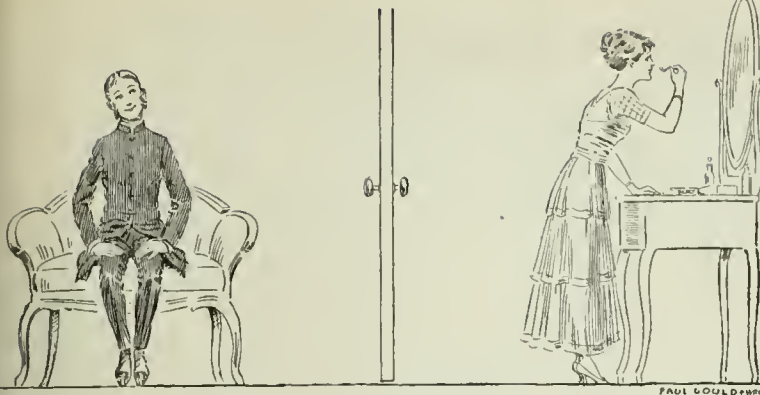
Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough!

You're doing very ill, and I will show you how: If you should cut it down, as seems now your intent, It may be ground to pulp for a comic supplement.

Out of Date

"This ancient castle," announced the personal conductor, "was once the seat of the Norman kings."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. A. Partment House. "Why, it doesn't even look sanitary!"



PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY

A Song of Shopping

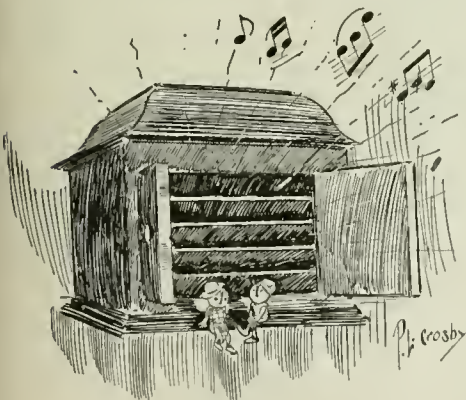
OH, GLAD am I with her to go
Where apple blooms are dropping
And merry birds are hopping on the lea!
But it produces vertigo
When she proposes shopping.
No shopping with my little love for me!

She lingers over fussy things,
All satiny and silky-like;
I really think she'd haggle half a day.
She leaves a heap of mussed things,
All mercerized and milky-like,
And spends an hour to purchase applique!

She loiters over hosiery
In manner that is shocking;
It doesn't seem to bother her a bit.
It shatters my composure-y
To see so much of stocking;
I feel as though I'm like to throw a fit!

She dotes on haberdashery;
She wants to buy me all of it.
At last she gets a flaming necktie—one!
She takes me to a hashery
(Alas, the awful pall of it!)
And lunches me on cocoa and a bun!

Oh, glad am I with her to go
Where apple blooms are dropping
And merry birds are hopping on the lea!
But it produces vertigo
When she proposes shopping.
No shopping with my little love for me!
—Clinton Scollard.



"Oh, Jimmie, I hope they don't chase us away from the lobby."

Cause and Effect

A bibulous-looking party entered a hat store one morning about nine o'clock. The hat he wore bore signs of wear and tear.

"I want to buy a hat," he said to the affable clerk. "I don't like the looks of this one."

"Yes, sir. What size, please?"

"Um—er" he hesitated. "Blamed if I remember. About eight and a quarter, I guess."

The clerk surveyed him for a moment commiseratingly.

"I beg your pardon," he said very kindly, "but we haven't that size. Don't you think you'd better come around later in the day?"

Poetry

Some poetry is inspired, and some is perspired.

Scarlet poetry is always read.

Poetic feet have no soles. Poetry is soundless music. Love poems are written in meet her by moonlight.

Burning poetry is not always written by a versifier. Poetry is the centipede of literature.

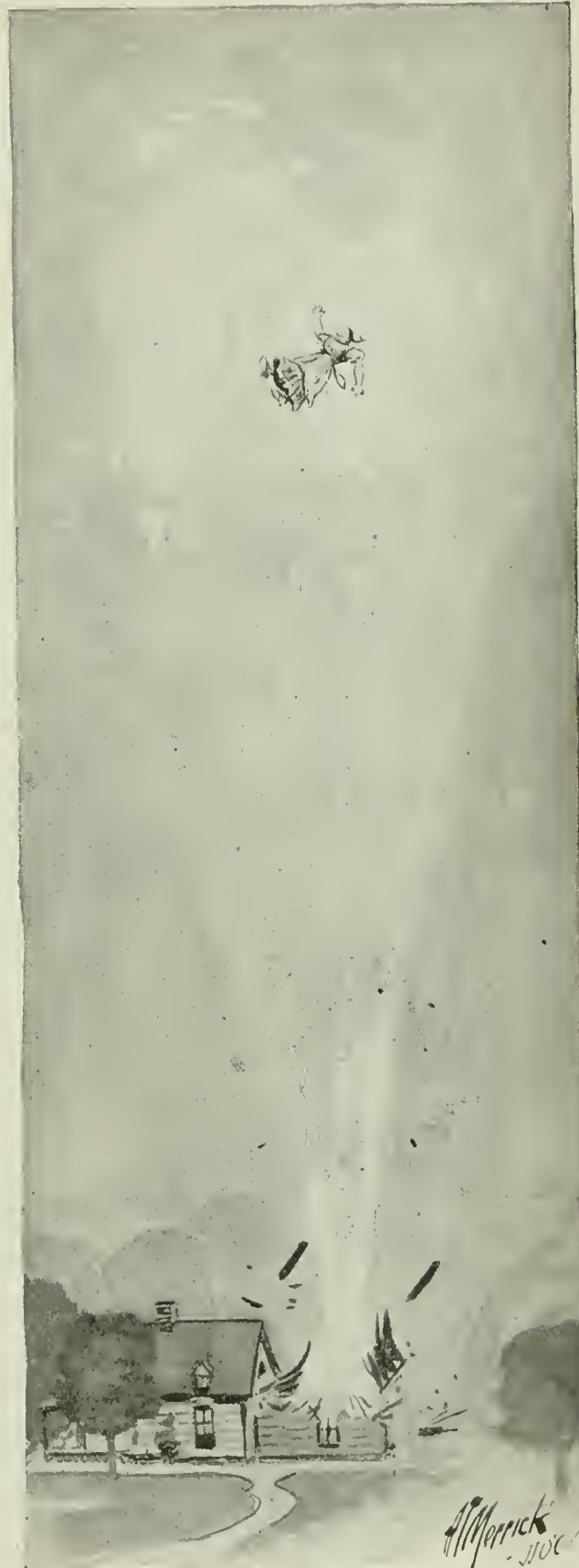
Precious poetry is put up in small packages.

—William J. Lampton.

All in the Game

Jinks—Throwing out hints won't make a great pitcher of a man.

Jenks—No more than rapping out oaths will increase his batting average!



TWENTY MILES ON A GALLON OF GASOLINE



I AM A BEGGAR. I have always been a beggar. It suits me perfectly to remain what I am and what I have always been. If I have seemed ever to be anything but a beggar—say, long ago when I was well dressed—it was not my fault, but probably a mistake on the part of stupid observers of humankind.

Let me sit down on this stone doorstep a minute. I don't want to walk any more just now. I am tired and hungry. Perhaps somebody will come along from whom I can get a few cents. If I sit here and look at the passers-by, I shall be able to tell who will give me what I ask for. I can always tell.

Of course I often ask of the wrong ones, but that is necessary. Who am I that I

THE BEGGAR

By JUDSON M. HINCHTHONE

should discriminate in favor of any chosen few? It is my place to honor every one as benevolent, kind, generous. I may not be worthy of alms, but the Good Book says nothing about feeding the worthy. It calls attention to the hungry.

I am hungry. I have always been hungry. Not for food alone have I hungered, but for—well, never mind—everything! I ask myself why I have been so hungry. For you must know that I have never had

the energy nor the wit to do anything worth while for myself. My real name is Indolence, and I am unashamed. Not for the sake of saving my own life would I do an hour's work.

Therefore neither do I eat—regularly. I have heard of noblesse oblige, but I know nothing further. From the world all I really need is toleration.

There have been times when quite naturally I would have fallen into the river, but at those times the water was always very cold. Its chill repelled me, and so there was only to beg a little harder for the price of a warming dram.

Life is a bit easier now. While society loathes me and avoids me—very properly, I am sure—yet I do not mind. I am old and dull and hardened—senseless, insensitive. Nothing matters. Why, it is more than possible that I shall stop begging without knowing at all about having come to the end of my career.

A Question

I'm seeking a spade.
Will I spy it at last?
Was ever one made
That would bury a past?

The Difference

Mrs. Bilton—That Mrs. Jinks is always very well dressed, while her husband always looks shabby.

Bilton—Well, she dresses according to fashion, and he according to his means.

Her Scope

Clara—I hear that Grace has gone in for charity.

Agnes—Yes; but she restricts it to the obviously needy.

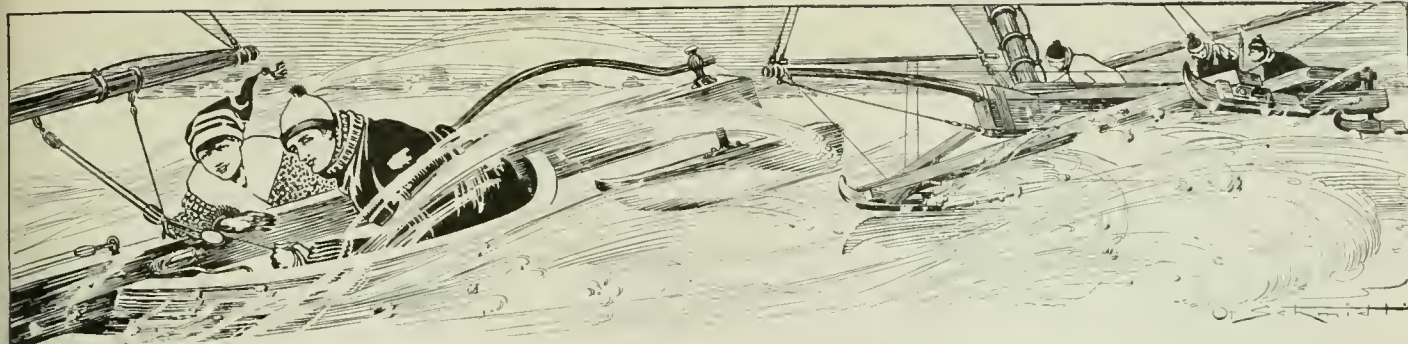
Curt

Skinum—I want to interest you in a mining proposition. It's a good thing.

Flubdub—Perhaps it is; but I'm not.



"FRONT!"



Two Viewpoints

The Optimist

IT MATTERS not how bad has been

The business we are doing;
It could have been much worse,
I'm sure,

So what's the use of stewing?

The Pessimist

It matters not how good has been
Our business from beginning;

It could have been much better,
sir,

So what's the use of grinning?

—Higby Dodd.

Identified

"Did you meet that fellow I mentioned to you while you were in North Dakota?"

"What kind of looking fellow was he?"

"He was a Swedish-looking chap and had light hair."

The Reward of Virtue

Hokus—What's the matter with Flubdub? He looks as though he didn't have a friend in the world.

Pokus—Oh, he's still keeping his New Year resolutions.



MISINTERPRETED

Gorgeous one—Hello, old top! What have you been going around in
Neophyte (humbly)—Oh, just a sweater an old pair of pants.

Egg View Notes

DOW LUDLUM turned up missing about seven o'clock last night, only to be found asleep in the station early this morning by the agent, who asked him if he thought it was show day.

Ambrose Crosslots says: "The female-vote hater is a feller who favors leavin' ev'rything to a woman when he dies—nuthin' before."

Sherm Spoor drove back from Spring Ledge through the chilly, raw wind Tuesday night. He says his feet got cold at first, but went to sleep after a while and dreamed that they were warm the rest of the way home.

Ratio Roundtree and Morg Quidd entered a Pollywog pool-room Friday afternoon, for the first time in their life, and were quite awkward with their shots, until Ratio found out that they were paying by the hour. From that minute on they played a very fast game.

—Leslie Van Every.

Cutting out the middle man—
Exercising to reduce the abdomen.



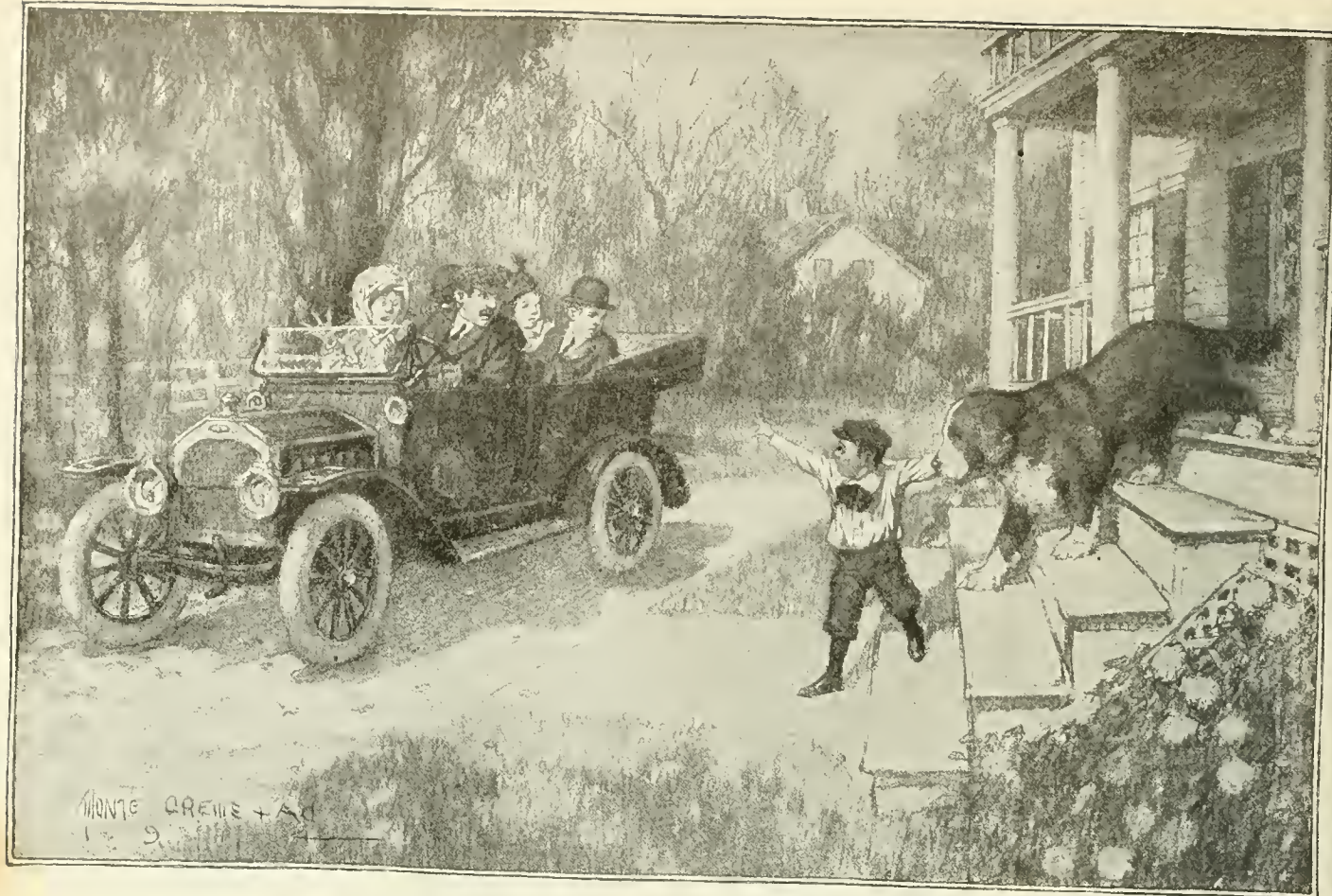
As it is popularly supposed to be

—and—

as it generally is.

THE HOME LIFE OF A PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST





"Wait a minute, pop! Me an' Rover want to go with you!"

"WELL, pa, I guess I'll step over to Mame Morrison's a little while," observed Mrs. Dambly, tying a purple scarf over her fuzzy gray hair. "Prob'ly I'll be home to supper, but if Mame should urge me, I might stay. The mush is on the back of the stove, same as usual, and there's coffee to warm, right in the pot."



Pa Dambly nodded, well schooled in resignation. When the door had closed behind his wife's cushiony form, he lighted a soothing pipe and cast a malevolent glance at the double boiler.

"My, how I'm growin' to despise mush!" he soliloquized sadly. "It ain't rightly a man's food, seems like." Then, with a prolonged sigh, "If I could only get me some teeth!"

For this was the keynote of the situation. Pa had lost his last lone grinder three years before, and as the family finances never attained to a surplus, he had learned to "gum it" as best he might. Despite his age and his disabilities, he picked up a good many odd jobs about town, and son Jim, on the railroad up-State, sent regularly

CALLED BACK

By CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

what he could spare from his little pay; so the rent and the grocer's bill were satisfactorily met, but pa's new teeth remained an uncertain glory, though the spread-eagle sign of the Painless Dentist offered complete equipment at temptingly low rates.

Mrs. Dambly had mourned sincerely over his limitations at first; but as it gradually dawned upon her that pa's restricted diet meant more time for the visiting and gossip dear to her soul, her point of view underwent a subtle change. In his mild way pa had always been an exacting person to feed; he must have his meat and potatoes fried just so, and it was no simple matter to satisfy his demands in regard to pie. Somehow, the things he liked best were the kind which required the most time and effort. Ma wasn't fond of cooking, anyhow, though she reflected with philosophy that when you got married, it was all in the day's work. As for her own tastes, she was one of those easy-going souls who content-

edly do without things rather than take any trouble, and who tend to rapid backsliding when pressure is removed. Ma in harness had been the most docile of roadsters; freed from restraint, she waxed fat and kicked. Her conscience quieted by the ample boiler on the back of the stove, she was charmed by the social vistas newly opened to her. When pa grumbled now and then, she even



HORATIUS HOLDS THE BRIDGE

reminded him somewhat perkily that so long as he had to eat spoon vittles anyhow, he was lucky to get good, wholesome mush these hard times. Moreover, she had lately fallen into a way of prolonging her calls and accepting supper invitations, tempted by a toothsome meal secured without labor. Clearly ma was degenerating; as pa smoked, he reflected with mild resentment that she was leaving him alone for the third afternoon that week.

Unexpectedly the postman stopped at the house and left him a letter. It was too early for Jim's remittance, and pa viewed the envelope with surprise, which increased as he read the inclosure. It was from Bill, the errant younger son, who had run away to be a cowboy. After several years of drifting, he had realized his ambition.

"I know I treated you mean when I run off," he wrote; "but I have not forgot my parents, and I always aimed to help you when I got a good job. Well, I got one now on a ranch, and I send you some money. It is twenty-five dollars for you and ma. I want you should get yourselves each something nice for a present from me, and if I can hold my job, I will soon send money regular."

A warm glow of happiness and self-respect radiated through Pa Dambly's apologetic, stiff-jointed little frame. For a moment he sat fingering the precious money order; then, after a quick glance at the clock, he put on his coat and hat and started down-town. He reached home, however, in advance of his wife, and seemed to relish his mush and milk more than usual, for there was a light in his faded blue eye, an animation in his gesture, which had long been absent. When ma returned, he listened with interest to her spicy neighborhood chronicles; but he omitted to mention Bill's letter.

The next day, when ma returned from a pleasant call at five o'clock, her spouse was absent.

"Was it this afternoon he promised to weed Lawyer Douglas's garden?" she wondered, as she poked up the fire, moved the boiler forward and filled the kettle. "Seems sort of quiet and lonesome here. I guess I'll run in next door



REJOICING IN VISION

"I agree with you. This year's styles are certainly tough on the blind."



A SUGGESTION

Maid—It's awful cold to-night, ma'am. Hadn't you better wear the muff and carry the dress?

and tell Minnie what a sight Mrs. Purdy's new slit skirt is. Pa can easy get his supper if I'm not back in time. Minnie always has hers early, and I think she's got pork chops to-night." Thus she mused pleasantly, with a smile on her amiable, pink face. Then, looking around, she saw pa coming jauntily down the street, his hat on one side, a bundle under his arm, a little paper bag in his hand. As he sprang up the steps, he was munching briskly and cracking a small object between his fingers.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed ma, open-mouthed. "What you got in that bag, Pa Dambly?"

"Peanuts!" crowed pa joyously, if a bit indistinctly. "Ain't had none for three year, and I tell you they're good, if it does go a bit rocky at first!" He laid the larger package on the table, and turning to his wife, stretched his mouth in an ecstatic grin, which displayed two rows of alabaster perfection.



MORE 'STEADY WORK.'



ON THE AVENUE



THE SOX TROT



IN THE SUBWAY.



AT THE MATINEE



IN CHURCH

OH DEAR!
I DROPPED
A STITCH!

JOIN THAT KNITTING MOVEMENT FOR THE SOCKLESS SOLDIERS

"I've got me some teeth!" he explained somewhat needlessly. "Bill, he sent the money—bless his little old red head, I always said that boy was all right! He's sent us twenty-five dollars, ma, and his letter said for you and me each to get ourselves a nice present. You bet I knew the present I wanted, and I posted right down to Dr. Grim's, and I told him to gimme a good double set, if they cost as high as ten dollars, and to fix 'em up quick, for I'd lots of lost time to make up. I didn't tell you when the letter come yesterday, for I wanted to surprise you. Here 'tis, and here's the rest of the money for you, all but a little marketin' I done on the way home. I'm satisfied with my share!"



Ma Dambly, in a delicious flutter over the money and the letter, gazed admiringly at her husband, free as yet from any fateful *arriere pensee*.

"You look real handsome, pa!" she assured him, beaming. "It fairly takes ten years off of you!" Then, as he approached the table, somehow a little chill of apprehension crept over her. Pa tore the paper from the parcel and displayed his purchases.

"Kick away the old mush boiler!" he shouted. "Here's real food at last! Looky here, ma—ain't that the dandy old rump steak?" Pa gnashed his new teeth in blissful anticipation. "The butcher, he said it might be some tough; but I told him no body'd say so after my wife had give it a good, long poundin' and fried it just so! Here's onions to go with it. And we'll have my kind of potatoes, fried nice and crisp. Of course it's too late to make pie to-night, but you can just do me a good, big pile of griddle cakes and leave the pie and doughnuts till morning. Seems like there's a million things I want, but you can't cook 'em

all at once, of course. Plenty of time! Say, ma, ain't it fine I got my teeth back? Now go for the steak, that's a good old girl!"

Shades of the prison house began to close upon Ma Dambly. But as the setting sun lent a pearly-pink radiance to pa's smile, she smiled back loyally at her faithful old mate, even while she sensed the fragrance of the pork chops next door. Slowly she rolled up her sleeves and answered, in the meek accents of her earlier manner, "All right, pa!"

Not every man has his price. Some can't get theirs.



Bride—We're erecting our garage first, father. If there's any cash left over perhaps we'll build a home.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE

She—Are we going to have tea at the club house? I heard you send for the caddy.

SITTING UP WITH A FURNACE

By HOMER CROY

"T'S AS simple as a clothespin," said the hardware man, as he finished putting in our furnace. "You'll never have any trouble with it."



So the first time I fired it up, trouble began.

Some days its deportment is perfect, but other days—especially cold ones—it lapses into moods. When the weather is warm and balmy, it is jovial and good-natured; but as soon as the mercury crawls down into the bulb without leaving its address, our furnace gets fretful and wants somebody to be with it every minute. The moment it hears me get into bed, it begins to get restless.

Many a time I have known it to watch and wait all through the long evening, hour after hour, until I got my shoes off, before it showed a sign of uneasiness. Just as I spitefully decide to let it die, Mae says, "I think it is about out, dearest," and so I have to take the hint.

The shovel is always sneaking over into the corner and secreting itself. I have never actually seen it tiptoeing over and crawling under a pile of boards, but just the

same I can leave it hanging on the wall and come back a few hours later to find it chuckling under the kindling.

I am never able to start a fire in our furnace without getting coal dust all over me. Often I make up my mind to attend to the wants of our furnace without bringing any coal dust back in my ear, and handle the shovel as though it was a major operation; but when I get back to the mirror, I look as if I should be called Mr. Bones.

After getting back from a trip to the basement, I have to go into my ears with a towel and do some light housework.

Even though you do appreciate your furnace, you can't help wishing sometimes that it, like your baby, didn't demand quite so much attention.

Tough

Said a maiden, in tone surely rough,
To her dancing mate, "I've had enough
Of this number with you,
And I'm certainly through!
When you glide, all you do is to scough!"

An Awful Souse

"Do you feel certain the defendant was intoxicated?"
"Well, I'll tell you. He carried home

one of those sidewalk coal-hole tops with circular corrugations and tried to play it on his phonograph.



WAR TIMES

"Sure we c'n git married dis year! Why do you always look on de dark side o' things?"

Modern Beau to Modern Belle

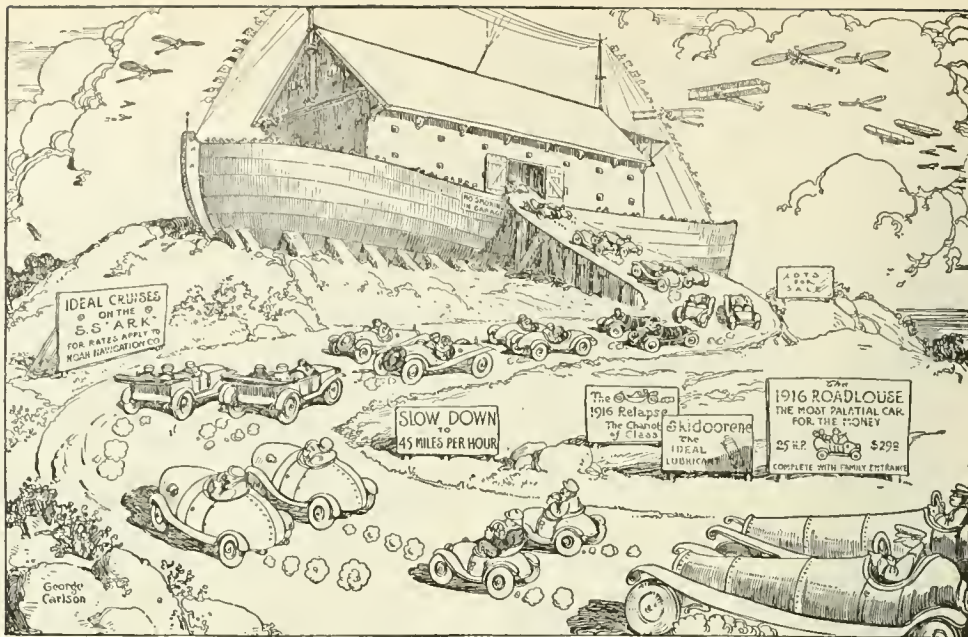
I AM SADLY perplexed, I confess:
The vaudeville show, you are sure,
With its nude-ankled girls, is impure;
But you on the shore
will wear less—
A costume you're dainty
and trim in,
Too pretty and precious
to swim in;
And chaperons, mothers
and all
Are confessed by their
frocks at the ball.

You say the stage dance is indecent—
Your sweet smile sours as you view it;
But the maids dance alone who trip
through it.
But the women who romp in these recent
Mad revels rampant and chaotic,
Timed to every motion erotic
Of the native love dances, their hands
Clasp a partner—and he understands!

You sing me the popular airs—
If I said the things they recite
Or attempted the things they invite,
Your father would kick me downstairs.
And the ears need a wash of carbolic
That hear—yet you sing them in frolic,
And, of course, your young lips must be
clean;
But I wonder just what you can mean.

I'm afraid I'm behind in my part;
I'm your lover and not your censor.
But to be an innocent fencer
With the devil's a difficult art;
And to dress in sin's clothes just for show
Is a new thing. I'm awkward, I know.
Be patient and pardon me, pray,
If I sometimes forget it is play.

—Stokeley S. Fisher.



IF HISTORY SHOULD REPEAT ITSELF, AND NOAH'S ARK WERE TO BE USED TO-DAY

The Chief Problem Overcome

"I've taken the most important step toward building a fashionable apartment house."

"Let the contract, have you?"

"No. I've selected a fancy name for the building."

Two Classes of Art

"Works of art are divided," said the incurable punster, "into two classes: The chromos and the Corot-mos."

To Dan Cupid

DEAR DAN—Where are you nowadays?
We used to like your sportive ways,
When with your darts and little bow
You took pot-shots at high and low!

We even took it in good part
Though now and then a flying dart
Struck stinging home. 'Twas pleasant when
The tiny wound was healed again.

But now the arrows are so rare
That once seemed flying everywhere!
Perhaps you need to-day, my son,
A modern rapid-fire gun.

The times are changed. No longer slow,
Our youth are never still, you know.
So if you'd add hearts to your string,
You'll have to hit them on the wing!

But whether bow or gun you wield,
We hope to see you take the field,
For life is rather dull and gray
Without you and your sportive play.

When you your mother Venus see,
With kindly words remember me;
And while this mortal life endures,
I'll sign myself, sincerely yours.

—Tudor Jenks.

His Strange Notion

"My nephew, Wadley Weams, has a queer theory," grumbled the old codger.
"He'll argue by the hour that by the exercise of kindness and patience a hired man can be tamed and domesticated, so that he will become of real assistance on the farm!"

All There

"She talks like a book."

"Yes, the volume of her speech is truly wonderful!"



"I think your husband dresses so nicely and quietly."
"Really? You should hear him when he loses a collar button!"



CROCODILE TEARS



THE CHILDISH APPETITE

"Mother, seein' this is my birthday, I fink ye might let me eat somethin' 'at's bad fer me."

THE BEANFUGLES AT THE MOVIES

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

UNFORTUNATELY Colonel and Mrs. Beanfugle had dropped in at a moving-picture performance just before the climax of the last act of a thrilling Western drama in two reels. Then the lights went up, and the intermission was on.

"Just our luck to get in here at the wrong time," sniffed Mrs. Beanfugle. "We've seen that cowboy throw the villain over the cliff to the rattlesnakes, but now we've got to sit through a three-reel sea story and two split-reel comedies and a travel scene before we can find out what the unfortunate man did before he was converted into snake food."

"Oh, well, what's the difference?" said the colonel. "I like those things just as well when I begin in the middle and then go all the way round the circuit before I get the start of a play."

"That shows how you and your whole sex have

been bluffing all the time!" exclaimed Mrs. Beanfugle smiling triumphantly.

"In what way?" asked the colonel dubiously.

"Why, in accusing women of being the only ones who like to begin their stories in the middle and read to the end and then jump back to the first chapter and read to the middle. That accusation has been hurled at us ever since there have been any novels. Men have claimed that they always began stories in the beginning and read them religiously through to the end, but we women—the unstable, flighty female sex—have persisted in reading stories backward and both ways from the middle and every way but the right way."

The colonel settled glumly into his seat.

"But now what do we find?" continued Mrs. Beanfugle, with a rising note of triumph in her voice. "Here are you men drifting into these moving-picture shows at any old time and admitting you like the patchwork effect of it all. You come in long after the preliminaries, preludes and preambles are out of the way. You haven't the haziest idea what has gone before. You don't know why the villain hates the hero, and why the heroine's father is planning to ship her hastily to the South Seas in order to save her life from Black Handers. You don't know why the poor girl who works in a dynamite factory pauses just before starting from her humble cabin and says, in twelve-inch letters on the screen, 'I don't know why I dread to go to work this morning.' You don't know any of these things, and yet you are just as serenely contented as the woman who has begun a novel in the seventeenth chapter."

"Aw, shucks!" said the colonel. "Please be logical. There's a lot of difference in movies and books."

"Technicalities again. —mere technicalities," said Mrs. Beanfugle hotly. "But that dimsy refuge avails you men no longer, now that our sex is turning the searchlight of truth on your real characters. As a matter of fact, you are even more curious than women to know what is to be the ending of any kind of a story. I believe you prefer to drop in at these moving-picture places right in the middle of a play. Your very lack of curiosity as to the causes that led to that unfortunate young man being fed to the serpents would tend to prove my theory."

"Why not open a theater for men and produce plays that are begun in the middle?"

"Well, it would draw crowds, and there'd be money in it," snapped Mrs. Beanfugle, as the lights went down and the intermission ended.

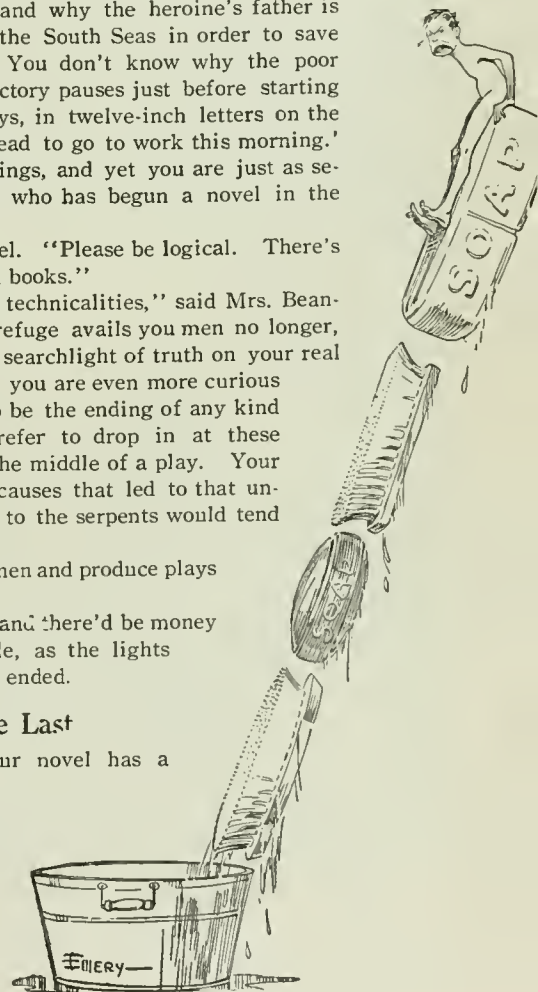
The First Shall Be Last

Miss Gushington—I think your novel has a perfect ending, Mr. Scribbler.

Scribbler—How do you like the opening chapter?

Miss Gushington—Oh, I have not come to that yet!

Three-quarters of some men's time is devoted to explaining what they said before.



SATURDAY NIGHT

Among the Owls

THE WOODS are very full of owls,
Which—on my word 'tis true!—
Whene'er an honest stranger prowls,
Hoot softly, "Who? Who? Who?"

It is a weird, uncanny sound
And gives the timid fright.
They're here and there and all around;
You hear them day and night!

They peer with wide, unblinking eyes
And watch you as you roam;
But all their sage looks, to the wise,
Mean just, "Nobody home."

My notion (hear that hooting dim?)
Of nothing much to do
Is to be an owl upon a limb
And burble, "Who? Who? Who?"

—R. C. McElravy.

Looking Backward

"AH! HOW time flies!" tritely but
feelingly remarked J. Fuller
Gloom, the practical pessimist. "It
seems but yesterday that I was a spin-
dle-necked young fellow and intensely
proud of my personal appearance. But
now, gazing through the mists of years
at a faded portrait of myself, taken posing
beside such an ornate chair as never existed
outside of a throne room or a photograph
gallery and frowning ominously in my
efforts to hold my knees together, so that
the sad fact that I was bow-legged might
not be revealed to the world, I wonder
why."

"I recollect that when Sundays and holi-
days came I never felt properly dressed up
unless my boots were so tight that they
nearly killed me. Nowadays I prefer com-

fort to style, and always have a grand row
with the clerk who tries to sell me shoes
that are not so large that I can fold up my
feet in them. Of yore I didn't care how
they felt if they looked good; now I don't
give a thought to their appearance if they
feel good. Eh-yah! How time flies!"

—Tom P. Morgan

A Poultry-Yard Tragedy

There was a young guinea named Skuinea,
Who slept in a draft—why, the nuinea!—

In the morning, of course,
The poor bird was so hoarse
That his cackle resembled a whuinea.

Niagara Falls

Sku
Scrapers

California

Yellowstone
Park

Florida

SEEING
AMERICA
FIRST



A Disgraceful Orgy

THEY called it a "temperance banquet"
—but who was deceived?

Just because only "soft drinks" were
supposed to be served, they had the assur-
ance to designate it thus!

Cravens!

What did they know about machinery?

The onions were pickled.

The potatoes were stewed to the eyes.

The coffee was in its cups.

The candles were all lit up.

The mince pie was groggy.

Each bread plate had a bun on.

Every steel knife had an edge.

The cracked tumbler had had one drop
too much before it was brought in.

The saltcellars were full.

The blooms with which the table was dec-
orated had been out all night.

Even the ice water was drunk before the
evening was over.

And the vinegar—oh, mother!

In fact, all the food and drink was on the
downward road.

—Strickland Gillilan.

It's Being Heard Every Day

"And what," asked the curiously inclined
new arrival, "is the remark made by human
beings that moves you oftenest to hearty
laughter?"

Satan answered promptly,

"It's the stereotyped remark of the debt-
or, 'Oh, if I ever get out of debt this time,
I'll never get in again!'"

Full Value Received

My, my! How little Anna's changed!

Full now her form which once was frail.
There're those who hint behind their palms
That little Anna "bought a bale!"



"Pardon me sir. Can I sell you my 'Easy Guide to Love, Courtship and Marriage'?"



"WATCH YOUR STEP!"

N O T E S T I M O N I A L G I V E N

BY TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

AFTER their six o'clock dinner Higby, the host, and Jaxman, who was down for the week-end, went to the billiard-room. At eight Higby was yawning behind his hand. By nine he was walking in his sleep.

"Egad!" said Jaxman dryly, as he put his cue in the rack. "You became domesticated in a hurry, didn't you?"

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-night," apologized Higby, trying to suppress another yawn.

"You have been kept up beyond your usual bedtime," declared Jaxman. "When there's no company, I'll wager you curl up on the hearth rug and go to sleep as soon as you've had your dinner."

Higby grinned sheepishly. Dozing behind his paper in a chair was not very different from that.

"I can remember the period," mused Jaxman, "when you complained because daylight always broke up the revels before you got sleepy."

"The sting of a hilarious night," reflected Higby, "lies in the tailend of it. You can get by with lots of things in the dark. But when daylight comes, you can no longer fool yourself about how rotten you feel."

"Hear, hear!" jeered Jaxman. "And you've been married just three months. If I thought that matrimony would have such a soporific effect on me, I'd shut my eyes, hold my nose and take a dose of it. Nothing else seems to help this confounded insomnia of mine."

"Marriage is the best little sleeping powder on the market," chuckled Higby, "and it's easy and pleasant to take. You must remember, however, that it doesn't come with a money-back-if-it-fails-to-cure guarantee."

Just then pretty Mrs. Higby came in, and the utter peace and contentment visible in the sleepy eyes of her husband irritated Jaxman so that he went to his room presently. At two o'clock Jaxman sat up in bed with a smothered exclamation that should never be used in a Sunday paper.

"There are 8,767,546,385 sheep in the world," he bitterly announced. "I've counted them jumping over a



"Gracious! you're soaked. Is it raining?"
"I didn't look."



fence. I've listened to water dripping until the earth must be inundated. I've lain on my stomach, stood on my head and hung by my toes from the footboard, and still I can't sleep." A heavy bass snore floated over the transom.

"And there's old Hig sleeping like—like a married man. Egad!" muttered Jaxman. "I wonder if there is anything in that? There must be. Ashley, Beckwith, Potter and the rest all began to act that way as soon as they got into double harness. By Jove! I'll try it. I'd better be a married man than a dead one."

Jaxman soon discovered that falling in love was easier than falling off the water-wagon. Whenever he seemed to have stopped tumbling, Betty led him to an elevated spot and gave him a look that made him dizzy-headed. If that failed, she kicked his feet from under him. She had long been sorry for the poor, lonely old bachelor and was glad of the chance to help him.

"Where shall we spend our honeymoon, love?" asked Jaxman, when all else had been decided.

"Palm Beach," replied Betty promptly.

"Oh, not there, dear," he protested. "I was thinking of a bungalow

in some quiet place, where I could have you all to myself."

"I want you all to myself, too," cooed Betty, stopping his mouth with her soft cheek. "But wouldn't it be a pity to let all my handsome clothes mildew in a bungalow in some quiet place?"

Two months after the wedding Jaxman, wearing a hunted expression and considerably less than his normal avoirdupois, arrived at Higby's. "Hide me, Higby," he begged. "If any one calls me on the 'phone, say that I am not here."

"Didn't the matrimonial insomnia cure work?" asked Higby, shocked at his friend's worn appearance.

"Within two weeks I would fall asleep in my chair before eight o'clock," answered Jaxman.

"Then what?"

"Betty wouldn't let me sleep," moaned the disconsolate bridegroom. "She had made her debut only a month before we were married, and she wanted to do society. I've been to a dinner, dance, theater party or something of the kind every night since the wedding."

The poor fellow's head dropped forward, his eyes closed, and his words came thickly. "Even if the medicine cures—you—may—be—sorry—you—took—it."

At last he slept.



Encircling movement by right and left wings and complete surrender, all within range of the hostile forty-two centimeters

The War Tax

The traveler had just handed a bell-hop a fifteen-cent tip.

"Excuse me," said the hop obsequiously, "but since the war tax went into effect, there's one cent added to all tips of fifteen cents or over."

A Ragtime Yell

"I don't know whether to consider this as a piece of asininity or a deliberate insult."

"How now?"

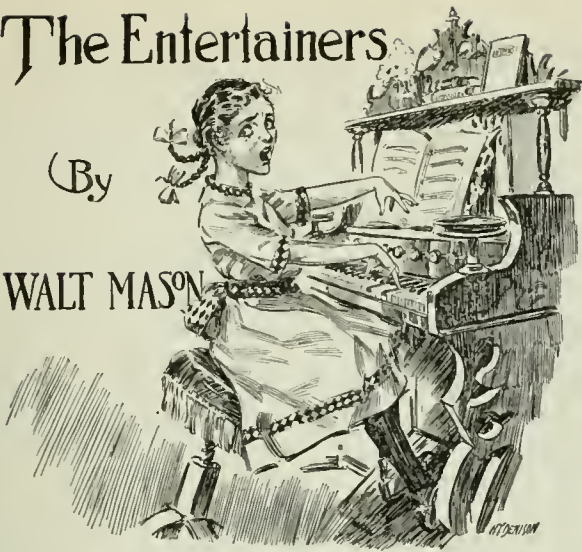
"The class of 1916 of Hawhaw University asks permission to use my latest song as a class yell."



The Entertainers

(By

WALT MASON



sneeze, with frantic ardor screams, "You don't know what the muses say or where the bards begin, until you hear my Edward play upon the violin!"

I have to draw the line at that; my heart is bruised and sore. I grab my rainstick and my hat, and gambol through the door.

His Indifference

"A stranger of good appearance and bubbling geniality circulated around in our midst for several days last week," related J. Fuller Gloom, "radiating good cheer and sunshine like the otter of roses is said to radiate from the otter. He shook hands with me clingingly on several different occasions and called me brother in sugared accents. However, as I was fairly busy every time I met him, and have use for what little money I can rake and scrape, and possess such a mean disposition that I am making no new acquaintances and fighting as shy of the old ones as possible, I didn't learn whether he was selling oil stock, organizing a new fraternal order, canvassing for valuable literary works, boosting a new bund, inculcating another cult or consenting to run for office at the earnest solicitation of his many friends."

—Tom P. Morgan.

She "Got Hers"

"Come, go to tea with me, my modern maid."

"It isn't quite four yet, sir," she said.

"The music won't start till long after five,

And the place will be rather more dead than alive."

"Perhaps you prefer, then, a concert or ball?"

I'll excuse you. You need not go with me at all!"

OLD Grimshaw asks me, with a smile, to visit him some night, and there I go and talk awhile about eternal right. He ought to listen patiently to all that I unfold, for anything that comes from me is eighteen-carat gold. But when I pause for breath, he cries, "We have a treat in store; my little Clarence, bless his eyes! will spring his fancy chore. He now will stand up and recite that good old trusty piece, 'The Curfew Must Not Ring To-night'—he does it slick as grease."

Then Clarence, on his hinder limbs, rears up and squawks and squeals, until my brain in anguish swims, and my red blood congeals. And when the curfew he has rent to tatters, Clarence screams of midnight and a guarded tent, where some old pasha dreams; and when the greasy Turk is sped, young Clarence tells us all "the warrior bowed his crested head," who should have bowed his gall. So, till he falls into a trance, this Clarence rants and barks, and once again I have a chance to make some chaste remarks.

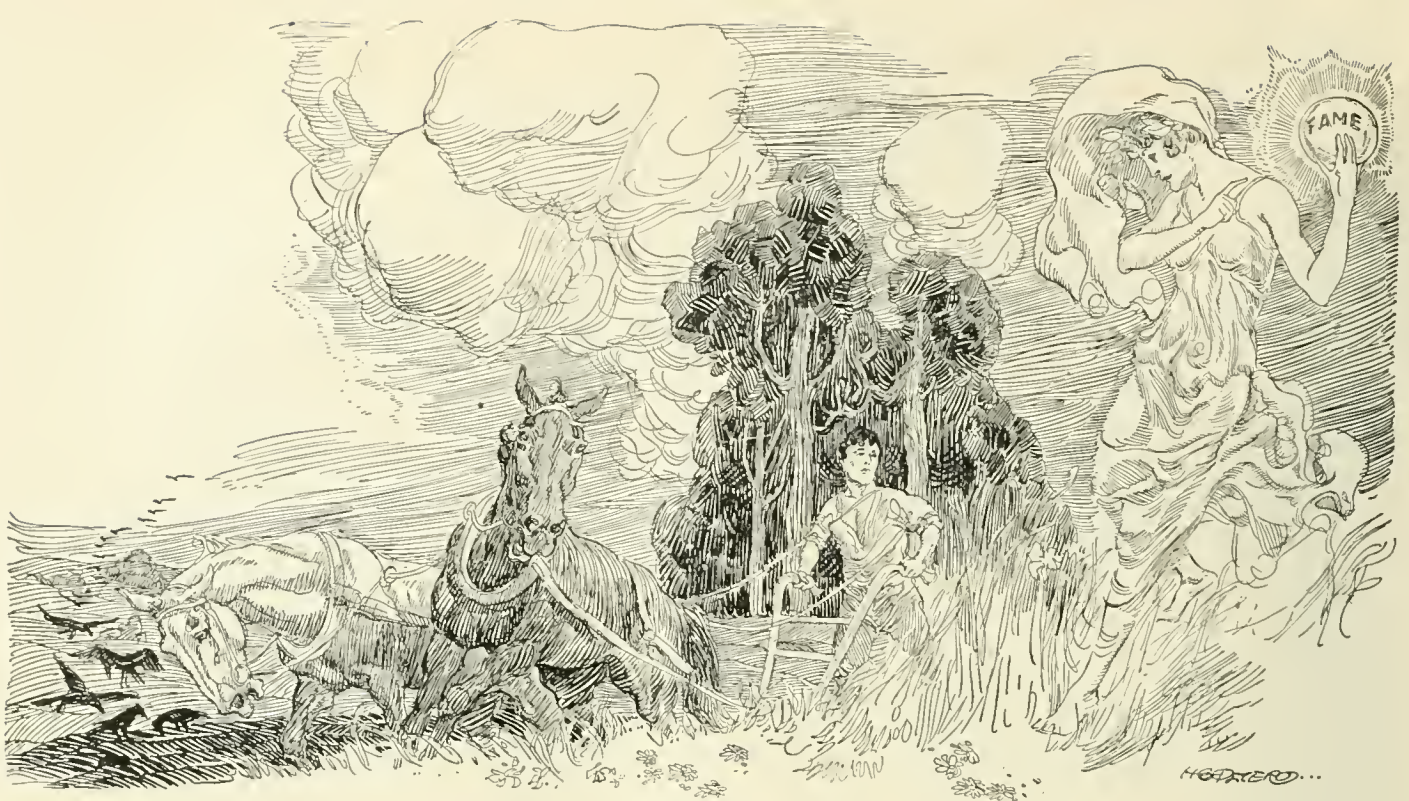
I start to talk about the war which harries Europe's breast; I'd tell what men are fighting for, and why, at whose behest. It is a theme I've studied well and pondered day by day, and eagerly all men should dwell on what I have to say. But as I talk old Grimshaw twists as though he sat on thorns; he twirls his thumbs and rubs his wrists and tinkers with his corns. And when I pause, he says, "I know you love good music well; my daughter, Jane Jemima Zoe, will now stand up and yell."

I'd rather to a dentist wend and have him pull my snags, than have to hear a maiden rend some good old songs to rags. Jemima cannot sing for prunes, and my poor soul she flays, while taking falls from Bonnie Doons and sundry banks and braes. Her voice is like a dinner gong or like a foghorn's blast, and every time she starts a song, I hope 'twill be the last. But she's wound up for seven days, her mainspring runs a mile, and when it isn't banks and braes, it's Mary of Ar-gyle. She sings herself into a swoon and has to be restored, and never yet by Bonnie Doon was any man so bored.

And once again I talk at ease of great and gripping themes, but Grimshaw, when I pause to



"Wonderful, by gosh! That beats nature all holler!"



THE "LURE"

"Little Last Things"

"**L**ATE, as usual," said Harbison, with a frown, when his wife appeared in the waiting-room of the restaurant in which they were to lunch together. "You said that you would be here promptly at one o'clock, and it is now eleven and a half minutes past one. Why is it that you women never can be punctual?"

"I thought I would be here on time, Ned, but there were so many little last things to be done. I had one of your favorite cakes in the oven that I had made myself, and I was afraid

that it would be spoiled if I left it for our stupid maid to decide when it was baked enough, so I stayed to take it out of the oven myself. Then the telephone rang, and I had to talk to the chairman of our local history committee of the woman's club; and then Susie came in crying because she had fallen and skinned her elbow, and I had to see to her, and after that the groceryman came for the Saturday order, and then I had to put a new lace in my shoe, and after that the maid came to me to have me tell her how to make the pudding I wanted her to make for dessert to-night. Then I had to tell her how to make the sauce for it, and after that I had to sew a dangling button on my coat, for I was afraid I would lose it if I didn't, and I couldn't have duplicated it; and then Johnnie wanted me to rub some liniment on his back, for he had hurt it playing football, and I wish he wouldn't play that rough game. Then the telephone rang again, and just as I was all ready to start, I smelled something burning in the kitchen, and I ran down and found it was a vessel of rice the maid had let boil dry. After that I had to run down and shut the furnace drafts, for it was about ninety

in the house. A woman has so many little last things to do when she is going out that a man never has to do, Ned."

To which Ned uttered a pious "Thank the Lord!" under his breath.

—M. W.

Darwinian

"Are you convinced that man descended from the apes?"

"No; but I've thought that it might have been the other way around."



"What are you crying for, my little man?"

"Wa-ooo-o-o! He's makin' me hold the umbrellay, and he's gettin' all the wet!"



SUMMER FANCIES—HOW TO USE A CHAPERON



Copyright, Judge, New York, 1918

STILL IN THE LIGHT OF THE HONEYMOON

FROM A PAINTING FOR JUDGE BY MALCOLM FRAZER



THE LOST BALL

Getting Harmony in A-Flat

A House-Cleaning Episode

By J. CLYDE WILSON

IT WAS during house-cleaning. He had just come up the front stairs from the basement, dragging the dining-room rug after him into the hall, when his wife halted him peremptorily.

"Why, John Finch!" she exclaimed, with horror. "Don't you know any better than to bring that dirty rug up the front stairs into my clean house?"

"Well, dearie," he apologized, "I supposed you had cleaned it. I didn't know it was dirty."

"Dirty!" she exclaimed fearfully. "I have cleaned it—the very idea!"—and her thundering tones made him blink involuntarily. "But can't you see you are tracking up my house with your dirty feet?"

"I thought it was the rug you said was dirty," he argued feebly.

"No, no, no! A thousand times no!" she exclaimed emphatically. "It is your dirty feet. How many times have I told

you not to come up the front way into my house?"

He was getting a little peeved by this time.

"Your house?" he returned contemptuously, accenting the "your." "Since when?"

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. She accepted the challenge.

"Yes, my house, John Finch," she said; "and I want you to understand it. When you married me, you said"—

"Oh, all right! All right!" he interrupted, with emphasis, raising a deprecating hand and trying to drown her out by sheer lung power. She paid no attention.

"You said," she went on, raising her voice to even a higher pitch, "that after we were married, we should own everything in common, and if there was ever any question as to ownership, I was always to be in the right, no matter what! Didn't you say that?"

He made no answer, but dropped sulking into his easy chair, thrusting his pipe unlit



"So you let George kiss you last night."

"How did you know?"

"He asked me this morning if I would forgive him!"



into his mouth and holding the evening paper stiffly before him, as though he were reading.

"And you said," she continued unmercifully, tears welling into her eyes and choking her voice till she sounded pitiful indeed, "you said you loved me then—when I was young and pretty; but now, when I no longer possess"—

"But, listen, now," he protested, trying to get a word in edgeways.

"When I no longer possess the beauty you used to rave about," she continued, "what do you do? Yes, that's what I say: What do you do? I'll tell you what you do: You abuse me! Yes, abuse me—run me down every chance you get, just because I am a poor, defenseless woman who can't protest!"

"Why, Helen, I"—

"You keep throwing it up at me that you own everything, and I'm nothing but a mere chattel to you, like the rest of the furniture."

"Why, I"—

"And I sha'n't stand it any longer! I shall pick up my duds and go right home to mother!"

"Why, Helen, you know everything is yours to do with as you like," he finally protested; but she only sobbed.

He arose, overcome with her emotion, and took her in his arms, patting her consolingly on the back.



ECONOMIZING

"George, dear, I've succeeded in reducing expenses. By having everything charged I find I have spent very little money this week, and still you say I have no business sense."

"There, now, don't cry," he said. "You can have anything you want in this wide world, if you'll only stop crying."

She looked up into his face, smiling with a suddenness that startled him. "Do you mean it, dearie?" she said, all the while fondling the charm on his watch chain.

"If you'll only dry up those tears," he answered.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she returned. And then suddenly, "Do you know, John, we've been married just a year to-morrow?"

"By Jove!" he sighed, hardly knowing whether to feel pleased or not. "That's right—a whole year! And we're so happy, aren't we, dear?" And he squeezed her a little tighter.

"Uh-huh," she murmured demurely, as she fondly straightened the lapel on his coat.

The next day some jeweler in that town got two months of John's salary, and one more husband was a little wiser and a little meeker than he had ever been before.

Not a Monopolist

EACH year brings me much advice

As to Lenten sacrifice,
So I think I shall omit
Sending violets to Kit;
Or perhaps I might do less
In the way of books for Bess.
It's extravagant, I know,
Buying chocolates for Jo;
And though I enjoy the play,
I'll abstain from—taking May.
Cut cigars? I'll leave a few
Stunts for other chaps to do.

—Eunice Ward.

Tempus Fugit

"I want a warrant for the arrest of Father Time."

"What's the charge?"

"Outrageous and continuous violation of the speed laws!"

So Old-Fashioned

Mrs. De Style—That woman has such a silly excuse for neglecting her social duties.

Mrs. Bilton—What is it?

Mrs. De Style—Her children.



THE 1915 EXODUS TO EUROPE

The Champion Bore

BY Wali Mason



"Alack!" for fourteen miles of arctic blast are blowing things to Troy and back.

He leaves the portal open wide, that breezy skate, that bore accursed, and all the warmth that was inside is blown outdoors and there dispersed. And there he stands, that beaming jay, that moral wreck, that total loss, and wears a smile that seems to say, "I am the long-lost Charlie Ross!" And still he wears his cheerful grin, as I rear up and roundly roar, "You blasted slab-sided son of sin, why don't you shut the dratted door?"

It takes another ton of coal to make the office warm again, and I'm already in the hole, from bringing slate into my den. It takes a half a day to find the papers that were blown away, and when that's done, my state of mind is brindle colored, streaked with gray. I've caught pneumonia and the grip, bronchitis and old Bright's disease, and I will have to take a trip and convalesce by southern seas. My rheumatism makes me sigh, and my lumbago makes me roar, and all because a grinning guy came in and failed to shut the door.

I know all kinds of bores there are, I know them all, and one by one; they come to me from near and far, to tell me jokes and borrow mon. I know the sunshine bore who laughs and jollies one with cheerful spiels; the bore who's after autographs, until the victim's blood congeals. I know the bores with tearful talks about the future of our wives, who scare us into blowing rocks in order to insure our lives. I know the bore with mouth ajar and tireless lungs and voice askew, who talks about his motor car as though no other ever grew. I know the bore who lived in France and knows just where those armies scrap, and every skirmish and advance he wants to show upon the map.

I know the bore who is unique, I know the common garden bore; they all seem cheap beside that freak, the man who never shuts the door.

There are many speed obstructions in the road to success.



T R E N C H D I G G E R S



HOPELESS

The green one—I had to stop. You can't run right over a feller, y' know.
Hardened member—Aw, you'll never make a chauffeur.

His Sage System

"I ATTRIBUTE my excellent health," stated Grout P. Smith, "to the deep breathing which I am forced to practice in order to keep my temper while arguing with blockheads on the probable duration of the European conflict, the cause and cure of the present financial stringency, the efficacy of grape juice as a stomachic and of archdukes and crown princes as commanders, the value of regional banks, the probability of future punishment, the idiocy of osteopathy and kindred questions wherein I differ with and from my relatives and friends, interspersed with innocent bystanders who frequently snout in. It beats the world how little sense there is in circulation these days!"

—Tom P. Morgan.

A March Wind

TO YOU a toast to-night I drink,
 Although it was this very day
 That you, in angry mood, I think,
 Stole up and blew my hat away.

My thoughts were anything but
 sweet,

As down the line I saw it whiz,
 Until I glanced across the street,
 And saw a rich man chasing his.

—Leslie Van Every.

It Was Extra, All Right

"Extra, extra!" bawled the
 strong-jawed newsie.

The newly arrived Westerner
 shed a nickel for the paper. He
 searched it, expecting to find
 some startling news.

"What is there
 extra about this
 paper?" the pur-
 chaser demanded.
 "You cried extra.
 This is an old, stale edition.
 I don't see anything that's
 extra. What is there extra
 about it?"

"A little extra money for
 me," said the rough-neck,
 and fled.

Of the Same Opinion

Mildred—Don't you think
 Miss Elderly looks much
 younger in her new hat?

Helen—Indeed I do. Why,
 Mildred, it makes her look
 but very little older than she
 says she is.



A BOOMERANG

"Chee, Alf, where'd y' git th' black eye?"
 "I was chasin' that new kid next door, an' I caught 'im."

Unnatural History

Professor Wiser—Does that mysterious
 reptile, the joint snake, really exist?

Van Bibbler—Yes. Its habitat is any
 prohibition State.

But Still a Bore

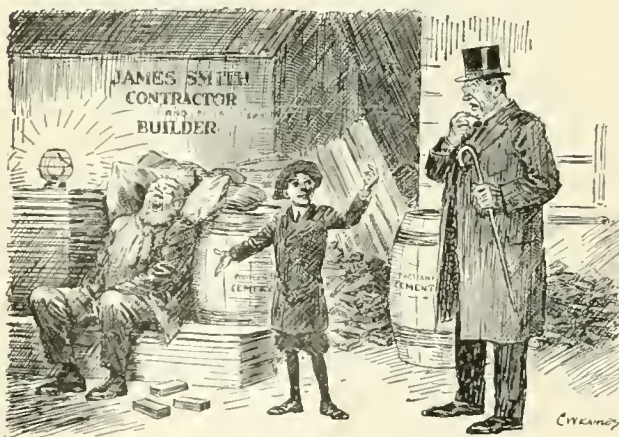
Teddy—He's a man possessed of great
 repose.

Molly—Then I don't see why he can't
 afford to give me a little rest!

The Reason

Bilton (sternly)—What's the reason that
 young man stays so late when he calls?

Miss Bilton (demurely)—I am, papa.



LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS

"Oh, father! Come and see the poor, homeless man who has
 to sleep out in the cold. I slipped a five-dollar bill into his pocket
 to surprise him when he wakes up. Wasn't that kind of me?"

"Why, confound it! that's my night watchman."



WIFIE'S IDEA OF THE "STAG" PARTIES HUBBY ATTENDS

Spring

COME, Muse, get out thy bounding lyre
And tune anew thy quivering string;
Let gladsome theme thy strain inspire
And lilt a greeting to the
spring!

Sing of the breath of dewy
morn;
Sing of the call of mating
birds;
Sing of the blush of rosy
dawn
(Nor heed o'er nice the
rhyming words).

Sing of the violet's heavenly blue,
The sheen of golden daffodil,
The twinkling filaments of dew,
Nor miss the tinkle of the rill.

Sing of the perfume-laden breeze,
The fragrant breath of waking earth,
The rapture of the budding trees,
The glory of the world's rebirth.

Sing, Vernal Muse, with all thy might,
Of Nature's darling of the year;
In ecstasies of sheer delight
Ring out thy pean, clarion clear!

Sing out, oh, Muse, with all thine art,
Of life and love and everything!
This is the first year some young heart
Has ever realized the spring!

—Carolyn Wells.

Busy people develop no "tire" troubles.

A Model

"LOOK here, Willie!" a
trifle impatiently said
the little lad's sire. "You
mustn't be talking when I am
trying to read. Keep still for
a little while now."

"How still shall I keep,
papa?" inquired the ingenu-
ous youngster.

"As still as a vice-presi-
dent, my son."

Try Anything Once

"We'll make a night of it,"
declared the Bostonian.
"We'll have a feast of reason
and a flow of soul."

"All right," assented the
New Yorker. "I never heard
of them cabaret features, but
they sound good."

Hardly a Matter of Creed

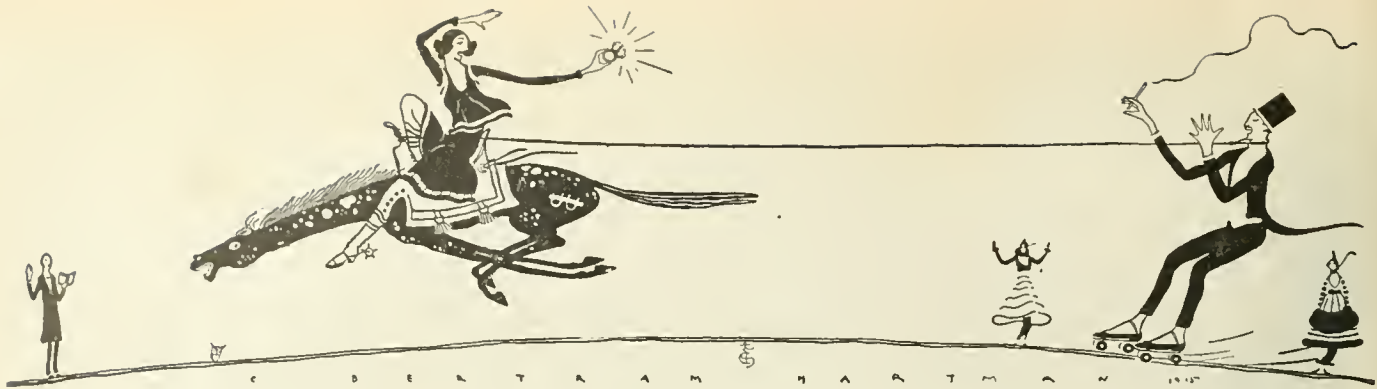
"I am sorry, but I advertised
for a Scandinavian cook,"
said Mrs. White.

"Lawd sake!" replied Pa-
ralysia Pearl Waddles. "What
diffunce do it make what a
lady's 'ligion am, dess so's
she kin cook?"



THERE WAS A REASON

His wife—Dearie, do you think hoopskirts will ever come in again?
Her husband—Not in this apartment, love.



"It Is Different Now"



THOMAS" said Mrs. Tither-ton to her husband, in the tone of voice that always results from hours of anxious thought as to how a wife can safely approach a husband with a request for money, "I have had letters to-day from Clyde and from Evelyn, and— and—now, Thomas, don't go all to pieces, but both are needing a little money. Clyde finds his college and Evelyn finds her boarding-school to be so much more expensive than we thought they would be. Evelyn says that there is to be a dance at her school in two weeks, and all of the other girls will have new gowns for it, and of course she feels that she must have one, and—yes, I know that she took eleven new gowns with her, but they dress a great deal in her school. Then she needs ten dollars for a club of some kind she wants to join, and she says that most of the girls have three times the allowance she has for pin money, and she wants a new set of furs, and all the girls are going on a week-end trip soon, and she needs twenty dollars for that. Then Clyde says that he will have to have twenty-five dollars to pay his entrance fee into a club he says it will be helpful for him to join, and he says that he is having to pay thirty dollars more a month for his suite of rooms than he had expected to pay. So many incidental expenses that one can't think of when one sends a boy away to school are always coming up. He wants ten dollars a week added to his weekly allowance. Says he will have to have it to make any kind of a good appearance, and"—

"Look here, Mary, how was it when we went to school at the old academy? Huh? How about our 'suites' and our duds? Huh? Our folks sent us a barrel of stuff from the farm every few weeks, and we lived mostly on it. How much spending money did we have? I had sixty cents one term, and I have heard you say that you had twenty

cents that term. Your one party and church dress was a flowered delaine that cost about fifty cents a yard, and your one wrap was a red and black plaid shawl, and my 'top-coat,' as Clyde would call it, was an old butternut-brown coat that had been my grandfather's. I wore it when I wasn't wearing a gray shawl. I had one suit, and it was of jeans that my mother had made, and I had to ink my socks where they showed through the holes in my boots, and you wore stockings that you had knit with your own hands. And Clyde wants to go in with a couple of other fellows and get a 'car.' What about our 'car' when we went away from home to school? Your dad took you sixty miles to the academy in an old buggy, and I walked twenty-five miles to get there, and"—

"But, Thomas, it is different now."

"I should twitter! A whole lot different! And, by jacks! if I haven't a mind to shut down hard on the whole business and trot

those two spendthrifts home, and— Oh, well, well! How much do they want? Get me my check book, will you? It's in the right-hand top drawer of my desk. My gout is troubling me so bad I can hardly stand. Clyde wants three hundred and Evelyn two hundred and fifty? Get the check book. Oh—ho! Lawzy me! You bet it's different now!"

—Max Merryman.

Zoological Logic?

If a leopard's up against it
And gets into a fight
And gets the very worst of it,
Do you think it would be right
To say "he had his spots knocked out"
When they were still in sight?

His Reason for Thinking So

Williamson — What books have helped Hooker most?

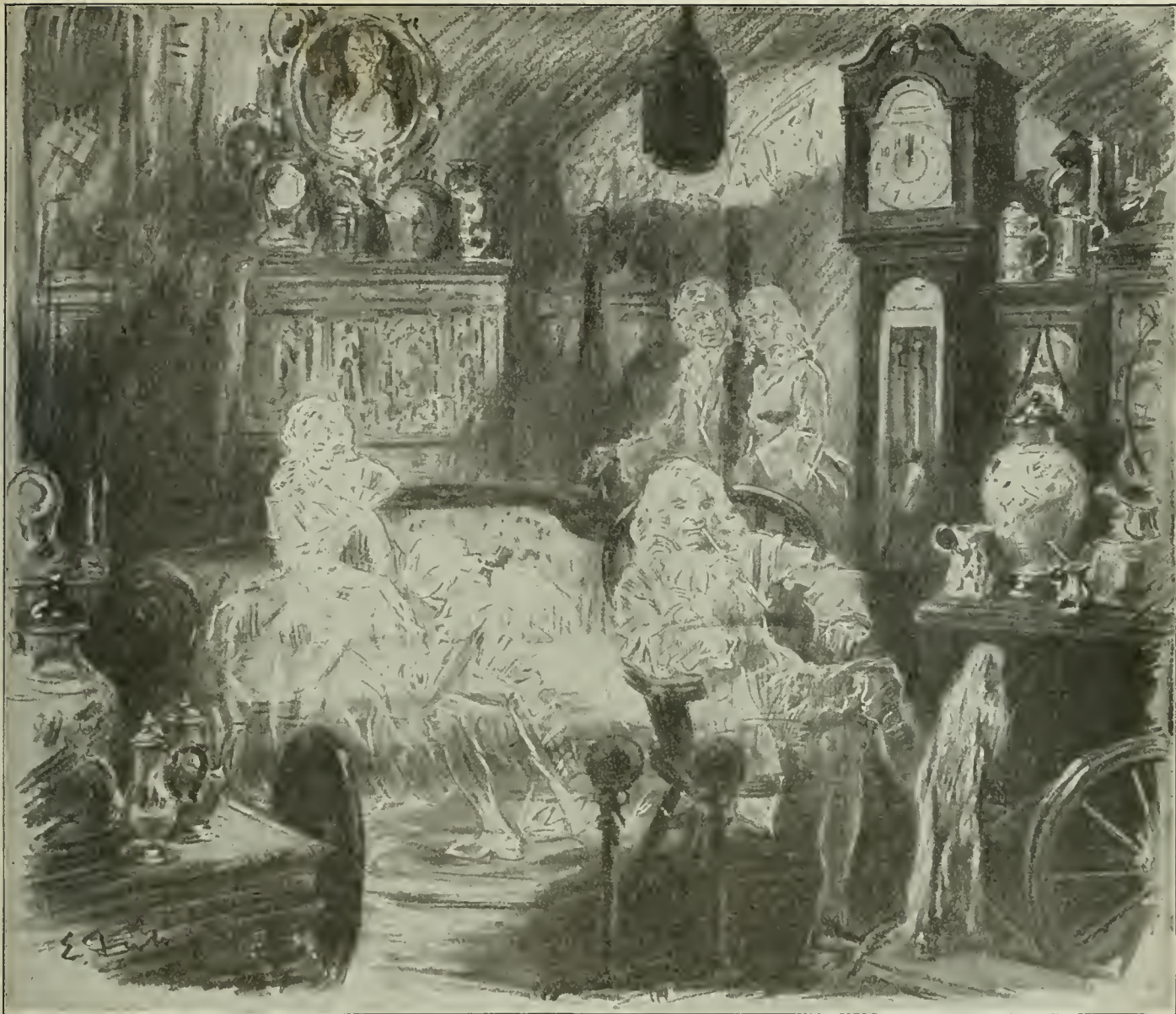
Henderson — The ones he borrowed from me, I suppose. He never returned them.



Our smart young attaché friend starting out for the war the other day.



The picture he has just sent us, taken two days after reaching the firing line!



THE WITCHING HOUR IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP

GETTING INTO AND OUT OF CLUBS

By R. C. McELRATH

CITY clubs are neither eleemosynary nor penal institutions, though they partake of the nature of both. Candidates are usually invited in for charitable reasons, and, once they belong, discover they must endure considerable punishment of one kind or another. One of the worst punishments is getting along with the other members.

But the torture undergone by members of clubs is nothing compared with that suffered by people on the outside trying to get in. For there is a strange and unaccountable bombardment of club doors by would-be joiners, who might continue having a much better time outside.

I once belonged to a club myself. The way it happened was this. A certain set of men were in the final throes of promoting a golf club. They started out in high feather and rounded up their own particular clan without difficulty. Now I had a strange desire to belong to this organization. It was a tony bunch, and I am a bit snobbish myself in such matters.

I pondered long over the situation and wondered what would be a tactful way to go about obtaining admission. It is always better to use tact in matters of this kind. Finally I evolved what looked like a good scheme.

Every noon hour for a week I posted myself in a place where I would be likely to meet Joe Ellis, promoter of the club. Meeting him at last one day, I said, "Joe, this is remarkably fine weather we are having, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Joe agreed, making a movement to proceed.

With a wide smile I grasped him by the coat and whirled him around.

"I understand you boys are organizing a club, Joe," I remarked genially.

Joe tried to answer my smile. "That's right; it's a frightful job, too!"

"Need any help?" I asked amiably. "I



have considerable time on my hands just now and would be glad to be of service. I rather like clubs myself; they're so jolly to sit around in and explain why you do or do not drink."

Joe made an effort to get away, but I tightened my hold on his coat.

"Come on now, Joe. You can fix this thing up for me if you want to, I know that!"

I was disappointed in Joe. He tore himself loose and said, "I'm in a frightful hurry just now. To tell the truth, I think the membership list has been entirely completed. Besides, your name was brought up at one of the meetings, and Freddie Harris groaned. He's never forgiven you for the time you refused to buy the same kind of a necktie he had."

I looked after Joe and reflected upon the bitter truth. I had always known the necktie episode would work against me some day, for Freddie was remorseless in his hatreds.

But I got in just the same. It came about in a way that was perfectly satisfactory to everybody but Freddie. He was accidentally thrown from his polo pony and killed. This, of course, left a vacancy in the membership, and I slipped in. I don't think the boys cared any too much, for Freddie was never very popular.

There are some very odd characters around these clubs. This is not so apparent when you first join; but if you keep stephen-leacocking around long enough, you are sure to discover them.

Club members usually make it a point to cheer one another up at odd moments. In this particular club there was a chap named Horace Bright. Both names were something of a misnomer; he was quite a joke with the fellows who spent their time in senseless wrangling over the Kelly pool table. But my own tastes are somewhat sedentary, and Horace

and I used to get our heads together and comment upon the loose and frivolous existence of those about us. We used to lie to each other about how good we were and how some day we would make 'em all sit up and give us cognizance.

Getting out of clubs is much simpler than getting in. It is so easy that the wonder is more people do not try it. Non-payment of dues is one way, though this does not always work with a popular member. The boys usually manage to patch matters up in some way and keep a good fellow on the lists.

Cheating at cards, eating with one's knife, quarreling with the attendants, whistling popular songs off the key—any of these things, if persisted in, will win back one's freedom from the stifled atmosphere of the club.

I shall never forget how Harry Fenner was dropped from the Summit Club. He was a nice boy in many ways, but had his faults. One of these was imbibing too

freely and sleeping on the billiard table. If any of the members happened to want a morning game, Harry always got very rude and surly.

These little traits of character were, of course, noticed, and in due time quite a feeling was aroused against him.

His actual downfall was unusual.

Late one night, when numerous concoctions had obliterated his better judgment, Harry flopped into a barber's chair and ordered his hair cut.

"Will you have the neck shaved round or straight?" asked the barber.

Horrors! In his somnolent state Harry forgot himself and said, "Round."

Secretly, furtively the word was passed about the club next day. Harry Fenner had had his neck shaved round!

In some communities having one's neck shaved round is a matter of elegance and good taste. It is also an indication of a good spender, as it costs a nickel more. But not at the Summit Club! No, indeed!



IN A POET THIS WOULD BE CALLED TEMPERAMENT



Bookseller—No, I can't give you "How To Be Happy Though Married," but we are selling a lot of these books."

From that day forth Harry Fenner lost that little hold he had upon the affections of the various members and did what is known in moving-picture parlance as a fade-out.

The last I heard of him, he was president of a packing concern and was worth about ten million dollars. And he was still having his neck shaved round. They all do that!

Staggering

want to trust my fellow-men; I like to think their morals sound. And yet the column headed "Lost" is thrice the size of that called "Found."

Heredity in Extremis

"Dat Ed nigger ain't got no sense 'tall!" "Cose he ain't got no sense! His step-dadder befo' him ain't had a drap!"

His Natural Bent

"It takes Jenks to get around a thing!" "I know it from the way he hugs his series!"

Two Mothers

TWO women occupying the same seat on a train got to talking, as women will do. They were women of fifty or more and talked of the more serious problems of life.

"Are you a mother?" inquired one after a while.

"Yes."

"A man's mother?"

"Yes."

"Married man's?"

"Yes."

It was not necessary to say more, and they shook hands silently.

Why

"Do you love me as much as when we were wed?"

Asked the man with a look that was troubled.

"Do I love you as much?" his gentle wife said.

"Twice as much—for your salary has doubled!"



WON IN A WALK



INSTINCT

Street railway magnate's daughter—Sit a little closer, please.

Waking Up in the Morning

WHAT other joy is so unalloyed as waking up in the morning? To awaken, say, at six a. m., just after the sun has risen, when the dew is still on the grass, and the birds are chirping in the trees; when the rustle of the teeming city has not quite begun; when peace and fragrance are in the tang of the morning air!



Much is to be done on this spring-like day. The inventive genius of man has given you a subway to take you briskly to the office, where the thrill of paying monthly bills awaits you. There is always the chance of getting considerable new business for the firm that employs you on a joyous spring

day like this one, when exuberance is in the air and the baseball games have not yet begun to empty the offices in the afternoon.

But, aside from the zest of competition, there is the pure zest of living on a spring morning like this. The breeze that is wafted through the open window carries with it just a trace of the perfume of the early morn. The hands of the clock point to six, and, lying there in bed, one is quite in tune with the glory of the day. How joyous it is to be alive and not have to get up—how gratifying to turn over and sleep another hour on this glorious spring day, while the non-union birds chirp outside, and the sun penalizes the dew for being out so early!

—Thomas F. Logan.

Orthographical

"Binks says she gave him a vacant stare."

"That was her father. His kick made the stair vacant."

Chopping Him Off

"HELLO, Grimshaw! Don't you remember your old side kick, Smartellick?"

"Your manner is familiar," replied Grimshaw coldly, "but I am glad to say that I have forgotten both your face and name."

Millennial

"Do you suppose we shall ever have universal peace?"

"Hardly. I fancy marriage will never be entirely abolished."



THE WRONG DOPE

"I thought you said this hair tonic would grow hair. Now look at my head!"

"Why, that's the furniture polish!"



HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE

By EUGENE SANFORD UPTON

LAUGHING maid and lover, dancing
To the ripple of the air
That the orchestra is playing;
Fairy folk, enchanting pair,
You have cast across the footlights
Such a neeromantic charm
That this world and all its clamor,
All the harshness and the harm,
In a trice have been forgotten,
And I live within the dream
What your magic has created,
Of a paradise unfated,
Of an Eden undefiled where no scaly
serpents gleam.

Happy Harlequin! thy laughter
Is as music in my ear
That my heart has not been filled with
For full many a weary year;
And thy gaiety is golden
Like a flute note heard afar,
And thy Columbine has graces
That no worldly traces mar.
You have set my soul to dreaming
Of a Land of Old Romance,
Where, in perpetual Maytime,
A gay and endless playtime.
You learned your lightsome laughter
and the olden songs of France.

L'ENVOI

But they that walk in dreams are like
To take a sorry tumble,
And he that goes with head in clouds
Is liable to stumble,
For visions oft must give the way
To prosy things and humble.
So wrapt in dreams, the world forgot,
I sit in silent rapture,
Intent upon the elfin pair
Whose airy graces capture
Sight and sense: when from behind
A rude voice mars the ditty:
"I knew her folks in Kalamazoo!
And his from Kansas City!"

It Ne'er Runs Smooth

IT WAS at the conclusion of the lovers' quarrel.

"And now," the remarked, "I suppose we must meet as strangers."

"Not at all," she replied coldly. "If we should meet as strangers, we should probably fall in love with each other again."

The Difficulty

"Do you sleep like a baby?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the patient. "One night when I was all lit up I tried it, but the perambulator was too short for me."

The Future Life

Hokus—I admit that Jack Dashaway is going the pace, but, nevertheless, he's a brick.

Pokus—Well, I hope he's one of the fireproof kind.

Near Thoughts

ECONOMY is what the stingy man calls his malady.

A manuscript is something for a scared speaker to look at while he thinks of something to say next.

Some people have to decide whether a speech shall be written or rotten. And some speakers are versatile enough to have them both ways at once.—Strickland Gillilan.

Unsettled

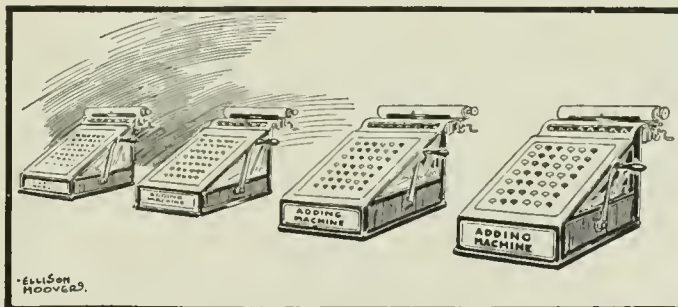
"I hear that they belong to the early settlers."

"Well, you wouldn't think so if you could see the bill collectors climbing their front steps."

Information Desired

First juror—Young Attorney Bray made a mighty fine speech, didn't he?

Second juror—Eh-yah! Wonder which side he was on?



THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT



A MACNEIL

Bus conductor (as stout lady gets off)—Room for three—step lively, please!

A Desperate Case

“WHY are you leaving my boarding house, Mr. Longfayce?”

“I have found out, Mrs. Meegerfead, that my tapeworm has indigestion.”

A Bad Boy

“Waiter, is this veal?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I’ll bet he gave his family lots of trouble. He certainly was a young tough.”

Playing Politics

Crawford—What do you think of investigating committees, anyhow?

Crabshaw—Something might be accomplished if there was only somebody to investigate the investigators.

Necessary Step

She—So Phil’s married at last!

He—Yes; he was so hopelessly involved financially, there was nothing else to do.

Anodyne

THE “twilight sleep” that takes away
From every birth its pain
Might well be tried by all who ride
Upon a railway train.—*C. L. Edson.*

Alert

“She seems to be always sifting evidence.”

“That’s because she’s straining to find grounds for a divorce.”



THE PINE CONE

A Ballade of Noises

Contributed to the *Stygian Gazette* by FRANCOIS VILLON, Poet Laureate of Cimmeria, and transmitted by wireless to JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

OH, THE songs of birds are pleasing,
And the noises of the seas,
When the waves are gayly teasing
All the beaches and the leas,
Are sweet music to my hearing,
And I love the north wind's roar;
But there's nothing like the cheering
When the Bernards 'gin to Pshaw!

I'm a lover of Mascagni,
And I dote on Wagner,
too,
And old songs like Gentle
Annie
And the Red, the White
and Blue
Fill my soul with rarest
pleasure;
But the lot will I give o'er,
For 'tis bliss beyond all
measure
When the Bernards 'gin
to Pshaw!

There is music in the trolley,
There are numbers in the
bells
That destroy the melancholy
That within my spirit
dwells;
There is joy in all the noises
Nature lavishes galore,
But my heart the most re-
joices
When the Bernards 'gin
to Pshaw!

ENVOI

Prince, I'm ready e'er for
action,
Be it peace or be it war,
With a joyous satisfaction
When the Bernards 'gin
to Pshaw!

A Sad Shortage

"How many dogs have you, Woolliver?"
"I isn't got but six now, cubnel, since de
white men took to shootin' 'em for killin'
sheep. Looks like I's mighty nigh out o'
dogs, sah!"

The Risk

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never loved; but, then, of course,
Who loves and wins may rue the cost
Of alimony and divorce!

A New Excuse

MR. ROUNDER lay in the hospital with
a broken leg and a bruised head. But
these weren't worrying him most.

There in the morning paper was the
whole story of one too many joy rides,
chorus girls and all, staring from Page 1.

His wife—he knew her too well.

Even while he pictured the scene in the
divorce court, she came in, stiff and cold
and threatening, the telltale paper clutched
in a trembling hand.

"Well?" she demanded
accusingly.

Then came his inspira-
tion.

"Lucretia!" he whis-
pered, reaching toward her,
in spite of the pain his
movements gave him. "I
—I thought the automobile
was a jitney bus, and before
I discovered the difference,
it whizzed away with me,
and"——

She interrupted him with
a wild cry.

"Oh, Jonathan! I knew
you couldn't have done any-
thing so absurd!"

Manlike, he forgave her.

Girl Wanted

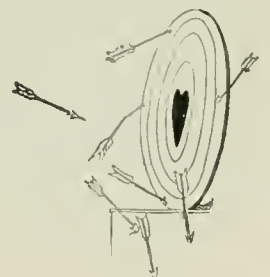
The gloomy, grouchy janitor
Who janits on our office floor,
Wielding his janitorial sway,
Has janited our peace away;
In fact he makes his janiting
So janitesque in everything,
We're going to advertise and
get
Some sweet and pretty jani-
tette.—*Frederick Moron.*



DESCRIBED

Mrs. Neurwed—Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you are back! How does my new spring
hat look?

Mr. Neurwed—Like six months' salary!





THE ATTRACTION

Busy Bill—Maybe I don't know politics, but I knows human nature in the cow country. That sign fetched 'em!

Florida Enchantment

YES, winter in Florida. He and she both there. In a motor boat. They have been strolling o'er the Gulf of Mexico, so to speak, she wondering if he is as foolish as he looks in spite of his money, and he wondering if she is as young as she says she is. Both of them are busy with these, their thoughts of love.



The sun, going down at the end of the February day, smiles gorgeously.

"Pop-pop-pop!" goes the gasoline.

"Pop-pop!" thinks the lady.

He wonders if he will. Her face, stained pink by the sunset, is alluring. She has pretty arms.

A train, creeping slowly across the Manatee on the long trestle bridge a mile up the river, weirdly whistles. It is borne to them over the expanse of water, and echoes and re-echoes from shore to shore. The sun goes majestically down like a huge, red-orange disk into the water on the west. Rose-tinted clouds look down from a bluish, dove-colored sky and blend to purple fleeting twilight. Then over all comes the mystic haze of dusk. Moss-draped trees on the shore fade into the night. Palms of tropical aspect are the last clearly discernible objects on shore. Shadows—deep, strange shadows—gather; the air from land is fragrant of balmy pines and orange blossoms. The fast-falling dew is heavy as a mist. Only a lone dog, barking in the distance, mars the perfect peace, as they float in darkness to their landing, going in with the rising tide.

He helps her from the motor boat. She stubs her toe and falls into his arms. He catches his breath, and she holds hers.

"Er—hm—hope you didn't hurt you!" says he.

"Not seriously," she answers, withdrawing from his arms. "You faker!" thinks he. "You idiot!" thinks she. Nothing doing.—*Fred Ladd.*

A Dashing Woman

"DOES she exercise her voice very much?"

"Why, she makes running comments on everything."

Pride Attends Us Still

Mrs. Crawford—How do you like your new apartment?

Mrs. Crabshaw—It isn't as nice as the one we left, but the neighbors will never know that our car is merely the old one repainted.



ANDREW THOMAS DENISON

He—Awfully sorry, but your party completely slipped my mind!
She—Weren't you there?



HOW LONG WILL THE FUEL HOLD OUT?

Nosing into the Lives of Some Strictly Neutrals



"My dear, if we are to remain strictly neutral, all we can order is a glass of water and some bread — and even then my conscience troubles me about chewing with my German Silver fillings"

Being strictly neutral
I was obliged to let
you pay for my
lunch as it is
not right for me
to indulge in
Dutch treats.



Absolute Neutrality

Of course they had to dispose of their French furniture. Brother Bill replaces his tweeds with a Navajo blanket. No Brussels carpet. No Russian blouses for Algernon. And hubby had to give up his German barber.



An Inconvenient Street for the Strictly Neutral



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Copyright, Judge, New York, 1916

"ONE UP AND TWO TO GO"



PLENTY OF TIME

Madge—Are you in a hurry?

Marjorie—Why, no. I have an appointment, and I'm only ten minutes late.

MABEL!
IT'S 1 A.M.



WALTER L. GARDNER + WINGS

THE WAY IT SEEMED TO THEM

Some Easter Definitions

FASHION—The art of inducing a woman who owns thirteen gowns designed three months ago to complain that she has nothing to wear.

Bill—A pre-bankruptcy schedule for father or hubby.

Clothes—Body coverings intended to ward off the attacks of the elements and to induce those of men.

Figure—A collection of artistic curves and outlines formed by arranging a lot of gauze, wire, cloth, sawdust and cotton about the feminine form.

Hat—Overhead cost.

Hubby—An "angel" who puts up for an extravaganza for the delectation of other men.

Label—A bit of cloth of Parisian manufacture attached to a Hoboken-made gown for the purpose of holding up the price.

Man—A wary animal infesting clubs, dens, offices and buffets, but who may be lured forth by the flaunting of bright colors or the swish of silk.

Puddle—A body of water entirely surrounded by male sightseers.

Rain—A source of supply for such dots and spots as Paquin or Callot may have left out of an Easter gown.

Sermon—A ministerial interruption to the criticism and appreciation of the Easter sartorial and millinery display.—*Stuart B. Stone.*



WHICH?

Gibbs—I sat at your wife's back at the show last night.

Riggs—How did you like it?

Gibbs—Charming!

Revelation

THERE is a rose upon her Easter bonnet,
But her cheeks' roses far that rose eclipse;

There is a bobbing cherry set upon it.

But you can't match the cherry of her lips.

Two pretty ribbons from that bonnet dangle,
And in a bow she knots them 'neath her chin;

But, oh, that knot is nothing to the tangle

Which the fair maid proceeds to tie me in!—*Nathan M. Levy.*

Distinction with a Difference

Mrs. Crawford—Did your husband agree with you that your new Easter bonnet was all that could be desired?

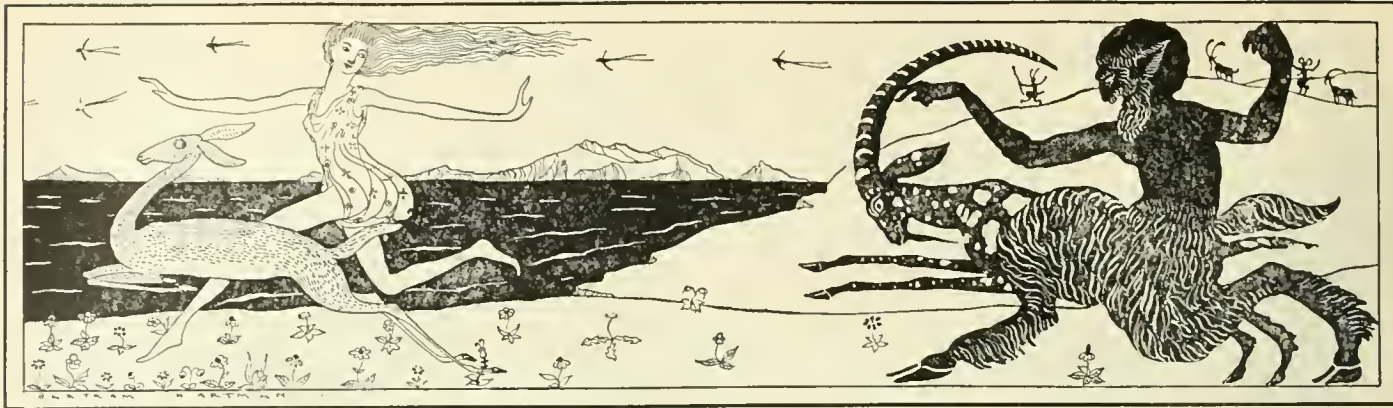
Mrs. Crabshaw—While he didn't put it exactly that way, he said that it filled the bill.

It's Necessary

"They do things differently in Mexico."

"How's that?"

"The Presidents do most of their running after they're elected."



"It's only a few days till baseball."

"Yes. I've started to be perlitte to me boss already."

The Finest Ever!

"DO YOU remember," asked the old grad, back to town for junior week and consorting with the other old grad, same class, "do you remember the—er—somewhat golden haze of our student days?"

"Ye-ah—when every man was a hurdler and leaped with joy at the prospect of confronting an obstacle"—

"Such as Logic Four," suggested the old grad with the creased forehead, taking a little sip from the stein at his elbow. "Ye-ah, I remember."

"These steins," said the grad with humped shoulders, "these steins make me think of old Prof. Bingus, the philosophy shark—how you and he used to drink by turns from the Stein of Knowledge, and the reproachful look on his face when you treacherously drained the stein—ah, how lifelike!"

"H-m?" said the other.

"Ye-ah!"

"How kind fortune has been to us! How many of our classmates we see, from our eminence, now bearing burdens which they call rewards—which they have carried from a great distance. These have been in a hurry all their lives; punctuality has wholly consumed their time."

The grad with the creased brow spoke: "I well remember the parting at the fork in the roads, and how I faltered at which way to take; but, thank heaven! I picked the path paved with good intentions and have kept it with great assiduity."

"'Omit' has been my everlasting motto," thoughtfully observed the hump-shouldered grad—" 'Omit'; and while it has not got me anything, yet I have never known another so short and sweet!"

"College days! College days! Bill,

do you never hear the earnest voice of some professor who told you the beauty of a deathless line of poetry or pleaded with you not to overwork?"

Bill looked proudly into the faded eyes of his ancient classmate. "Tom, I forget that professor's name—I remember that I followed the advice, but I can't place the professor."

"Well, it is possible that it wasn't a professor."

"No-o, I don't believe it was. I bet you it was Flossie Hewett, that little blond peach!"

"Say! She was a peach! And do you remember Ella Fortescue, that dandy college widow with the black hair and snapping eyes?"

"Remember! Say! Believe me, Bill, there certainly were peaches in those days! Do you remember Gertie Perkins and Charlotte Ripp and Stella Lane and Maud Stone and Kitty MacNim and Irene Sloan and



EVERYBODY PLAYS BUT FATHER

Master of the house—I understand, Jane, that your mistress and the young ladies are going to California for a few weeks. Do you—er—happen to know whether they are planning to take me with 'em?



Fond mother—Improvise? Why, my daughter can improvise any piece of music you put before her!

'Baby' Buskirk—oh, say, do you remember 'Baby'?"

"'Baby' with those golden curls! Do I? Oh, do I?"

"To the girls of our college days!" said the grad with the hump, raising his stein on high.

"Nix!" said the other. "Wait! Let's do it right! Waiter, bring us three quarts of champagne."

—Fred Ladd.

Spring

"Oh, take a walk right away! The day is perfect! There's spring in the air—the fragrance of flowers! Such air! Such sky! Such sunshine!"

"What are you saying? I have this moment returned to the house from walking in slush! My feet are frozen! I'm chilled through and through! 'Flowers—sunshine!' Are you crazy?"

"Alas! What is to be done with folks that have no imagination?"

The Easter Girl

Though you may doubt her letters when
She fashions kisses out of blots,
Don't doubt it was the speckled hen
That laid the egg with polka dots.

Another Thing

"Boobleby boasts that his wife made him all that he is."

"That is not boasting; it's apologizing."

Surgicalized

LONG ago in the Dark Ages the Greeks marveled at the perfection of the human body. Poor Greeks! they little knew what perfection really was! Could they but see our bodies now!

There are very few that cannot boast some reform skillfully wrought by the versatile surgeon. So prolific has been this reform that a worthy example of a human being has all the marks of identification of all the favorite operations of the period—the tattoo of our high civilization.

He is a poor specimen indeed whose body surface cannot evidence well-defined, though perfectly healed scars following all the major operations required to amend our primitively imperfect anatomy.

What an army of survivors of appendicitis surgery we are! How our ranks augment as the days go by! And who of us has not yet had the mastoid incision? It is sine qua non of one's standing with medical authority. Who is so lost to progress as to retain his tonsils? Who so weak as to refuse his nose the cautery?

Thus the inner man keeps pace with his exterior, and he can lay just claim to having an organism brought quite up to date.

—Judson M. Hinchthorne.

Striking It Right

He (soulfully)—Don't you often sigh for the wings of a bird, Miss Charmer?

She (decidedly)—Indeed I do! I need some trimming for a new hat badly!

An Easter Tribute

If Cleopat's new Easter hats
Looked half as nice as yours,
I don't blame Anthony a bit
For hugging—Egypt's shores.

Taking Him Up

"I vowed I'd go anywhere for her."

"Well?"

"And then she sent me on my way!"



Wife—How do you like my new gown, dear? It's the last word, you know.

Hubby—Well, being a woman, I suppose you had to have



THE LAST WORD IN EASTER HATS—WHY NOT?

The Easter Horticulturist

DEMURELY Pansy comes arrayed
In filament of filigree,
To join the Easter Day parade
And thrill the heart of me.

Sedately Myrtle steps along
With measured paces on her way.
Oh, fair one of this Easter throng!
Would I were not so gray!

Delightfully Miss Daisy trips
With mincing steps among the
train.
With flashing eyes and cherry lips,
She addles uncle's brain.

Comes Lily, she so cool and tall,
With form that anchorites adore;
She sways adown the crowded mall.
Would I were twenty-four!

Next, charming Rose with twinkling
eyes,
She blossoms in this flower bed;
She glads this Easter paradise
And turns your uncle's head.

Shyly Miss Violet so sweet—
Her orbs, they rival heaven's
hue—
Makes music with her dainty feet
Along the avenue.

A garland of sweet flowers, they—
All lady slippers, I declare,
Out gunning this rare Easter Day
For bach'lor buttons there.

—H. S. Keller.

Environment

Mrs. B. Rewster—Why do they call him a
gay old bird?

Mr. B. Rewster—Because he is always
surrounded by chickens and cocktails.

The Same Result

"How long have they been married?"

"About five years."

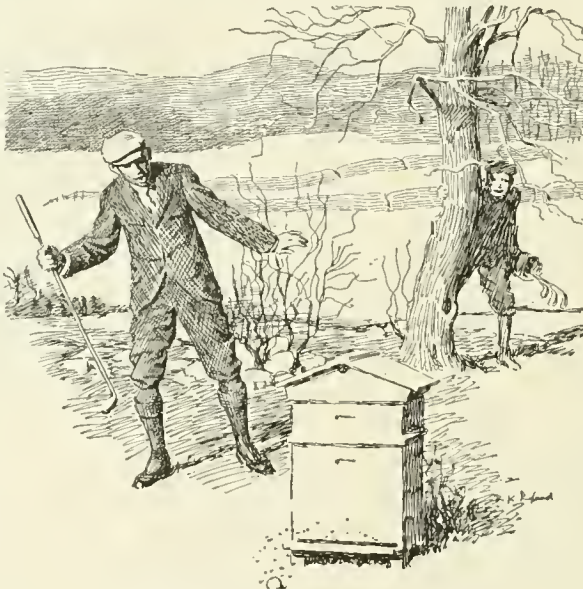
"Did she make him a good wife?"

"No; but she made him an awfully good
husband."

Hello!

It brightened the whole day for us. We
had read it in one of George Ade's First
Aids to Inadequate English, but it did not
have the charm of the spoken word.

She was well dressed, bright and viva-
cious. She bounced into a street car and
recognized an elderly lady. She pranced



THE GOLFER'S PREDICAMENT

The ball falls in front of the beehive.

up with all the grace possible when the
track is wet and the motorman impulsive.
Then she said it.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilson! I don't
suppose you know whom I am."

In Self-Defense

Mrs. Crabshaw—That woman next door is
going to the theater to-night.

Crabshaw—Then I suppose we'll have to
go, too, for their dog will be barking the
whole evening.

The Fitness of Things

"**A** MATTER that has given me con-
siderable concern, during my more
or less eventful sojourn in this vale of
tears," acknowledged Jasper Knox, the sage
of Piketown-on-the-Blink, "is the fact that
the great majority of otherwise sensible
people fall down most lamentably when
they attempt to dope out the true
cause for their own failure to make
good. Far be it from my intention to
deliver a sermon upon this most im-
portant subject, but past experience
has taught me that one of the main
reasons why we all are not successful
lies in the fact that we are prone to
sidestep opportunity in order to shake
hands with temptation."

To the Married Man

As Easter comes around, old boy,
Just bet your life upon it,
That you will know but little joy
Unless she has that bonnet.

The Limit

"She's crazy to get into the upper
ten, isn't she?"

"Crazy? Why, she'd even reserve
it on a sleeper!"

Postal Facilities

"Look in them pigeonholes and
see if you've got a pound of but-
ter for me, Hiram."

"Butter?" echoed the postmaster. "That
wouldn't be among them pigeonholes. I
keep all that mail in the ice box."

All in the Game

Crabshaw—I've no objection to your get-
ting married, my dear; but I really can't
stand the expense of a wedding.

Marjorie—I'll try to help you out, papa.
Perhaps I can throw a scare into George
and get him to propose an elopement.





S P R I N G

An Easter Anthem

Bass: See, oh, see her lovely hat!
Soprano: Tell us which you mean by that!
Alto: The soprano's hat I mean.
Bass: 'Tis the loveliest I've seen!
Tenor: Bassos never have good taste;
 Modish hats on them you waste.
 This soprano's hat is fair,
 But you see them everywhere!
Soprano: I declare, sir, you are rude!
 'Tis from Madam Doemgood,
 In her very finest mood!
Alto: Yes, I remember it quite well;
 To me the madam tried to sell,
 But I aspired to better things
 Than imitation heron wings.
Tenor: Now let us raise the heavenly
 strain
Soprano: That brings us peace and joy
Alto: again,
Tenor: And fill our hearts with blessed
Bass: love
 That will earth's bitterness re-
 move!
Soprano: She is a cat! She is a cat!
Alto: You know I have the smart-
 est hat!
Soprano: It only cost five dollars, so
 You have no right o'er me
 to crow.
Alto: And yours was marked
 down, don't you see,
 To something very nearly
 three!
 Besides, the style was used
 last year.
 In such antiques I'd not
 appear!
Tenor: Still to the alto's hat I lean;
 Such lovely shades I've
 rarely seen.
Bass: I think soprano's is by far
 Of all the hats the bright-
 est star.
Soprano: I thank you for that cheer-
 ing word.
 The alto's hat is quite ab-
 surd!

Alto: Snake in the grass!
Soprano: Not in my class!
Bass: You're right, my friend!
Tenor: Now heaven defend!
Soprano: As it was in the beginning, is
Alto: now and ever shall be, world
Tenor: without end. Amen.
Bass:

—Harvey Peake

The Cause

"Dear me! Poor woman!" said Higgles,
 reading his morning paper. "I see that
 Mrs. Gidd has just lost her husband."
 "Really?" cried Mrs. Higgles. "What
 was it—typhoid or appendicitis?"
 "Neither; Reno," said Higgles.

The Fickle Winter

This winter has been rather rough
 In many ways, yet they who scoff it
 Forget it has been hard enough
 On coalman and the 'weather prophet.
 —J. J. O'Connell.

Commercialized

Mrs. Crawford—Are your husband's ob-
 jections to female suffrage practical?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Perfectly practical, my
 dear. He's afraid there wouldn't be enough
 political offices to go around.

A Perfectly Good Dog

"Look here, Snidders," said Wallerby,
 "this dog you sold me is no fighter. He's
 a regular mush of a mollycoddle. You told
 me he'd lick anything on sight."

"So he will," said Snidders. "He's
 vurry, vurry affectionate."

Onto Him

Bilton—What did your wife say when you
 got home at two this morning?

Tilton—Nothing! She sat down to the
 piano and played "Tell Me the Old, Old
 Story."

It doesn't cost much to entertain hopes.

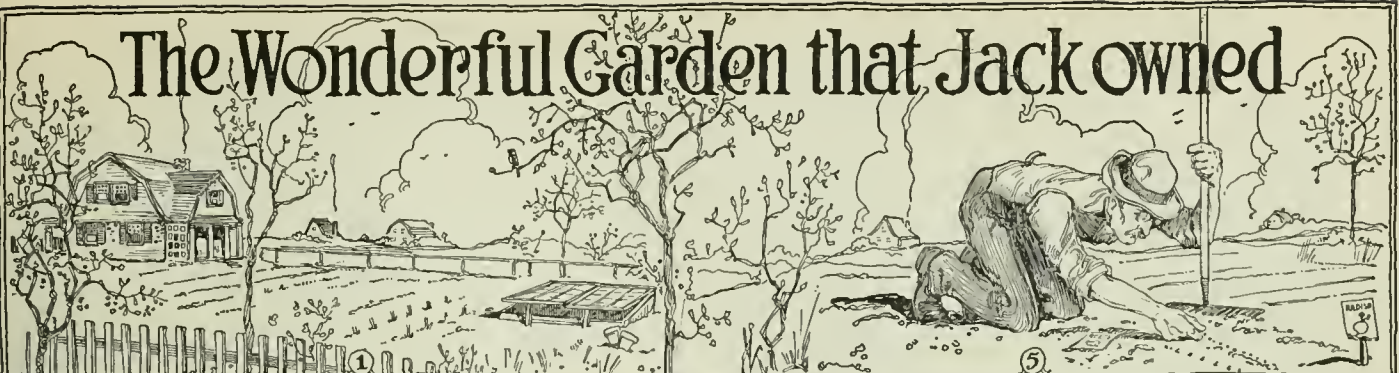


The helpmate—Really, John, I'm puzzled, too!



NEPTUNE ABDICATES

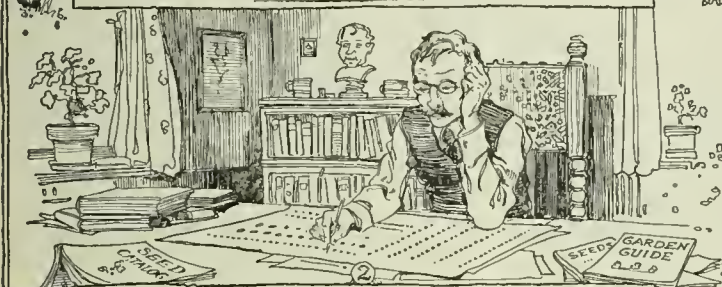
The Wonderful Garden that Jack owned



'Twas spring in the suburb where Jack owned a lot,
And time to start work on the gardening plot.
Nowhere would there be a more beautiful spot
Than the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



This is the seed that he planted in drills,
He planted in beds and he planted in hills,
He planted until he was pale in the gills,
In the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



And this is the way every twenty-foot row
Was doped out on paper, in order to show
Where radish and carrot and bean was to grow
In the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



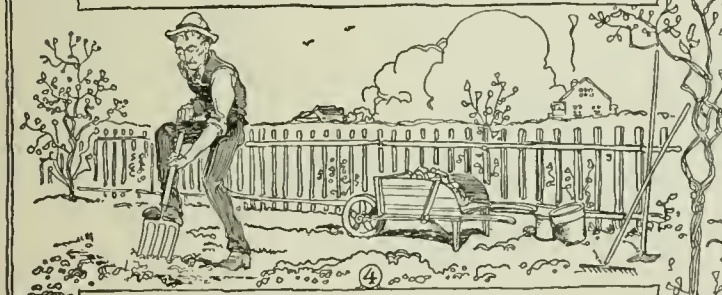
These are the weeds that grew up in a week
And concealed every cucumber, cabbage and leek.
For nature grew rampant, for fair, so to speak,
In the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



And here is the store that supplied all his needs,
The spade and the hoe, and the rake and the seeds,
And patent contraptions to keep out the weeds
In the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



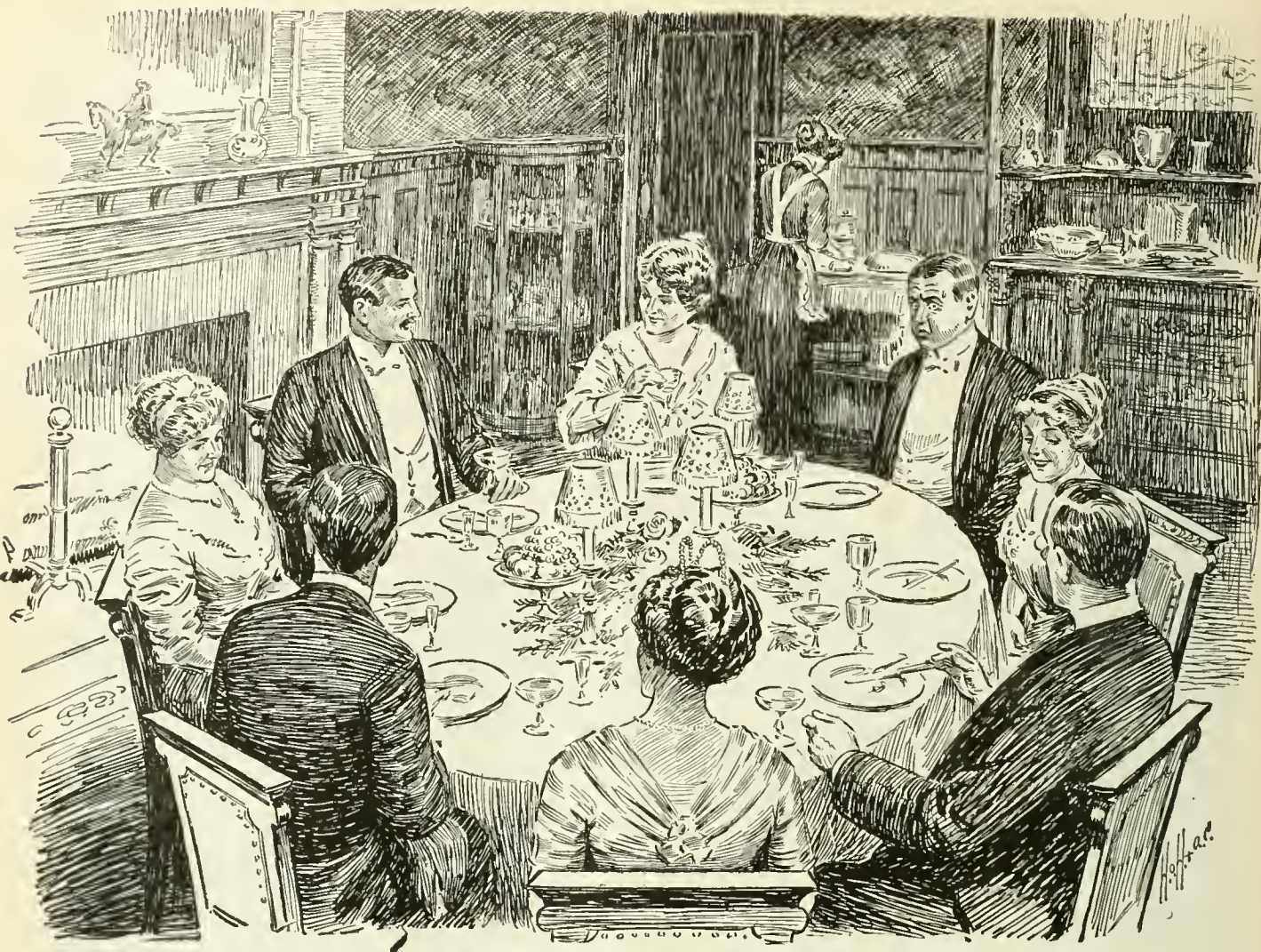
Though cutworms were many and seedlings were few,
The garden developed and really grew,
Till soon there was promise of harvest in view,
In the wonderful garden that Jack owned.



Each foot in the garden he spaded by hand,
He raked and he chopped and he smoothed out the land
And made it so fine that you couldn't demand
A more wonderful garden than Jack owned.



And this is the bountiful crop in its prime,
Which cost Jack four dollars (not counting his time),
In the market you get the same thing for a dime,
But *not* in the garden that Jack owned.



AT A DISADVANTAGE

Can you discover Mr. Bunk, who is no hero, listening to the adventure tales of a live one, who has engrossed the attention of the table, and especially that of Bunk's fiancée?

THE BATHTUB AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

By BARR MOSES

THE SAYING that cleanliness is next to godliness doubtless arose either before or since the Middle Ages, when, I have been given to understand by the best authority, a somewhat different idea prevailed. That it came into vogue after the Middle Ages rather than prior to that period I am inclined to assume because it smacks of propaganda. It seems to be what we might expect the zealots of a new faith to proclaim to an unwashed but godly world. It has the earmarks of the new convert.



And this brings us up to date. No accomplished reader of modern fiction can have failed to note the frequency with

which the bathtub appears in the be-diamonded pages of our best society fiction. Our authors seem to class this convenience with the imported automobile, the spurious old master, the polo game, the divorce court, the private yacht and the English butler as one of the more notable features of life among our billion-dollar aristocracy. Just why the bath should attract so much attention from them and hold such an important place in their eyes, it is difficult to say, unless the reason is to be found in the early history of the authors themselves. Here, too, there seems to be the earmark of the convert, the imprint of the zealous propagandist who has discovered something which he feels places him in a position superior to those to whom he is talking.

In Evelyn Macree's "The Daughter of

Diamonds," the beautiful heroine is discovered in the bath; that is to say, the reader is informed on the first page that it was while she was taking her after-breakfast bath that the English nobleman who became her fourth husband was introduced to the house disguised as a plumber. Later on we are given to understand that this lady was in the habit of taking not only an after-breakfast bath, but a before-dinner bath, a bath before retiring and a cold shower and plunge on rising, as well as a hot tub on returning from her drive. That the English nobleman was not really a plumber was discovered later in the book, because of his refusal to forego his morning tub.

In Emily Wassanford's "The Bridge of Desire" we find baths mentioned one hun-



dred and seventeen times. Everybody in the book above the rank of a servant takes a bath at least once, or, rather, it is recorded at least once that every gentle character in the book is in the habit of taking a bath one or more times daily, and of the lovely heroine we are told no less than sixty-seven times that she is fresh from her bath or that a longing for her bath has come upon her. It seems there is just a trifle of over-emphasis here.

Although the character of the heroine of Frank Miggle's "Goat in the Garden" is not above reproach, even according to the somewhat lax standards of the present, we are given to understand that she is exemplary in the matter of bathing. We are assured that she took hot tubs, cold plunges, showers, perfumed baths, baths in champagne, in goat's milk and in water imported from the arctic sea, with all its original chill carefully retained. Besides this, a considerable part of the scene is at the seaside, and whether or not the heroine really bathed there, she appeared faithfully each day in her one-piece bathing suit and loll'd upon the sand.

In the mystical "Jedigiga" of Miriam Starkspooner, the heroine, like those of Biblical times, takes her bath upon the roof; and in the romantic "Garden of Mist," by Julie du Vernor, we are told that both hero and heroine bathe by turns in the walled garden. We are thankful for the wall and hope the windows of the adjoining houses were provided with blinds.

In that rushing Western story, "The Glory of the Spotted Cow," by Zack Greene, the hero and the heroine find almost miraculous opportunities for bathing

in an otherwise arid and burning waste. There always seems to be a mysteriously unmuddied pool or a conveniently screened streamlet adjoining the places in which they pitch their camp in the course of their week-long flight from the villainous Don Miguela and his band of vaqueros.

In these five novels we have represented the common or garden variety of society novel, the passionate society novel, the erotic society novel, the mystical society novel, the romantic society novel and the society novel of the Western plains. In none of these is there an important character who is not a millionaire either at the beginning or end of the book, or a daughter, wife or other important relative of a millionaire, and in none of them is there an important character who does not, on the positive and direct authority of the author,

take at least one bath every day. Could there, after all, be more convincing evidence that we live in a godly age, or that at any rate our aristocrats do?

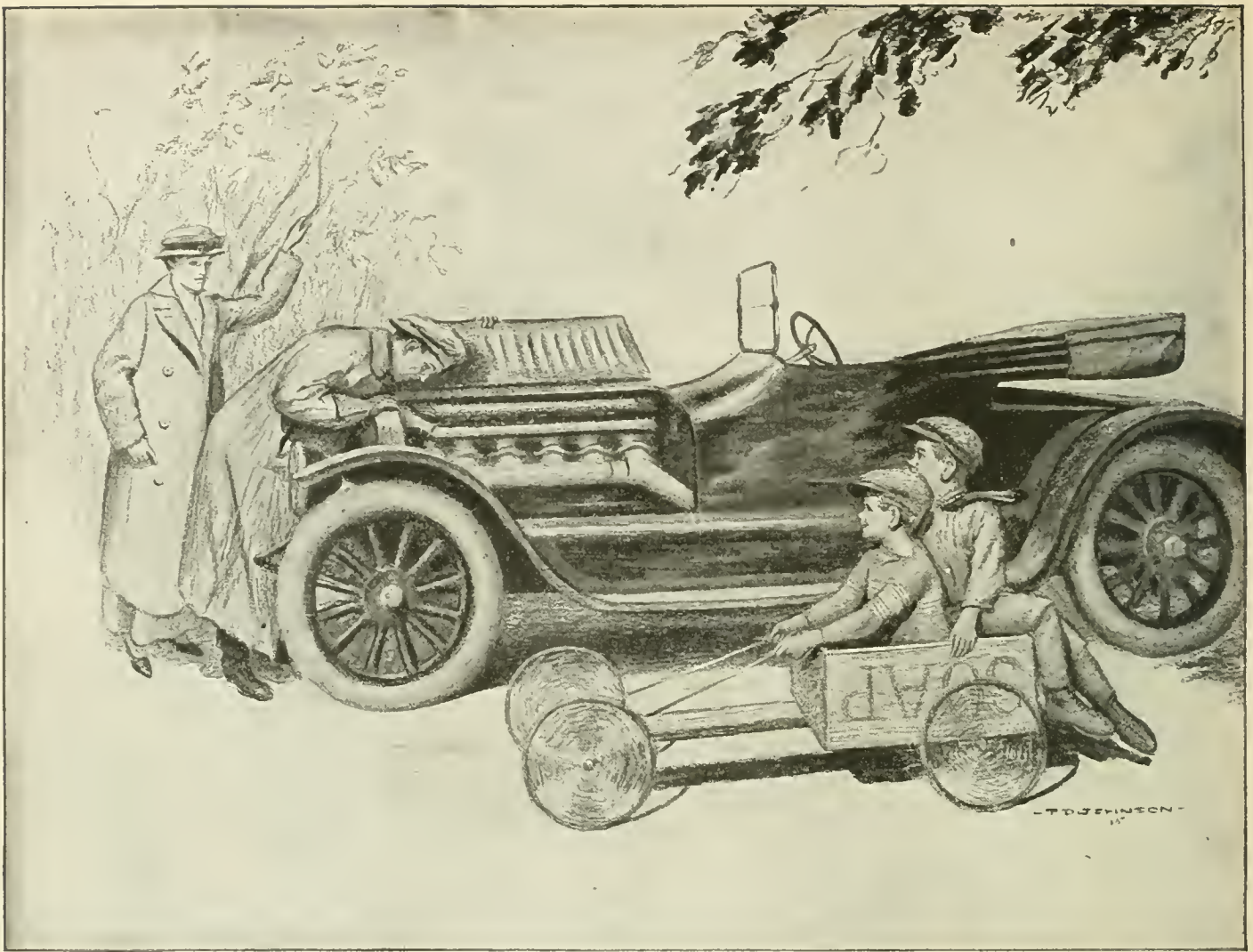
To complete and conclude this article, it is only necessary to recall the fact that the heroine in that puzzling, intricate, baffling story of society and mystery, "The Disappearing Edith," by B. M. Oakdene, disappears while taking a bath in a locked bathroom, with her maid alert in the dressing-room outside the door; and not only that she disappears, but that she leaves all her clothes behind her, and in sub-zero weather, so that the reader must shiver through four hundred and seventeen pages of vivid apprehension before he discovers that she didn't, after all.

All roads lead to roam.



THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION

Aunt Tessa—He was a tall, powerfully-built man—like this, you know.



Two kid—Dat's de woist o' dem cheap machines!

Restless

SAY, don't the sunbeams tingle
The ichor in your veins?
And don't you wish to mingle
With those who hold the reins?
And whisper, don't the breezes
Which bring you warmth and joy
Tell how some trout stream teases
To have you as a boy?

Say, do you care what's doing
In this great world of ours—
The crimes, the shames, the "stew-
ing,"

High cost of food and flowers?
You don't! No vice or virtue
Your mind can now annoy.
The springtime's arrows hurt you,
And, oh, to be a boy!

—A. Walter Utting.

Looked New to Him

Randolph—Is that Buxton's new
girl with him?

Sylvester—Oh, no; that's just one
of his old ones painted over.

Close Figuring

Postal clerk—Your letter just balances,
miss; if it weighed any more, you would
have to put on another stamp.

Pretty blonde—Gracious! I'm glad I didn't
sign my middle name!



"Many happy returns, mamma! Here's a nice birthday
present I got for you."

Bewildered

THE PHOEBE and the chickadee,
The bunting and the jay—
I tried to learn their colors

And remember what they say.
But, oh, there are a million birds,
With twice a million ways!

The subject is bewildering.

I wonder if it pays!

For though I've studied all the calls—

"Chip-churr" and soft "Coo-oo"—

The only one of which I'm sure

Is "Cockadoodledo."

—Beulah Rector.

Even

Lily—What a handsome coachman
you've got!

Daisy—Yes; but you ought to see
my husband's manicure!

Tantalizing

This spring, if you are feeling gay
And life runs in a pleasant groove,
It's safe to bet your wife will say
Her mind is quite made up to move.



Friend—There's your friend, Miss MacGregor, over there. Why don't you go over and speak to her?
Scot—Wheest, mon, she has na paid her fare yet.

"In the Spring"

THE DAYS of cleaning house have come,
 The maddest of the year,
 When everything is upside down
 And scattered far and near.
 My meals are but a mere excuse;
 My wife has grown a shrew.
 The clothes I want are on the line;
 My books the basement strew.

Each day, each week throughout the year
 This house is garnished bright;
 But when spring comes, my wife declares
 The dirt germs are a fright.
 And then she gets her pails and mops,
 Her brooms and soap galore,
 And life becomes for days untold
 A nightmare and a bore!

—Lida Keck Wiggins.

The Day Not Set

Ethel—Oh, I am so happy! George and I have made up.

Lena—And what day have you fixed upon for your marriage?

Ethel—Oh, we haven't quarreled over that yet!

General Remarks

I DON'T know about this war's being a great undertaking, but the guy that started it was some undertaker.

A job I don't want—deckhand on a submarine.

When a woman says, "In a minute," her words carry wait.

If the groom gives the bride a brooch, is it a coupling pin?

The ignorant stagehand who went to Panama because he heard they were going to move a lot of scenery now wishes he had been educated.

I know a woman who would have divorced her five-foot husband, if she hadn't happened to reflect that she couldn't love him any longer.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Had Practice

He—I believe that debutante you introduced me to is engaged.

She—Why, what makes you think so?

He—She talked to me with such blase abandon!

An April Tribute

YOU'RE pleased to think me wise, my dear—
 Most wondrous wise through all the year—
 Until on All Fools' Day my guile
 Is changed to folly infantile.

But really I'm silly, dear,
 Until the first of April's here;
 That day my wisest action knew—

'Twas then that I proposed to you!



—A. Burstein.

Sizing Them Up

Manager—Modern theater-goers expect a finished product.

Author—Nearly all the plays I have seen this season seem to depend on raw material.

At the Front

Friend—You have a photographer in Europe taking pictures of the war, I suppose.

Editor (absently)—No; in New Jersey.



SIGNS OF SPRING

Husband (helping her, reading)—Fold the left upper and lower edges forward and back along the heavy dotted line until the first and second triple perforations coincide with the third double notch on the left side of the second gore, and the first, third and fifth notches on the right edge come together along the double perforation.

J U D G M E N T

By BIDE DUDLEY

"OH, MR. DUDLEY!"

I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the touch of the proprietor of the dancing place.

"We want you to be a judge in the fox-trot contest."

"Impossible! I know but very little"—

"Rozsika Dolly is to be a judge, and"—

"When do we begin?" I asked.

"Right after this dance."

A waiter put a table on the dance floor, and the three judges sat down at it. We were Rozsika Dolly, Mons. Albert and myself. Two silver cups were placed before us. A floormaster kept his eye on them.

"Remember," said the proprietor, "you three must agree. Let 'er go, professor!"

The music started, and about twenty couples glided out on the floor.

"Select!" said the proprietor.

"Not very," I replied. "Some of them are"—

"No, no! I mean select the best. Choose six first."

I saw a darn pretty girl dancing. "Let's take that girl in the blue dress," I said.

"Oh, she's awful!" said Miss Dolly.

"Here!" I called to the floormaster.

"Don't select that girl in the blue dress. She's awful!" The six couples were finally chosen by Miss Dolly, and I put my o. k. on them all. Mons. Albert thought so, too.

"Pick two winners," said the proprietor.

"There's a dandy couple," I said, pointing to a pair.

"Oh, my land, no!" said Miss Dolly.

"Here!" I called to the floormaster. "Don't select that couple. Oh, my land, no!"

"We'll take this one and that one," said Miss Dolly.

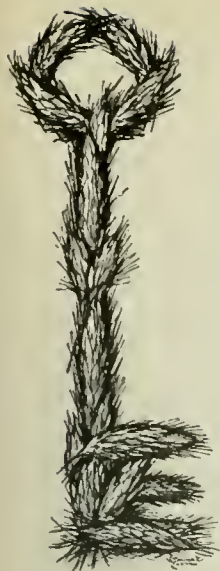
"Just the ones I would have selected," I said. Mons. Albert thought so, too. The floormaster summoned them. Then he made an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the judges, after thoroughly considering the dancing of all the entries, have decided that these couples are the best." The prizes were awarded, and we judges retired.

"Much obliged!" said the proprietor. "You people are the best judges we've had in a long time."

"You bet she is!" I replied.

Mons. Albert thought so, too.



THE KEY TO THE SITUATION

From a Sinner's Diary

WHETHER you can or not, you've got to. A lamb's tail, when he runs, acts about the foolishness to me of anything I know.

I know a woman who always makes you feel the blamest best, whether she writes it or says it. Makes you feel you're what you might be, not what you are.

Little sister does all her good baking with water. And we've a forty-barrel cistern!

I see no use in trying, when I don't feel like it, for something I don't want, that I could come nowhere near it trying when I had my appetite and was wild with wanting.

I'd as soon be hated when I'm old for having no money as to be hated the rest of the time for hanging to it.

If you get any praise while alive, you deserve it, likely. Afterward ???

Hot tamale: A scoopful of red pepper banded in a husk mattress and boiled till sold in the water where a hen was scalded.

I know a man so constituted that when he pleases thinks he's doing his duty. And if everybody does not hipityhop precisely to his tune, he thinks they're missing theirs.

Little sister does not like me so very well. It's a wonderment to her how brother and I got caught in the same trap. Do you suppose it's because I said you couldn't hire a girl at any price, but they'd marry anything that came along?

If I work the same set of levers and look like a Halloween lantern when I grin that some one else works to look like a holy angel, I don't know as I can help it.

I have always liked Germany; but this going right into another man's dooryard and twisting him up in his own hammock, I don't uphold.

If some of 'em wouldn't work, some of the rest might have to—or go shy on cuds. What?

Sometimes I think I'll go to heaven. But I know I wouldn't be there long till I'd be looking for a place to scale the wall.

To-day I hoed my water-melons. They always seem so much more important than the potatoes.

Plenty of women (?) who can think to make promises can't remember to keep 'em.

A faultfinder does not always shoot his wad because he can do any better.

—Lynette Freeman.

Cultivating Speech

Clear your mind of cant,
Plow through books,
Harrow up your feelings,
Dig up metaphors,
Rake over old discussions,
Weed out unnecessary words,

Sow seeds of dissension,
Plant flowers of thought,
Prune your sentences,
Do some hedging,
Then be prepared to fence
Should you reap a crop of abuse.—Geo. B. Morewood.



ENTERPRISE

Staff photographer—When you let go face the camera.

The Spectator's Own Vaudeville The Bill How You Pay for It

OVERTURE: "Patience"



SENSATIONAL TUMBLING ACT

An Aerobatic Performance that will Startle You.



MADAME ZAZA'S BIRDS

They Eclipse Anything Ever Seen on the Stage.



JONES AND JONES

Demonstrating their Stupendous Double-Shuffle.



INTERMISSION



"DARKTOWN NEIGHBORS"

Jefferson Johnson and Miranda Snowball Treat You to Some Real Local Color and Atmosphere of the Sunny South.



OTTO LIMBERGER, Eccentric Musician

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—Lawton Mackall.





SHOWING THAT THE HOG IS AMPHIBIOUS

H I G H L I F E D E L U X E

By FRED LADD

THE multimillionaire editorial writer failed to scrape his shoes carefully before entering his touring car.



"Drive me to 404 Avenue A," he haughtily commanded.

The chauffeur broke the speed limit.

The multimillionaire editorial writer left a couple of thousand simoleons at 404 Avenue A, where a poor diamond merchant lay sick.

"The Authors' Club," he said languidly, to the chauffeur.

He put in really quite an exciting half hour at the Authors' Club, raising a fund for an impecunious bishop. (Several of the authors wished to contribute more than their share.)

The multimillionaire editorial writer dined with his wealthy friend, the humanitarian publisher. The champagne was rather fair. A loud noise occurred during the repast; a couple of hundred tons of gold

in the attic crashed through into the cellar.

The two gentlemen, upon being told what had happened, exclaimed, "How racy!"

"What do you say," suggested the publisher, "to running down to see Bliffstein? The unfortunate fellow has no friends since he quit the art field and went into pig iron."

"Poor, I suppose."

"He has no clothes to go out in."

The multimillionaire raised his eyes in pain. "I'm sorry, but I gave away my touring car to a police lieutenant whose children were starving, just before I came in. Can we use a couple of yours?"

* * * * *

"How do you account for the enormous sales of your books?" inquired the multimillionaire editorial writer, after they had relieved the sufferings of Bliffstein and were on their way back to the Authors' Club.

"I publish nothing but clean books—books of real substance and value, sir."

"Excuse me," said the writer. "I might have known."

There was a hush. The city lights glittered as the car sped uptown.

"What's on at the club to-night?" the publisher queried.

"A lecture on high life, by Skiddings, the billionaire humorist"—

There was a terrific crash in the sky.

"What was that?" asked the publisher, slightly startled.

The writer took a four-hundred-thousand-dollar telescope from his pocket and scanned the heavens.

"There's a man on Mars, laughing at us," he said.

A High Flier

He loved a golden butterfly,
Yet could but sit and fret.
He knew to net her none need try,
Without a coronet.

Different

Crawford—Is that book of the war written by an eyewitness?

Crabshaw—No; by a war correspondent.



THE UNDERPINNING OF SOCIETY

High Lights on High Life

RECKLESS living soon causes wrecked lives.

Divorce—The key that unlocks the wedlock.

A vicious circle—A round of pleasure.

Alimony—That which makes life worth living after the divorce.

The stones in cocktail cherries would make an appropriate monument for many a high liver.



The eternal triangle—A social figure whose angles produce wrangles.

Husband and sou-brette—The man in the box and the woman in the case.

Ponies—Connected with brandy, the races or the chorus, each with its own kick.

The tall blonde, third from the left—Often the chorus-pondent in divorce proceedings.

Universal joint—1. The funny bone, especially so when raising the fifth cocktail. 2. A cosmopolitan cafe.

Scion of an old family—An excuse for showgirls, imported champagne, eight-cylinder roadsters—and breach-of-promise suits.

—Don Bregenzner.

Thoroughbreds

DOWN sunny paths or shady,
They lightly trod the ground;
Both held their heads
As thoroughbreds
Do where-ever found.
One was a high born lady,
And one an Airedale hound!

—Lida Keck Wiggins.

Who's Who

YOU SAY that Mrs. Green is coarse, and Mr. Green is plain?

Their kin are quite impossible—especially Aunt Jane?

You say they've never traveled, and they all have shocking taste?

You wonder why we called upon those people in such haste?

Why, Mrs. Green knows Mrs. Brown, whose mother was a White,

And she was nearest neighbor, once, to Mrs. Edward Knight,

Whose sister married Jackson Jones—his mother was a Beers, And they've been in society for years and years and years!

—Grace McKinstry.

A Suggestion

Mrs. Ayre - Shaft—The people in the next apartment are having a lovely time deciding on names for their new twins.

Mr. Ayre - Shaft—Tell them I suggested Hugh and Cry.

Tut! Tut!

Ted—Who is that Barbar girl? I never see much of her, do you?

Fred—Never, except at dinners and the like.



UP TO DATE

Brother Jim—What sort of a basketball team have you got this year, Effie?

Effie—Oh, some of our forwards don't dress badly, and our back is a perfect dear.



A. H. HEFERT

AUNT MARIA GREATLY ELATED AT FINDING HERSELF IN THE LATEST FASHION

High Lights

IT ISN'T good form to ask a Smart Set runabout if she was a self-starter.

Those who take an express elevator to Social Heights generally land at Dizz' Depot.

Many a social light began by cleaning her own lamps.

Three things are essential in the social swim—cash, dash and splash.

Every little belle has a clapper of her own—unless she is motherless.

The lowbrow considers high jinks the most exalted form of amusement.

A helpful book for the socially ambitious—"The Golden Jimmy: How Lady Raffles Broke In."

The rule in high life—Live as the high livers do until your liver balks. Then limp to a raw-nut sanatorium, where the already nutty go to get rid of the gout.

The tenderfoot who ascends a mountain seldom is attacked by nosebleed until he attains a great altitude. But all the way up the social climber suffers with hemorrhage of the purse.

The barefoot Jap on the ladder of swords

has an easy task, sighs the scaler of social summits. He hasn't a crowd of the arrived on the top rungs looking daggers at him while he climbs.

Wine, women and song are the life of society. Wine (agents) furnish the sparkle; women (gossips) supply the spice; and song (birds, musical comedy) keep its sons jumping the matrimonial hurdles.

—Terrell Love Holliday.

The First Step

"Pa," plaintively coaxed Mrs. Nookoyne, "I want to git in society."

"All right," resignedly assented Mr. Nookoyne. "I s'pose we kin hire a reporter to write somethin' scandalous about us."

His Catch

Dyer—Higbee just got back from his fishing trip.

Ryer—What did he get?

Dyer—A skate.

Defined

CONTEMPT of court is when the judge has had his feelings hurt by a fellow he never did like, anyway.

Uncle Solomon, of Slowtown, Says

"A polertician is a feller who has got a divorce from work—with alimony to boot."



A. S. DAY

THE PERISCOPE HAS MANY USES



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



After the Battle.

Porazeny—Jen se nemejli! Moe tam ty valecny kontribue nenaides.

Wounded one—Don't make any mistake! You won't find much war indemnity there.—*Humoristicke Listy* (Prague).

A Precedent

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said,

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden?"

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—*Tit-Bits* (London).



Victor (after being admonished for unscoutlike behavior)—Well, you may say what you like, sir, but I consider it distinctly subversive of discipline for an ordinary private to call his patrol leader "Toffee-nose."—*Punch* (London).



Consoled

"Très chic, l'impôt sur le capital, l'impôt sur le revenu."

"Qu'est-ce que ça peut te faire?"

"Moi? Ça me console de ne pas être riche!"

"Very fine, that tax on capital—the income tax!"

"What is that to you?"

"To me? It consoles me for not being rich."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

Nothing to Worry About

Frightened passenger—'Ere! Whoa. There's an old fellow fell off the bus!

Conductor—Orl right, sonny. 'E's paid 'is fare.—*Punch* (London).



Copyright, Fliegende Blaetter

A Calm Chap

"O, Gott! Sie haben sich da oben verstiegen und können nicht mehr herunter!"

"Wer sagt Ihnen denn, dass ich überhaupt herunter will?"

"Heavens! You have climbed so high that you can't come down!"

"Who the deuce tells you that I want to come down, any way?"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Cafe Strategists.

*El camarero—*Qué van ustedes á tomar?
Los parrovulanos (a duo)—Una plaza fuerte!

Waiter—What are you going to take?

Customers (in unison)—A fortified place!—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).

Doubtful

"Of course I don't wish to put any obstacles in the way of your getting married," a mistress said to her servant, "but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary Ann replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to ask 'im to put it off."—*London Standard*.



Kept Her Busy

Army doctor—Have you had any experience of nursing?

Red Cross recruit—Oh, yes, rather! I had three brothers who owned motorcycles.—*London Opinion*.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Copyright, Judge, New York, 1916

I N S U B M A R I N E T E R M S

She—U-1

He—U-2



1. BACHELOR QUARTERS AND—

In the Swim

I'M IN the fashionable set
And mingle with the saints and sinners;
At their great functions I am met—
Teas, dances, musicales and dinners.
The leaders keep me well in view—
In fact, a few of them pursue me;
I'm part of all the things they do,
And they are always cordial to me.

The beaux to me are always kind,
The belles are much concerned about me;
I'm very sure that they would find
Their lives quite incomplete without me.
Not that society's my bent
(I never was o'erkeen to court it);
But by the editors I'm sent
(Sixth page, fourth column) to report it!
—Nathan M. Levy.

Languid Pets

"These pampered dogs of the rich are
rather listless, it seems to me."
"Yes; you never see one of them bury-
ing a marshmallow or worrying a chocolate
drop."

Just That

Johnny—What is an expert, pa?
Pa—A fellow who tells others how to do
the things he can't do himself.

Take Your Choice

To make us all happy the optimist tries.
"The backbone of winter is broken!" he
cries.
But the pessimist just shakes his head and
looks glum,
As he says he is sure that the worst is to
come.

A Broadway Fable

ONCE there was a happy pair, known as
Cheap and Nasty. These two were in-
separable, and especially were they to be
found together at the same restaurants. If
Cheap appeared alone, Nasty would soon
show up; and, likewise, Nasty might occa-
sionally seem to be alone, but Cheap was
always sure to be somewhere around.

Once, however, they took a trip to that
part of Broadway which, with its tribu-
taries, is known as the Great White Way.
And they soon realized that this district was
different from any other they had ever vis-
ited. They saw that it was frequented by
a type of customers who apparently didn't
care how poor a thing was so long as it cost
a lot of money. As a result, Nasty quickly
became ashamed of his unassuming but
loving mate, and their union, like many
another, was quickly torn asunder by the
merciless breakers of Broadway. Nasty
divorced Cheap and immediately married
High priced, a well known hyphenated
American. Ever since then High-priced
and Nasty can be seen, day or night, fre-
quencing the Great White Way.

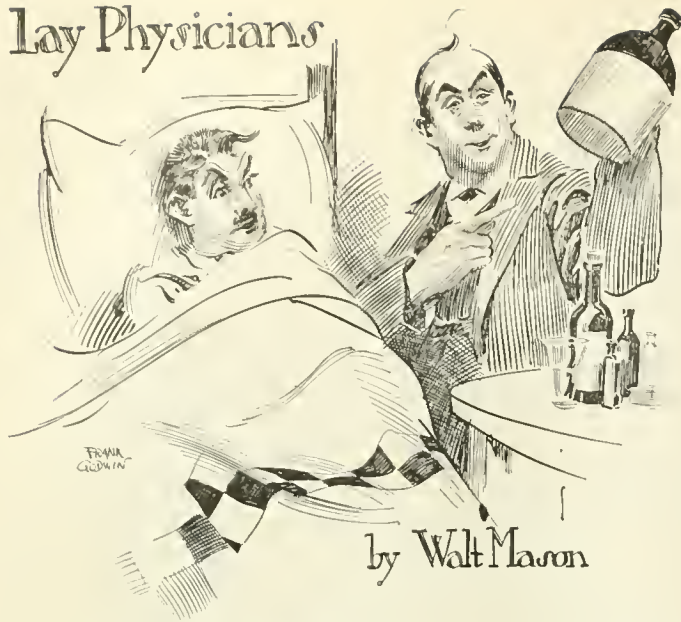
Moral—Civilization makes strange bed-
fellows.

—Ellis O. Jones.



2. BETTER HALVES

Lay Physicians



HOW GOOD and thoughtful people are! When sickness gives my frame a jar and ties my vitals in a knot, they come to see me on the trot and tell me what I ought to do, if I would be as good as new.

And every kind, well-meaning friend has some sure cure to recommend, some wondrous dope that never fails, according to his specious tales. Last week I had a dose of grip, so bad methought from life I'd skip. It is a punk and fell disease that makes the victim cough and sneeze and gasp and groan and grunt and swear and bite big pieces from his chair.

Then Bungshaw, who abides next door, to my abode came toddling o'er and brought along a gallon jar of dope that smelled like rancid tar. The jar in front of me he held. "There's no use suffering!" he yelled. "This dope will cure the fiercest cold that ever on a man took hold. You take a quart before each meal, and in a fortnight you will feel so full of vim and strength and pith, you'll want to tackle Gunboat Smith. Now let me hold your nose awhile and pour this dope in where you smile. I know it tastes like last year's eggs, but it will put you on your legs."

"I'm hiring doctors," I reply, "and they are paid to help me die, and so I have to take their cures and must not take that dope of yours."

Then Bungshaw toddles home again, as mad as any moistened hen; and when he hears me yowl and yelp, he says, "He wouldn't have my help, and so his groans and whoops and tears are music in this sinner's ears."

Old Mrs. Doodad comes along and favors me with dance and song. "You soak your feet and go to bed and put this poultice on your head and drink my homemade boneset tea, and from your grief you'll soon be free. Don't laugh my humble plans to scorn; I cured the grip ere you were born."

I tell her that I pay the doc to bring what pills he has in stock. And then she snorts and goes her way, and as she goes I hear her say, "That's all the thanks a dame receives for brewing tons of boneset leaves! Just lie and suffer for a while! The more you howl, the more I'll smile!"

Thus easily we lose our friends when sickness on our forms descends. The good Samaritans get sore; they'll go samariting no more.

The Tyranny of Trifles

WIFE—Oh, dear me! The yeast cake has been forgotten again! I don't see but that you will have to go out and get one, James, late as it is. They keep them at that little store on the corner, and you know that it keeps open after the other stores have closed. We simply must have that yeast cake, or the bread can't be set to-night, and—yes, I know that I always forget it until you are in your slippers and house coat, but I really will try to remember it next time.

Husband—Oh, gee! Here I am with my overcoat on, and I really ought to get the next car, and I have forgotten to roll out the barrels for the ashman! Well, I'll have to go down and roll them out, even if I miss my train. All three barrels are full to the top, and there will be no place to put the ashes for another week if I don't get them out to-day. My idea of heaven is of a place in which there are no furnaces nor ash barrels and no man has to polish his own boots or spread ashes on the ice in front of his house!

Maid—We gotta have more butter to-day, ma'am, an' the sugar is most out, an' I need some new dish toweling, an' there ain't but three eggs in the refrigerator, an' the soap is about all gone, an' I hit the bottom of the flour barrel to-day, ma'am. We gotta have all them things to-day.

Boy—Aw, shoot it! What I got to wash my hands for before ev'ry meal? And what's the harm if the back of my neck is dirty? And who notices it if the heels of my shoes ain't polished? What's the good of living if you got to spend all your time monkeying with soap and water and clothes brushes and hair brushes and—aw, gee! I wisht I was dead!

Girl—Oh, I just hate to practice! I wish we didn't have any piano! I don't care if my hair isn't braided nice! I'd as soon be out of the world as in it, having to braid my hair every day and clean my finger nails and practice—bah! practice!

Motorist—Yes, sir; and there I lay flat on my back under the car for three solid hours, all because a little doodad of a thing had given way and the car wouldn't turn a wheel until it was fixed! Queer how the giving away of some fool little thing will stop human progress, isn't it?

—J. L. Harbour.

Her Amendment

He (seeing his wife making up before her dressing table)—Any one would think you were going to the party as "A Study in Scarlet."

She—Oh, no, dear! Only "Under False Colors."



HINTS TO HOSTESSES—HOW TO GET YOUR OWN NUMBER



NO WONDER THE SOUP GOT COLD

THE CHILL of loneliness struck into the Woman's heart, so she fared forth to the marketplace to purchase herself a cloak.

Two Merchants offered their wares. The first flaunted a shimmering silken garment, the second a gray woolen one.

"But see how this becomes me!" she cried, wrapping the scarlet cloak about her.

"It fits you like a silken sheath!" said its owner, with a flash of dark eyes.

"Is the price, perchance, great?"

"Not more than you are willing to pay," he smiled, adjusting the folds more gracefully about her shoulders.

"What have you to say in praise of your dull gray garment?" she asked the Second

THE VENDERS OF CLOAKS

By MARGARETTA FLAGG

Merchant, still clasping the scarlet cloak tightly about her.

"It will outlast the other," he replied, with a steady glance of blue eyes. "Also, it is warmer."

"Oh, but I am glowing with warmth!" she protested. "I will take the scarlet cloak, for indeed it becomes me well."

"It becomes all fair women," said the First Merchant.

"My gray cloak will outlast it," repeated the Second Merchant quietly.

"And what is the name of the cloak?" asked the Woman.

"It is called the Mantle of Love," replied the First Merchant.

The Woman purchased the scarlet cloak and left the marketplace, lovingly fingering its silken folds.

For a while she wore the cloak proudly before the envious eyes of other women. But within a few short weeks it grew faded and dingy. It frayed at the seams, and the keen wind of adversity cut through its flimsy folds to her shivering heart; but the more inadequate its protection, the closer she wrapped it about her shaking limbs, cowering under it despairingly. Finally the blast rent it from neck to hem, and, sorrowing, she cast it from her.

Once more the Woman fared forth to the marketplace to purchase herself a cloak. The Second Merchant alone was there, offering his gray garment. But, strangely, it



Chairman of committee—We come to notify you two dat we're goin' in swimmin' here in thirty seconds

seemed no longer dull; its generous folds, promising warmth and protection, seemed softly bright.

"Give it to me!" she cried eagerly, snatching at it.

"Not so, until a fair price be agreed upon," replied the Second Merchant, retaining the cloak.

"I will pay anything, even the whole of my life!" cried the Woman, still more eagerly.

"That may not be enough, but I will take it on account." The Second Merchant smiled as he clasped the cloak about her thin shoulders, and the smile warmed her heart even as the soft gray garment warmed her trembling limbs.

"And what is the name of this cloak?" she asked.

"It is called the Mantle of Love," replied the Second Merchant softly.

"But that was the name of the beautiful but worthless garment!" she protested in disbelief.

"That was the false name its owner gave it," the Second Merchant answered.

The Woman purchased the gray cloak and left the marketplace, thoughtfully fingering its rough folds.

For a while she wore the cloak unobtrusively, diffidently, before the eyes of other women. But as months passed

and it grew softer and its folds kept her safe and warm in the bitterest weather, she wore it proudly, but unboastingly. In time there came little ones into her life, but the cloak amply covered all and brought to all comfort and happiness.

After many years the Woman returned for the third time to the marketplace, seeking the Second Merchant. When she found

him, "See," she said gratefully, "this is indeed the true Mantle of Love. How wonderfully it has worn!"

"It cannot wear thin," replied the Second Merchant, with the same warming smile of blue eyes. "Its warp is Unselfishness and its woof Understanding."

"Of what, then, was the false cloak woven?" asked the Woman curiously.

"Its warp was Self-indulgence and its woof Lust."

"And its true name?"

"Its true name was the Cloak of Man's Passion," replied the Second Merchant.

Cheerful Senility

MY, IT'S great, though, to be forty!
Kindo' uppish-like and snorty!
Never knew the joy of living—
Finding, losing, taking, giving,
Loving, helping, eating, drinking,
Dreaming, hoping, resting, thinking—
Till my twoscore race I'd run.
Lord, but being forty's fun!

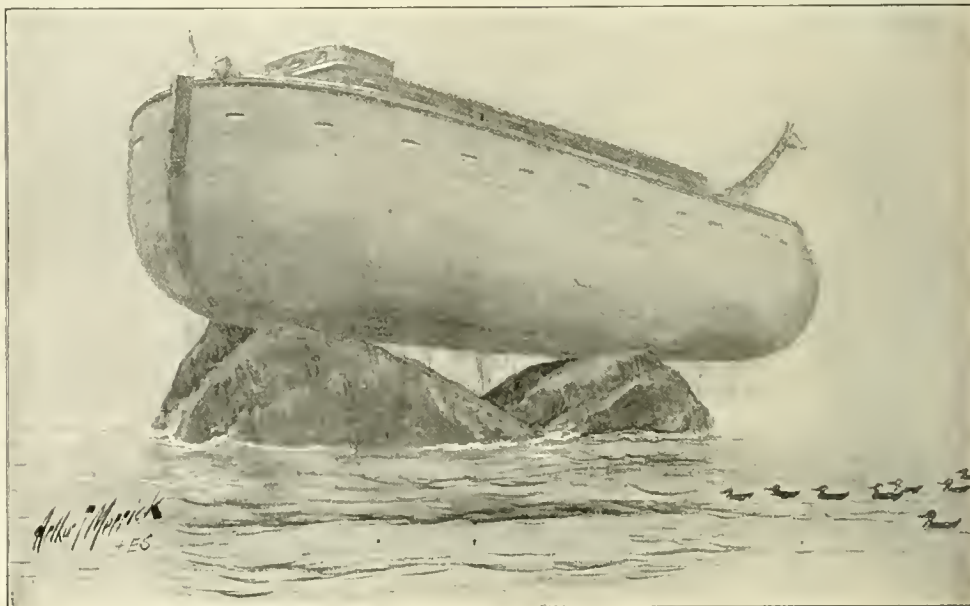
Wasn't recommended to me!
Thrill was new when it went through me.
Had been told that it was tough—
Told that thirty's old enough.
Guess, though, they were only fooling.
Now I'm wild, impatient, drooling
For some more years. Bet it's nifty
When a feller can be fifty!

—Strickland Gillilan.

Nothing Doing

Madge—Papa says that capital is very timid on account of the war.

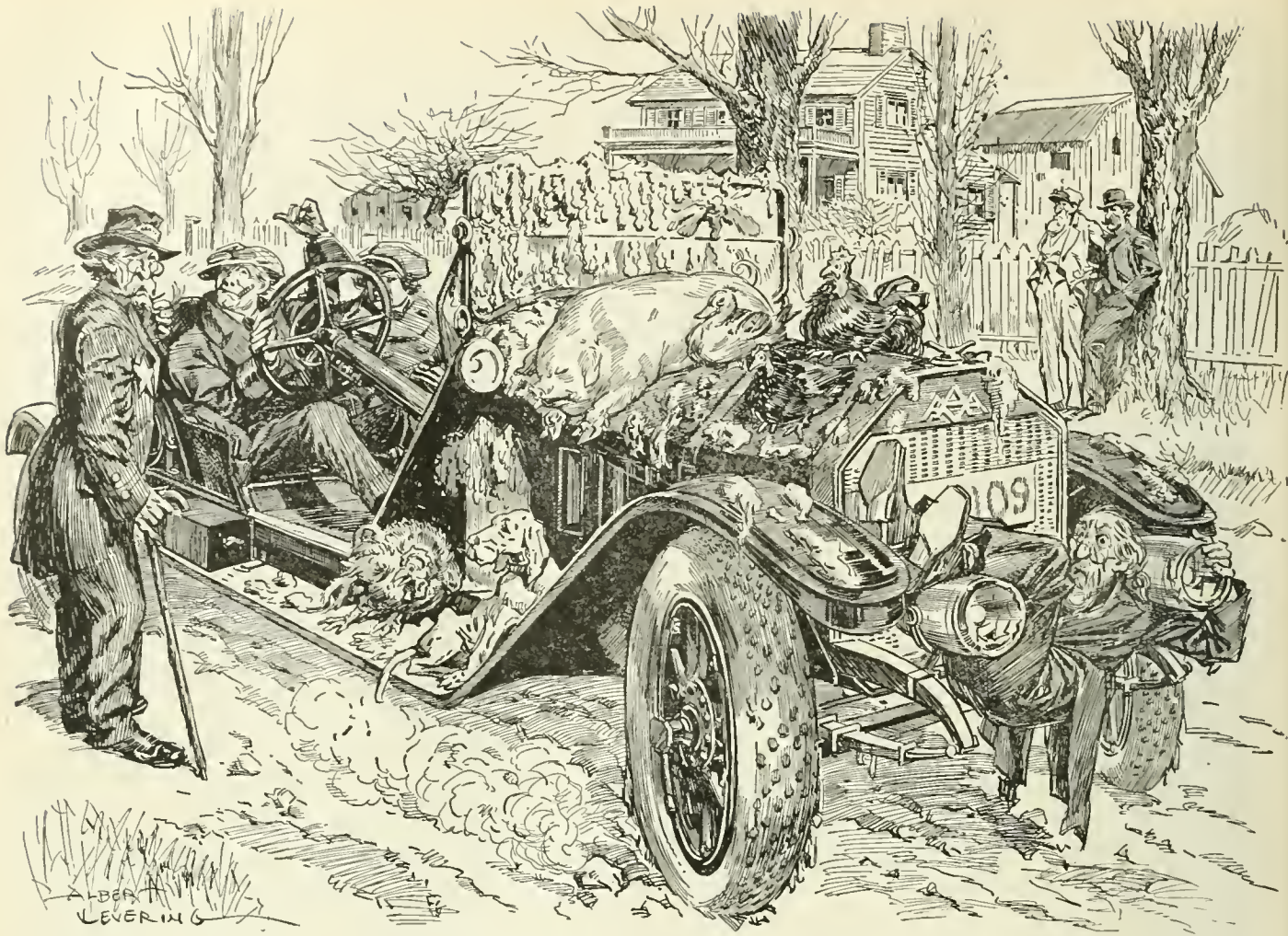
Marjorie—Nobody knows that better than I do. I've flirted with half-a-dozen rich young men since the war broke out, and I haven't had a single proposal.



THE FIRST DREADNOUGHT



THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE



THE MOTORIST FETCHED 'EM ALONG

"Exceeding the speed limit? Say, can you blame me? Look at that fine stretch of road back there, and never a soul on it!"

A MERRY-GO-ROUND arrived in Egg View Tuesday afternoon, to the delight of local music lovers, including Witt Larcom, who is learning to whistle some of it.

While watching the merry-go-round Wednesday night, Ote Gimber's horse was seized with a dizzy spell and had to be unhitched.

At the lawn social in front of the schoolhouse Friday evening, Cylindra Berger stopped talking

long enough to hustle a bug out of her mouth.

Snakes are reported very plentiful this season, and Sherm Spoor is arranging to run zigzag fashion, in order to be very elusive, should any of them take after him.

Ambrose Crosslots says: "Rich relatives party often prove to be icebergs in the sea of matrimony. The higher the brow, the more room fur wrinkles, accordin' to the pessimist."

EGG VIEW NOTES

By LESLIE VAN EVERY

A committee, consisting of Chet Lumley, Ote Gimber and the agent, drove down to Sherm Spoor's Thursday afternoon, to protest vigorously against Sherm's reckless method of running his motor bicycle. Ote's horse took an active part in the kicking.

Monday noon Tink Nitz's wife sent him over to Dow Ludlum's place after a wringer, which action on her part led Tink to tell her, before starting, that he thought she looked apple-hungry, therefore he'd take his fish pole along and knock her down some nice ones.

According to Lem Bushnell, by far the bravest man in this neighborhood, next to Corny Paine, Moon Lake was recently the scene of a great deal of excitement. Lem stopped in the grocery yesterday to claim that quite early Friday morning, before breakfast, he got into a boat and rowed out to the middle of the lake, where he was

busy at work getting the whole of an extra lively angleworm out of his bait can, when all to once he heard a fluttering of wings. Looking up quickly, he discovered that a large flying fish had perched on the seat in the bow of the boat, to rest awhile. Cautiously an oar was reached after, seized and raised for a death-dealing blow, before Lem tipped the boat, lost his balance and fell out backward. The loud shouting, in which he decided to immediately engage, attracted the attention of nobody, so Lem swum to the shore and went directly home.

Compensation

Despite his sign, "Please help the blind,"

Don't think the guy's "in Dutch."

Instead of sight, I think you'll find

He's gained a sense of touch.

Not Exactly

"Isn't Jones a dreamer?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, his castles in the air generally include an heiress."



IS THERE?

"Is there anything else that you want, my dear?"

I N B O H E M I A

By BURGESS JOHNSON

IT WAS a sad story that I wrung from my good friend Tompkins, whom I found lunching alone at a corner table. This, as accurately as I can recall it, is what he told me:

"For so old a lady, my Aunt Hetty has the most romantic nature imaginable. Living as she does in a little Western town, where little or nothing ever happens, the cravings of her soul must be satisfied by experiences at secondhand. With diffidence I admit that I was one of the chief sources of her joy and excitement, for do I not

live in the metropolis, and am I not on speaking terms with men who have written books and painted pictures? I am sure that she always pictured me living a life of violent excitement and unreprieve, dashing from salon to salon, and from studio tea to Bohemian soiree, listening eternally to epigrams and replying in hexameter.

"I confess," sighed my friend Tompkins, "that I aided in establishing this little misconception of hers, but only from the kindest motives. I certainly never

suspected how much I stimulated her until I read her letter announcing that she would make a three-day visit to New York. Two of those days were filled with all the museums and galleries and other frivolities that so old a lady could stand, yet it was very evident that something important was lacking from her experiences. On the morning of the last day it came out. We had done nothing 'Bohemian.' I had a fairly definite idea of what the phrase meant to her, but I felt an utter inability to supply the experience.

"I want you to take me," she said, with a dreamy expression of her eyes, 'to one of those musty little restaurants where all the artists and writers go. I want to see some of them in their natural haunts and not when they are having their pictures taken. You know, my dear,' she added, with one of her little chirping, excited laughs, 'how I worship artistic genius.'

"You can understand my feelings," said Tompkins. "I did not want to disappoint the old lady and spoil the end of her visit. I hadn't the heart to tell her that most of the names which were a part of that vision of hers belonged to men who were probably at this moment



POOL TERM
REVERSE ENGLISH



at home coaling the furnace or putting the baby to bed. I couldn't tell her that almost the only sincere Bohemians I ever saw were manicure girls. I hadn't the heart.

"All right, aunty," I said. "Get on your things and we will start right along."

"It must be small," I thought, "and one



"Sir! how dare you address me! Stand aside and let me pass!"

is as good as another, for all the celebrated authors I can find. As for the illustrators, if any are dining out to-night, they would be at the St. Regent."

"My aunt's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm as we entered the dingy room in one of Denman's eating places, and she was delighted as we took our seats and I started out to do my own serving. I think that her attitude of mind would have sprinkled the tinsel dust of Bohemia over the floor and furniture of any establishment, but somehow this seemed especially to fit her fancy.

"I had nodded familiarly to the cashier as I came in, and the cashier had nodded back in a most satisfactory fashion—a good beginning, at any rate. Just now there entered a roughly dressed individual in high boots. I think he may have been an engineer on some neighboring construction work. Inspiration seized me; I nudged my

aunt. 'There goes Erving Macheller,' I whispered. 'Wrote "Heben Olden"—all that sort of thing. Great woodsman—never could get him into civilized clothes.' I nodded to him familiarly. He glanced at me with some surprise, glanced at my aunt, included us both in a very courteous bow and departed for his chair, with a large bowl of crackers and milk in his hands. 'Nice fellow,' I whispered to my aunt; 'but solitary.'

"Success on this first trial made me overconfident. My aunt was fairly glowing with delight. Several people had entered the restaurant, but none served my purpose. Just then a bent old man passed the desk. His hair was gray and so long that it spread out upon his shoulders; he had an alert though soiled face and a bright eye. He was distinctly a character. Again I nudged my aunt. 'There goes John Montgomery Glagg, the artist,' I whispered; and as he passed our chairs, I nodded cordially to him. My smile and bow met instant response. His face lit up, he bowed with emphasis and immediately placed his frayed old hat in the chair next to mine.

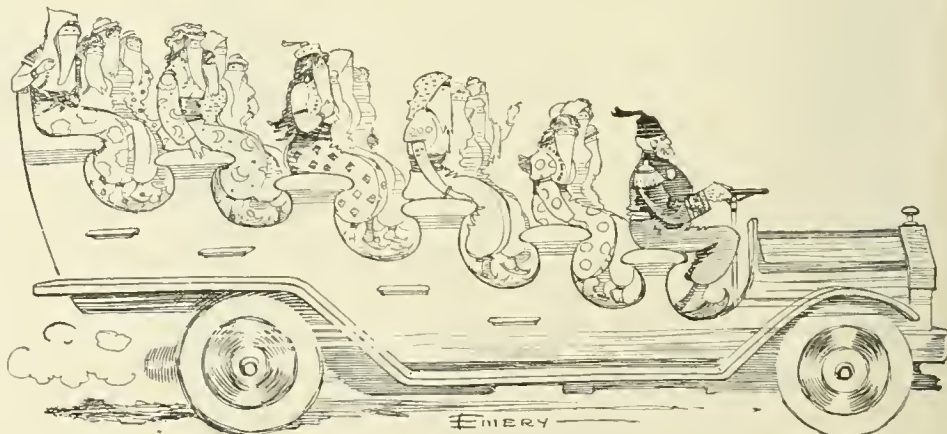
"Matters were perhaps approaching a crisis, but I determined to die in a blaze of glory. People were crowding in now, and I named them as rapidly as my excited imagination permitted. I found it hard to explain why Charles Denny Hibson kept his hat on and to justify George Bart McHutcheon's habit of eating with his knife, but my aunt's firm belief in the eccentricities of genius and the constant distraction of her attention by some new arrival helped me amazingly. I was disturbed in my cat-

aloguing by a constant nudging of my elbow by the soiled old gentleman on my left. I wanted to suppress him as far as possible, as there seemed very little opportunity to tell him his name. Finally I found an opportunity to turn to him, while my aunt absorbedly watched Dr. Lyman Babbott and Mr. Hamilton Wright Perhaps as they devoured surprisingly large mouthfuls of Denman's most popular viands—'coffee and sinkers.'

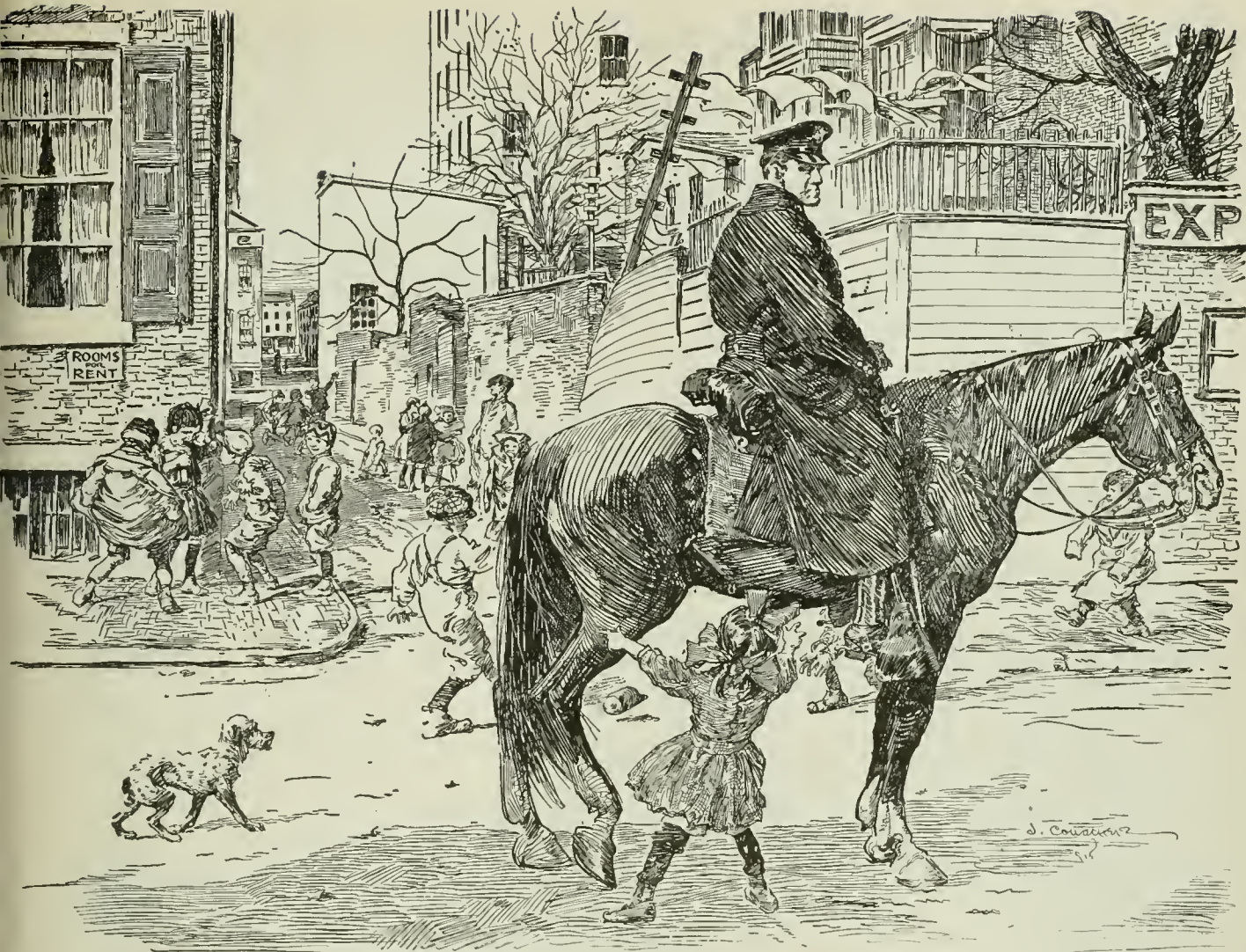
"What do you want?" I said impatiently to John Montgomery Glagg. He beamed upon me cordially.

"Old friend," he answered, in a very small voice, 'didn't suppose I'd ever see you again. Lend me a quarter.' I felt that his services were worth it. I poked a quarter into his hand before aunty had turned for more information.

"Just as I was pointing out a sharp-faced little man with fierce mustaches as Irving Hobb, the war correspondent, and his weather-beaten neighbor with the chin whiskers as Joseph Clincoln, a most surprising thing happened. I saw coming in at the door in their actual human forms Mr. Willis Butler Parker and Tom Mason, the eminent humorists. Scarcely believing my eyes, I actually ran half way across the room to greet them. They received me gravely. I think they felt I was embarrassed to be found dining with an old lady at Denman's. Of course I introduced them at once to my aunt. There were no seats near us, but they stood and chatted pleasantly for a few moments while I went over to the counter and selected dessert. I was gone as long as possible, for I felt that the



A TURKISH RUNABOUT



THE SQUEALER

occurrence certainly saved the day for me.

"When I returned, bearing a bowl of baked apple in either hand, my friends made their bows and sought their seats.

"I glanced at my aunt triumphantly, but what was my astonishment to be greeted with a frown, and I saw that she was gathering her things about her and preparing to rise.

"I don't want any dessert," she said curtly. "I want to go."

"I set the dishes down weekly, held her wrap for her and followed her to the door. She smiled again, though feebly, at the cashier as I paid my check, and heard her remark torchingly to the manager, 'I ain't personally acquainted with any well-dressed feller that blows his mother to a twenty-cent meal.'

"What's the matter, mummy?" I said, as soon as we

got outside. She turned on me sharply. 'I have been deceived,' she said. 'You have taken advantage of my credulity in a way that I can never forgive.'

"She was evidently not in the mood to be questioned, and I hardly dared break the silence as we walked up the street toward my lodgings.

"Suddenly she burst forth again. 'I believed in Mr. Macheller,' she said, 'and Mr. Glagg and Ida Harbell and President Heliot and all the rest. But when those last two men came in, and they talked to me about stocks and bonds and the weather, and I looked at them, I realized that neither by any possibility could be a humorist.

And then all of a sudden I understood the whole terrible deception.'

"I got her on the train," said Tompkins, "and there you are."

He munched his food for a few minutes in gloomy silence. "All I get out of it is this," he said finally; "when you start out on a good, thorough job of lying, don't mix any truth in with it. But, anyhow, it's my opinion that no man has got a right to be a humorist and not look the part."



MAKE AND BREAK

"They say, dear, that it takes seven tailors to make a man."
 "And I say that one milliner can break him."



An April Maid

UNDER long and luring lashes
Violets in dewy guise!
That's the witching charm of Hilda—
April's in her eyes!



All the radiant sunlit
luster
That the daffodillies
wear!
That's the witching
charm of Hilda—
April's in her hair!

Just the welling lyric
music

As when vernal rills rejoice!
That's the witching charm of Hilda—
April's in her voice!

All the day from dawn till duskfall
Tears and laughter, sun and shade!
That's the witching charm of Hilda—
She's an April maid!

—Clinton Scollard.

Milkman's Joke

THE MILKMAN
drove blithely
into town. A cus-
tomer came out and
passed up his pitcher
for a gallon of milk
at ten cents a quart.
A fifty-cent piece
was tendered. The
milkman took it,
and while removing
his mittens to make
the change, the cus-
tomer remarked,

"Found a fish in
that milk I got
from you yester-
day."

"That so?" asked
the milkman, paus-
ing in making the
change.

"Yes; it was quite
a good-sized min-
now."

The milkman
tossed the half dol-
lar into his cash box

and commanded his horse to move on, leav-
ing the customer without his change.

"Hold on! I want my change!" called
the customer, dancing along after the wagon.

The milkman stuck his head out and an-
swered, "My price is ten cents each for
good-sized minnows."

His Luck Inherited

"Mr. Winkins," said Johnnie to the
young man he had just queered with his
sister, "it says here 'descendants of the
patriarchs.' Was Jonah a patriarch?"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"But who are Jonah's descendants?"

"Jinxes, Johnnie."

Its Usual Remark

Master Bilton—Pa, what does money say
when it talks?

Bilton, Sr. (speaking from personal ex-
perience)—Good-by!

Spring Notes

A STREAK of crimson past my window
flies—

A robin's breast against the azure skies;
My pulses thrill to harbingers of spring,
And then my wife doth in my study fling
And pipe this query, "Are you sure that you
Know when your life insurance will come
due?"

On naked boughs a tracery of green,
Along the border paths young plants are
seen,

And twittering of mating birds I hear;
Then comes my wife with voice of anxious
fear,

"You know, my love, that we must move
in May,

And we've a month's rent in advance to
pay."

I smell the fresh-turned earth, and country-
ward

My thoughts are turning; on the springy
sward

I see the lowly worm

—a vision gleams

Of rod and line and
tranquil - running
streams,

And I a happy no-
nomad—when I
hear,

"We've got to have
new rugs this
spring, I fear."

And so it goes!

Spring hats,

spring coats,

spring suit,

New curtains, then

new dishes, and,

to boot,

New furnishings

throughout the

house, until

From spring is taken

poetry and thrill.

The only sounds

which through

dulled senses

creep

And find response

is when birds

sing, "Cheap?

Cheap?"

—Ella O. Burroughs.



Boy in water (teeth chattering)—C-c-come on in, f-f-fellers. It's as w-w-warm as t-t-toast!



Jinks, who lived next door—the sweetest hour I ever knew; my satisfaction grew and grew, the more he ripped and swore. The village banker, good and great, the man who deals in real estate, the lordly merchant prince, the leading lawyer, learned and grand—they all are gladdest when they hand the other chap a quince.

It fills my bosom with distress this human weakness to confess, it gives your nerves a jar; but mighty few of us are saints, and you should boost the gent who paints us mortals as we are.

Gentlewomanly

BETTY is a year old. She does not talk. One of her Christmas dolls won immediate favor. It had a pretty pink face and dainty clothes—details inspected by Betty with rapture. Then Betty looked at the feet. The dress was short, so there was a good deal of feet; and they not only, but also the legs, appeared to be black. Shoes and stockings were black—all black!

Betty started. She recoiled. The black seemed impossible! Excitedly the baby mother draws up her own little white dress and inspects her own legs and feet. "There! They are white, of course!" Another glance at the unfortunate foundling, and the doll is rejected.

But later it is reclaimed and fondled; yet always the little black extremities bring Betty's eager delight to an abrupt end. She regards the black color as not to be condoned, and the doll regretfully.

If the child is father of the man, then Baby Betty must nurture within her tiny personality all the elemental traits of the woman; for thus early does the essentially womanly virtue shine out. Betty evinces her title clear to sweet resignation in the face of the inevitable, characteristic of every true woman since the world began.

Now it is that when the doll's black legs obtrude, Betty sees them, to be sure—even pauses to look sadly at the somber effect—but she bears up. There is no hint of abandonment. There is merely the manner expressive of: "Yes, they certainly are all wrong; they are black. White they should be, but they are not white. Not white as they ought to be, but black as they ought not to be. That's what they are, black, and it can't be helped. But she is a nice doll!"

—Tod Chenevix.

I SAW my little Willie swap his jackknife for an old tin top, the which he gayly spins, and while it whirls its merry race, he wears upon his freckled face some fifteen kinds of grins.

He thinks he made a corking trade. "That jackknife hadn't any blade," he says; "it was a frost. I gave two marbles and some chalk to Billy Bones, across the block—that's all the blamed thing cost. But this here top's as good as new; I never saw a top could do so niftily its trick. I guess the kid I got it from—his name is Ebenezer Tom—is feeling pretty sick."

"My son," I say, "it's wrong to gloat because you got a comrade's goat or stuck him in a swap; if Ebenezer Tom feels sore and comes around to make a roar, just hand him back his top."

"I'll see him dead and buried first!" says Willie, with an ardent burst of eloquence sublime. "We traded fishpoles last July, and then I got it in the eye. I've evened things this time." So Willie twirls his twinkling top, and I suppose he'll never stop till time to go to bed; he is as happy as the bird that sings a roundelay absurd until it splits its head.

"The boy's the father of the man," remarked an ancient also-ran, whose name has been mislaid; and that old bromide, gray and sere, the relic of a bygone year, is truthful, I'm afraid. Our gladdest madrigals are sung when we with energy have flung the harpoon at a friend; when we have cinched an extra wheel by closing up some shady deal, our griefs and troubles end.

Of course you'll say it isn't true; at least it won't apply to you—you're straighter than two strings. You hate and loathe all crooked trades, and just above your shoulder blades you're growing flossy wings. But all the rest of us, I know, experience a pleasant glow when we have made a kill—when we, because of webs we spin, the unearned increment take in, until it fills the till.

My gladdest day, I do declare, was when I swapped an old blind mare to



CALLING HIS BLUFF

Real estate agent—As you see, this lot is only a stone's throw from the trolley
Prospective purchaser—Here's a stone; let's see you prove it.



AS SHE PASSED

"Oh, a society leader, is she?" "Yes; and she's had good training, too." "In what way?" "She fought to get into society."

The Triumph of Intimacy

NOW ARTIFICE has grown passe
And Nature holds unquestioned sway,
I hope, my dear, to have you leave



Your blue and purple
wigs behind,
And scorn the trappings
that deceive
And catch the eye of
all mankind.

Erase the rouge, the
liquid white,
The eyebrow pencil-
ings so black;

Forget the bella donna bright
And leave the switch upon its rack.
I promise you I will not flee—
My love will stand the sudden jar;
But, oh, 'twill be a treat to me
Just once to see you—as you are!

—Berton Braley.

Bobby's Fruitless Search

Bobby heard his mother tell his father
that her mother, who was ill, was in a
comatose state and she must go to her at
once.

Bobby immediately ran for his geography
and looked diligently for some time through
it. Finally he brought it to his father and
said, "Father, I can't find the state of
comatose in here. Will you?"

Beauty in a Beastly Mood

Doctor—Do you suffer from morning
headaches?

Debutante—Certainly I suffer. If I en-
joyed them as I do a highball, I certainly
shouldn't have consulted you.

The Danger of It

Mrs. Hokus—My husband says I have
made another man of him.

Mrs. Pokus—You'd better look out, or
the first thing you know he'll be looking
around for another man's wife.

From John Smith's Diary

Noteing thatte eache shyppe brot toe our
shores nothunge butte menne, we resolved
toe brynge over some suiteable wyves from
England, thatte ye new nation mighte notte
be a stagge nation. Ye expense for these
wyves we decided to lette ye husband pro-
vyde accordinge to hys substance, therebye
making itte a doenation.

Satan Et Al

Satan sat on the wall looking over into
the Garden at Adam and Eve sitting in the
shade of the first apple tree.

"Um—er," he mused. "Two's company
and three's a crowd, but what else is to be
done under the circumstances?"

Thereupon he butted in, and
the world has been crowded ever
since.

Story of a Wicked City's Life

A man stops on Broadway and
looks puzzled.

Two boys stop.

Three women and a child stop.

Several men stop.

A taxi stops.

More men stop.

A car stops.

Two policemen arrive.

Three taxis stop.

A fight starts.

The patrol is called.

It knocks down a boy.

A woman faints.

The ambulance is called.

The reserves are called.

The fire alarm is rung.

The engines come.

Broadway is closed to traffic.

The man remembers the address
and continues his walk up Broad-
way.

—Charles Edwin, Jr.

He Starts Things

"**T**HE kind of man that makes things go."
Appealed to Kitty Carter;
"Be he of humble rank and low,
Or Knight of Star and Garter."
"Then you should wed," said Sister Flo.
"A liveried carriage starter."

Even Worse

Patrice—Is there anything as bad as being
all dressed up and nowhere to go?

Penelope—Yes; fixing for company and
having nobody call.

Uncle Solomon, of Slowtown, Says

"Love may be blind, but marriage is a
first-rate eye-opener."





NOBODY HOME

Step Up!

SPRING, love and danger.

Several billion ladies and gentlemen have made mistakes; they only thought it was love. There's the danger. Spring does the rest; and afterward—frequently there is no rest.

Beware of ultra idealization. A girl with a face like an angel's may possess a temper like a young volcano. A young man who seems the soul of chivalry may be a fourflusher or a lawyer. A damsel with radiant eyes, glorious hair, Junoesque form and a ravishing complexion may develop into a cosmic chill. You never can tell.

A gentle, sweet, clinging little lady, with a voice like running waters, may have an indomitable will and a .0000001-16 brain. In marriage this proves the combination which softly unlocks just forty years of agony for the larger partner. Then he passes out.

Girls, never trust a man who has no money. The grocer won't.

Young man, remember how your Uncle Charles's life was blighted by Aunt Mary's habit of speaking at length. A tongue that doubles on its tracks gets nowhere, but it creates excitement.

Nor do silk stockings make a fine disposition.

Gentlemen, is it better to wake up in the morning with a bunch of curl papers or a wad to pay your way?

Ladies, in selecting a mate, you have to be shown. Take nothing for granted but

his general foolishness. If you think you both have a divine passion which will last for life, tell him your father is a terrific tightwad.

Marriage is:

Stimulating or
Enervating,
Horrifying or helpful.

It has a way of getting under the skin like nothing else.

And yet—spring is here.

Looks.

Kisses.

Love.

Sighs.

In the order named.

Waiting for you!

If it is your turn, step up to the dough dish, your proud face illumined by the glory of that matchless aurora borealis which sheds its radiance through the ages.

—Fred Ladd.



RAISING CAIN

A Misnomer

The husband is the household's head—

The name's not of my picking.

Let's change it to the foot instead,

Because he's often kicking.

What Should He Take for It?

Motorist skids across the street and hits another machine. "Pardon me, but I am suffering from auto-intoxication."



MAKING HAY WHILE THE SON SHINES

The Nature Lover

I LIKE the country for the charms
Which linger in its ample space:
The valley-dimples on its face,
The hills which form a forehead bank
To streams which bleat with shy alarms;
The winging of the feathered choir
In openness, the vernal wood,
The wildstuff growing thick and rank,
The trees which shade, the perfumed buds,
The roads man-made for thwacks and
thuds
Of horses' hoofs or fleeting tire—
I like the country. It is good.

I like the city. There is shown
The strength which moves the world.
And there
Comes the first hint of needful care
For self—for there self finds its fight,
And finds that fight for self alone.
The best that's battered out of man
Reveals itself on city street,
In sunny day or dim-dark night;
There man is recognized as worth
The space he occupies on earth.
His worth is molded in i s plan—
I like the city. It is sweet.

—A. Walter Utting.

At the Chauffeur's Ball

"Why didn't Miss Hipower speak to you?"
"She must be wearing snubbers to-night."



A MIDSUMMER REFLECTION

Vanished Pleasures

FERD FLASHLEIGH used to take delight
In flirting with the footlight queens;
Dressed in his best, he went each night
To pay them court behind the scenes.
But photoplays have spoiled his game;
No more each eve he primps and preens,
For all is empty, blank and tame,
In picture shows, behind the screens.

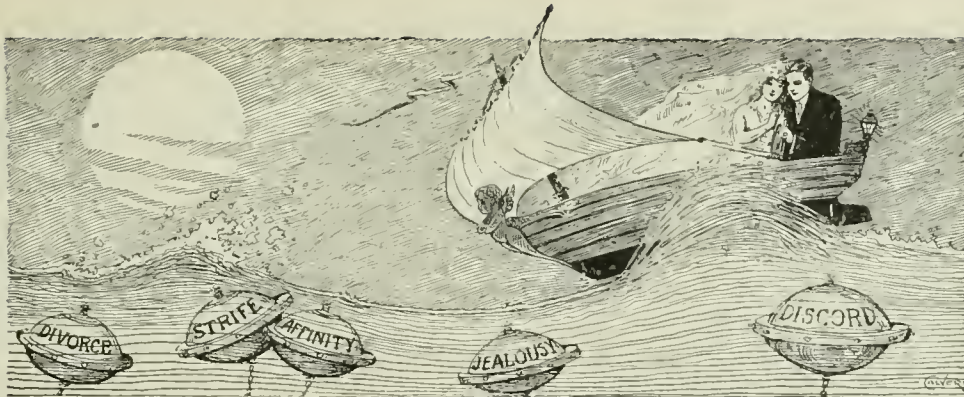
—Charles A. Leedy.

What He Hoped

Overheard in a Southern hotel after a
night of much disturbance caused by noisy
domestics, washing dishes, etc.
Wife—Oh! What is that explosion?
Sleepy husband—I don't know. I hope
they are discharging the servants.

Cautious

Mrs. Crawford—I saw your husband mo-
toring to-day. He seems to be a careful
driver.
Mrs. Crabshaw—Indeed he is. He gener-
ally makes a car last until a new model is
out.



ALSO MINED—THE SEA OF MATRIMONY



The Bat

THIS is a bat. There are many kinds of bats, varying in shape, shade and appetite. All of them, however, have two common characteristics: they are always upside down in the daytime and they stay out all night. The bat is built like a bi-plane, behaves like a swallow and sounds like a mouse. He belongs to the mammals, is allied to the birds and is something of a reptile. He is a sort of fusionist who could without prejudice or embarrassment stand for any platform that would stand for him. Once when the Birds and the Beasts were at war, the bat was always found with the victors. He proved himself a bird by the evidence of his wings, and not a bird because he had teeth and hair and never originated from an egg. He eventually got what was coming to him when peace was declared and a dual alliance was formed: he was cut in two and divided between friends. The more light on a subject, the less it becomes visible to a bat. This is probably due to his habit of spending half of his existence with his head where his tail ought to be. The bat, however, has a highly developed and specialized sense of touch—a faculty met with in most all-nighters—and this characteristic keeps him free from many entanglements. The bat family is a very old one. It dates back beyond the Eocene Period, which is considerably earlier than the landing of the *Mayflower*. Still, in spite of his ancient line-

age, the bat has not improved mentally or physically in a million years, which seems to prove that ancestry is no asset and that night work does not conduce to a high order of efficiency. The present status of the bat also shows the futility of being a little of everything and nothing much of anything. Don't be a bat. —Maurice Switzer.

The Days of Real Sport

Teacher—The centaurs were creatures with the head and arms of a man and the body of a horse.

Billy (the Ty Cobb of his team)—Gee! what a combination for battin' and base runnin'!

Fencing

They were discussing the war.

"In France," said Mr. Cityman, "the men are all expert fencers."

"Wall, I swan!" exclaimed Farmer Meddergrass. "Rail 'or barbed wire?"

Cause for Dislike

"I don't like that man."

"Don't like him? Why, my dear fellow, you don't know him!"

"That's why I don't like him. He refuses to meet me."

The Exception

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," quoted the philosopher.

"You can't make the man who plants his own garden believe that," replied the suburbanite.

Coming of Spring

YOU think you hear the robin's note, And skyward look to find her. But you are fooled; the sounds that float Come from an organ grinder.

Language

"You will find this tar paper very good for moths," said the salesman.

"I don't doubt it," replied the customer; "but what I want is somethings that's bad for them."



AND THEY SAY GOLF IS NOT A DANGEROUS GAME!



MORAL: DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO TAKE YOUR VACATION

Fairies

DO FAIRIES move the first of May?

If so, I hope they come our way.
We have the choicest vacant lots,
Both hardy plants and flowers in pots.

We'll ask no rent, nor charge for light,
If, when the moon is shining bright
And they are dancing on the green,
They'll let us watch the pretty scene.

The frogs will make, when nights are short,
The music for their elfin sport,
And bees bring in a supper rare
For those who like the bill of fare.

A lily filled with dewdrops cold,
Next honey in a rose leaf rolled,
And last of all a firefly's wing
Would make a feast to please their king.

Then, as the dawn begins to break,
Back to our beds our way we'll take,
And not one word our lips shall pass
About what happened on the grass.

—Kate B. Burton.

Going Several Better

She (proudly)—My ancestors came to this country on the *Mayflower*.

Her rival (triumphantly)—Pooh! I always thought you came from a lot of cheap skates! My ancestors came over first cabin in a Cunard liner!

Every Man to His Trade

A bank should be cleaned out by the janitor, not by the cashier.

A hen can't lay the dust any more than a watering cart can lay an egg.

No boy can spin a web like a spider, but a spider can't spin a top like a boy.

A dentist can't draw a picture any better than an artist can draw a tooth.

Any one can pick a quarrel, but it requires a certain amount of skill to pick a lock.

Some men are handy with their hands, and some with their feet.
Some are knockers, and some are kickers.

Mother Wit

Mother (to son who has overslept)—You need a self-starter to get you up in the morning.

Son (sotto voce)—Not when I have a crank like you to get me going.

A Different Slant

Rankin—Beanbrough has a terrible cold in his head from raising his hat to the ladies.

Phyle—That's an altogether new form of the tipping evil.

Able To Handle It

"MR. PASTE is the only man in our block who doesn't dread election day."

"How's that?"

"Well, the ballot is anywhere from six to ten feet long nowadays, but he is a paper-hanger, so he isn't afraid to tackle it."



Tourist's daughter—Why, mother, you said these people were ignorant, and I just heard them speaking Spanish.



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A V A C A N T L O T



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



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A Bold Reproach

"Na, lassen Sie sich nur die Skandalgeschichte von der Frau Obersekretär Leichter erzählen." "Die hab' ich vorhin schon von der Frau Kontrolleur Zanglein erfahren!" "Was, mit dieser Klatschbase mögen Sie verkehren?"

"Oh, let me tell you the scandal about the first secretary's wife, Mrs. Leichter!"

"I've already been told of it by the comptroller's wife, Mrs. Zanglein."

"What! You associate with that old gossip!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Village constable (to the vicar, who has been hurrying to fetch fire engine)—So your 'ouse is afire, is it? Ah! I've bin a-watchin' that light. Didn't expect to run into me, did you? 'Ow 'm I to know you bain't signalin' to Germany?—*Punch* (London).



The Holiday Hunter

"To si nedejte legraci! Vsakim se s vámi o hekták, ze to ani nesnité, co za pul dne postrilim." "Co? Takovy packár! Plati!"

"Do not joke! I bet you a measure of wine that you cannot eat what I shoot in half a day."

"Why, certainly we bet with you! You'll have to pay."—*Humoristicke Listy* (Prague).



Copyright, *Meggendorfer Blaetter*

Primerer (im café, als sein Professor sich ihm gegenüber setzt)—Zum Kuckuck, nun habe ich gerade sein Lieblatt erwischt.

Schoolboy (in the cafe, as his professor sits down at the next table)—Oh, the deuce! I've just picked up his favorite newspaper! —*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



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"Und warum meinst du, das deine Winterlandschaft in der Ausstellung gar nicht wirkt?" "Nun, weil sie gerade über dem Gitter der Zentralheizung hängt."

"Why do you think your winter landscape isn't effective in this exhibition?"

"Why, it's hanging right over the radiator."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



In Turkey—Now

Wives of a private soldier on active service in Egypt applying for the separation allowance at the Turkish ministry of war.—*Bystander* (London).



Scenes in Madrid

San Antan—Patron de los animales! A ver! cebada para cuarenta caballos. Caricatura por sileno.

Priest—St. Anthony, patron saint of animals! Forty-horse-power—and no horses! —*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).



Hubby My dear, we'll be late for the ball. Aren't you nearly undressed?

'Twixt Devil and Deep

IT WAS a bright summer morning in Savannah when two ladies of color met at the corner of Broad and Oglethorpe. Said one, "Mandy, Ah heah yo'-all was out skiff ridin' wif Mistah Jackson las' evenin'."

"Yassum," said Mandy, "Ah suttinly was out ridin' wif Mistah Jackson las' evenin'; an' Ah wants to toll yo' Ah's powuhful disconfustered in that gemman—powuhful!"

"Why, Mandy! Whut all's de mattah wif Mistah Jackson? Ah heah he's a puffec' gemman, Ah do."

"Puffec' gemman!" exploded Mandy. "Puffec' gemman, huh! Yo' know whut that low-down niggah do? That scoun'el done git me out dah in that ah boat, right plumb in de middle ob de ribber. Then that amoriferous coon he 'low he gwine kiss me; yassum, jes' lak Ah's tollin' yo'.

Co'se Ah 'low he ain't gwine do any sech thing. Then that niggah 'low he gwine kiss me, an' if Ah 'jects, he gwine upst de boat an' drown us bofe. Yassum, he say that ve'y thing."

Mandy paused and seemed loath to continue the narrative. Her listener waited impatiently and then burst forth,

"An' whut yo'-all do then, Mandy, when that niggah done act so scan'lous?"

"Whut Ah do! Huh! Whut Ah do!" And Mandy moved scornfully down the street. "Well, yo'-all ain't heah o' any niggahs bein' drowned, has yo'?"

—Paul A. Riston.

Cunning Willie

Little Willie's kind o' funny—

Takes it after Uncle Lafe.

Swallowed all his sister's money—

Said that he was "playing safe"!

—Strickland Gillilan.

The True Romance

OH, KEEPER of the keys of love,
Which only may unlock life's gate,
Woman: who keeps the keys of love
Holds fast the keys of fate!

Open the door, and, as I pass
Beneath the arch thereof,
Wipe out of me my love of law;
Write in your law of love.

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Too Bad Murder's Forbidden

"How much are those mouse-colored shoes?"

"Seven dollars."

"Why are they so high?"

"European war."

"I thought the Suedes were neutral?"

Few photographs of the unco guid would be accepted as illustrations of happiness.



EATING OUT OF HIS HAND
The kind of submission the graduate expects.

The Maid for My Heart

I HAVE no taste for the type that is
tragic,
Nor for the one that's a-flutter with fears;
Give me the maid that is mirthful and
magical—

April a-smile, though she melt into tears!
Hair like a halo, the hue of the marigold;
Lips like the rose with its petals apart.
Though her wealth be but the glamour of
fairy gold,
She is the maid for my heart!

I have no liking for hauteur or haughtiness,
Though it be gowned in perfection of fit;
Rather a sauciness, rather a naughtiness,
Leavened with laughter and tempered
with wit!
Eyes like the dawn when the May seems a
miracle—

Hill slope and vale like a blossomy chart—
And a low voice like a brook that is lyrical,
She is the maid for my heart!

I have no use for the maid who is mannish-
like,
Nor for the one with a face like a psalm;
I cannot cotton to one who is clannish-like,
Or who discourses on Buddha and Brahm!
Give me the one who will never be "blue"
to me,

Just a dear comrade without any art;
So she be winsome, and so she be true to me,
She is the maid for my heart!

—Clinton Scollard.

Conclusive

Penelope—Marcella
was in the clairvoyant's
room for two hours.

Percival—She must
have been having her
future told.

Penelope—Why are
you so certain of that?

Percival—It would
have taken the clair-
voyant two weeks to
have told her past.

For Short

"Howard, last night
in your sleep you spoke
several times of Marg-
uerite. Who is
she?"

"Why, Peaches, that
was my sister's name."

"Howard! Your sister's
name was Maude."

"Yes, Peaches; but
we called her Margue-
rite for short."

His Long Reach

"I've got the best
memory of anybody in

this neighborhood!" boasted old Uncle
Rippy. "Why, I can actually recollect the
time when a cabinet organ was regarded as
a musical instrument!"

Trials of a Suburbanite

Each springtime makes him sick of life,
While pulling up the weeds;
The chickens cluck to see his wife
Now planting flower seeds.

Glad To Play a Losing Game

"I shrink from the ordeal," she said, but
there was triumph in her voice.

The lady was dieting and exercising to
reduce her flesh, and the scales had just
shown that she had sloughed off thirty
pounds.

At the Free Employment Bureau

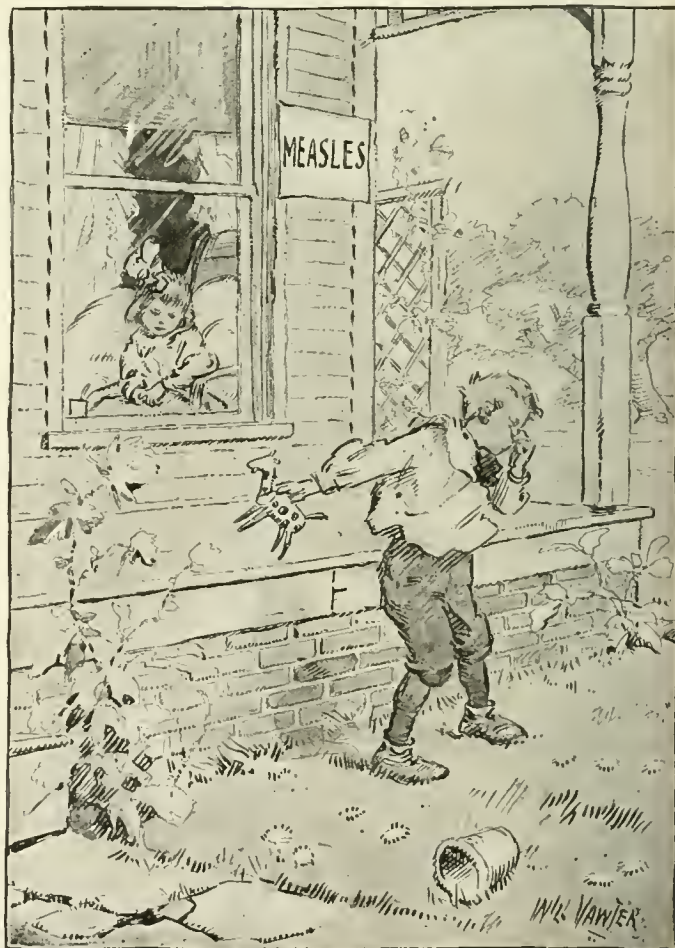
Clerk—What kind of job are you fitted
for?

Gink—I could make good as a cook in a
raw-food restaurant.

'Twas Ever Thus

"Have you been operating in the stock
market of late?"

"No. I've been operated upon."



AN OFFERING OF LOVE

"Court" Proceedings

A legal story



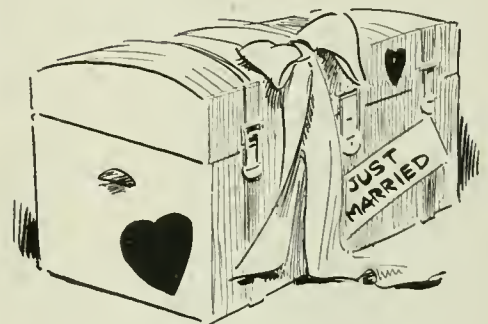
In the hands of a receiver



Suit and attachment



The cause
for action



Partnership



A third party order followed by adjournment



Supplementary proceedings
and liquidation



Rider—Why didn't you sound your horn when you saw the man in the road?
Driver—I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what struck him.

C H A R I T Y ' S N E M E S I S

By JANE W. GUTHRIE



"**W**AIT a moment, Marie." Mrs. Good Thing's voice, at first muffled, became more clear as her maid succeeded in slipping a delicately thin, fragilely lacy nightgown over her head. "Just take those things"—pointing to the garments she had abandoned—"fold them all up and have them sent at once to the Indigent Fathers' and Brothers' Relief Fund."

"But, madame," remonstrated the maid anxiously, "permit me"—

"That will do, Marie," Mrs. Good Thing's voice reproved.

"But, madame, I must—I must"—

Her mistress turned about in her chair and gazed at the maid. "I shall not need you any more to-night," she said, and the girl vanished immediately through the door.

Mrs. Good Thing had been waiting impatiently for this moment. She wished to be alone, that she might select for sale certain of her jewels least likely to be missed by her husband, in order to secure funds to establish an ambulance in Paris. So many

really nice women were doing it now, and her husband had absolutely refused to contribute "one damned cent." She shuddered as she remembered the phrase as John volcanoed it that night at dinner. He had intimated at the same time with cruel distinctness that there would be no spring clothes to be gotten out of him, pleasantly remarking that he wished that she would be ready early in the morning to motor some distance out of town with him to meet the wives of some men with whom he was to hold an important conference, and had asked her to "look her best."

The phrase was stimulating. She smiled as she gazed at herself in the mirror above her dressing table. She knew that she made a charming picture. The lacy thin garment, with its soft, clinging material fashioned to a heavenly becomingness, reflected in an alluringly shadowy fashion the lovely lines of her trained-down



RELIEVING HER MIND

Mother—Why, don't you save some of your candy till to-morrow, dear?

Helen—I'd rather eat it now, mother, and get it off my hands.



figure. "What a pity," she murmured, as she gazed at herself, "that one cannot present one's self thus in public! But, alas!" she sighed, "it is not permitted."

At that moment her eye fell upon a small

while away the tedious hours in the trenches."

The Women of the Faubourg Fund.

She smiled tenderly. She wondered what woman of the old French nobility would secure her last year's mole-skins. They were not wearing them over here this season, and "who knows—What an interesting introduction they might prove!" She had left her labeled name and address on them.

The Starving Artists' Wives and Children.

The note here said that bundles of her best French handmade underwear had answered this appeal. And so on down the long list. Mrs. Good Thing was reveling in a haze of self-approval. She had plunged on, relieving suffering humanity. Attending charity bazaars and committees on relief, she had hardly been at home for days and had given orders to her maid and secretary over the telephone to take whatever was needed from her private stores. Along with other women she had bought tickets, offered her name as a patroness at any and everything that came her way, voiced the fact

that no woman who thought anything of herself would be seen at other than a charity entertainment, denied herself all the lovely balls the careless and cold-hearted people were giving. Really nice people were not seen at them this season. But now—the jewels. She must arrange that matter.

But, stay—here was another card. She had almost overlooked it.

Queen Mary's Appeal for Her Maids.

Oh, she must answer that! She must contribute something very smart for that! The secretary had left no note on this. Mrs. Good Thing wondered why, but rose and went to her clothes closet. It was perfectly bare. Nothing there to draw upon.

Her presses—they, too, stood in mute evidence of the world's seeking, upturned palm.

Her dressing-room chiffoniers—Savagely she tore them open. Drawer after drawer offered her not a pin.

She gazed about her wildly as she gave a gasping shriek. At last she understood.

"John! John!" she moaned. "Tomorrow morning!"

Stricken and white-faced, Pathos and Tragedy combined she seemed. She could not face the world in her nightgown. It was not permitted. Yet, save that and her jewels, she, too, was—how express it?—bare!

Looming Up

THE DAYS much happiness have brought me;

I act as though I were in clover.
'Tis not that wealth or fame has sought me,
But that at last spring cleaning's over.

And yet I can't keep on thus gayly;
I'll soon be growing glum and glummer.
Ere long my wife will nag me daily
About where we're to spend the summer!

—Nathan M. Levy.

ADVICE TO "GOLF WIDOWS"

On Saturday and Sunday chain him to the front porch.

table at her elbow, piled high with letters, cards, tickets, programs and notes that had been placed there for her inspection. She drew it toward her.

An Appeal for the Ten Thousand Neediest Cases.

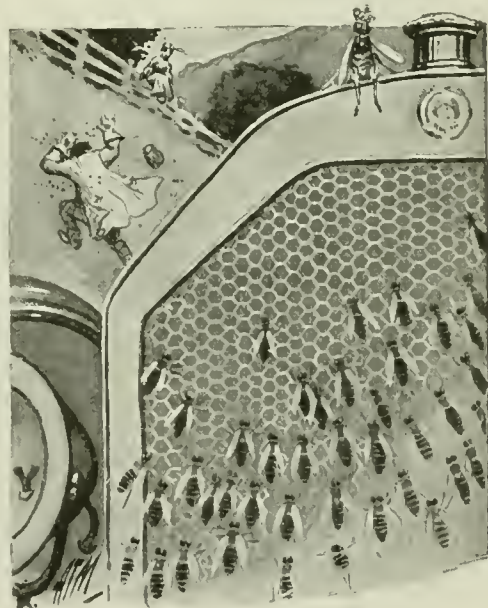
She laid it aside. Her secretary's note assured her that she had subscribed one dollar anonymously. She smiled approvingly as she murmured, "Every little bit helps."

An Appeal for the Unemployed.

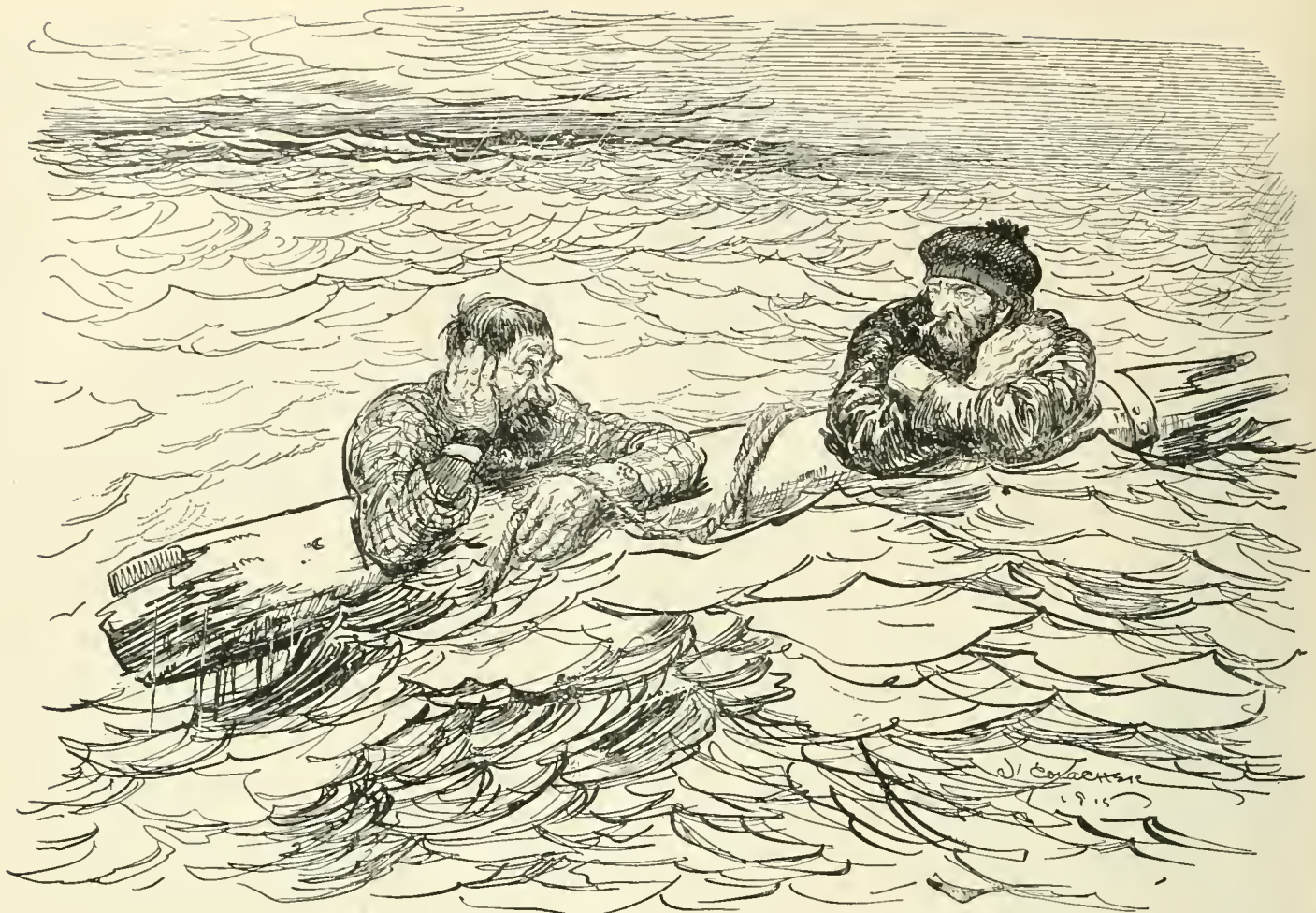
Her face hardened. "I could not conscientiously subscribe to that," she assured herself. "Let them go to work."

The Foreign War Relief Fund.

The note here revealed that she had subscribed a number of beading patterned outfits, "such cunningly boxed-up affairs, and just the things to divert the soldiers and



A HONEYCOMB RADIATOR IS DANGEROUS AT SWARMING TIME



Submarine victim—Wot pleasure d' ye suppose they git aht o' it, Bill?

Suburbanites

THE MODEST violet no more
In sweet seclusion dwells,
But flaunts itself at tango teas,
With giddy beaus and belles.
The pearl of purest ray has left
Its ocean bed below,
And now at ball and opera
Adorns a breast of snow.

Suburban Lucy gayly gives
The go-by to the farm,
And to the wicked city takes
Her girlish grace and charm.
Contrary to tradition, lo!
She hurdles every snare,
And fishing by the midnight arc,
She lands a millionaire.

—Minna Irving.

No Chance

"The great trouble with the American people is that they eat too much," said the doctor.

"Nonsense!" retorted the statistical person. "I can easily produce figures to prove that one-third of the American people live in boarding houses."



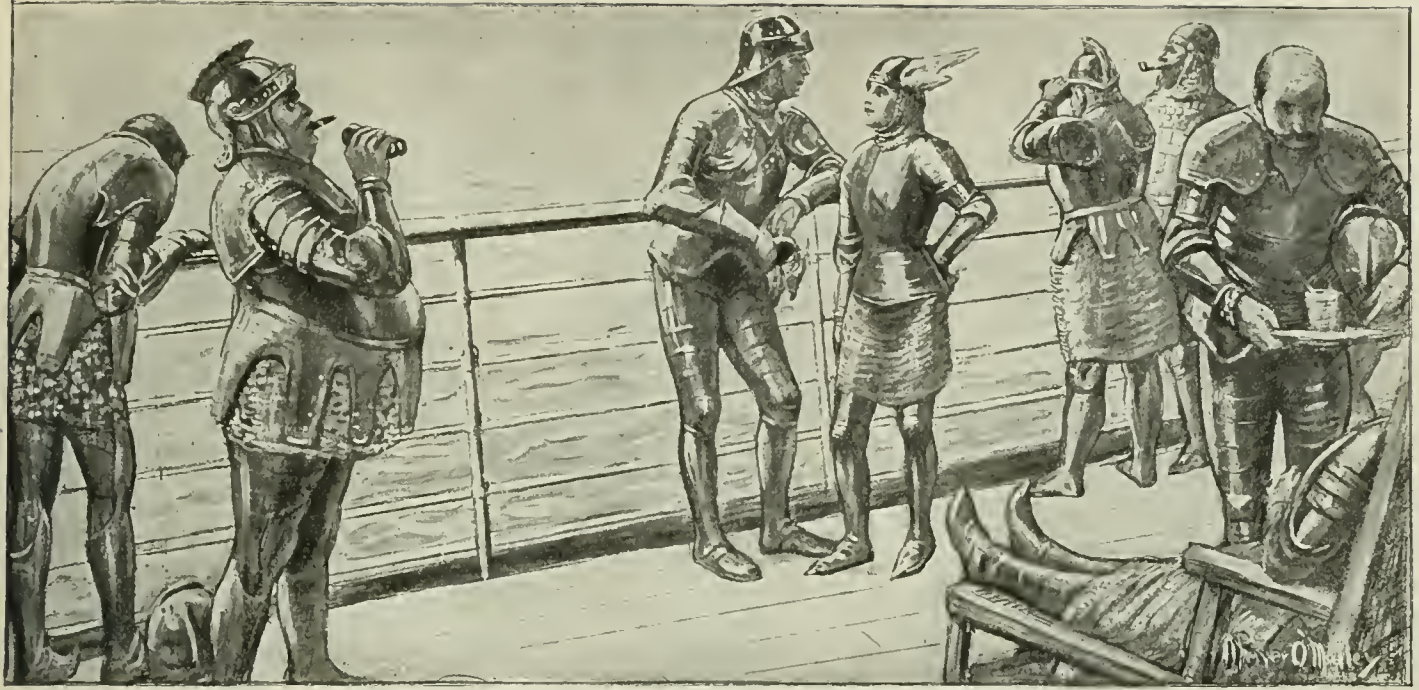
SPRING PRACTICE

His Ailment

"**G**LAD to see you, old boy! Glad to see you!" chortled the confidence man. "How are you, anyhow?"

"All run down!" grimly replied Sandstorm Smith, the well-known cattle baron of Rampage, Okla., who is temporarily in our midst. "I don't take no interest in life any more. I don't care to match dollars with strange gents who smell of pore licker; I don't feel able to buy the City Hall on the installment plan, paying a hundred dollars down; I haven't any ambition to beat wire tappers at their own game; I don't feel any desire to get something for nothing; I hain't got sufficient strength left to tote a gold brick if somebody would give it to me, and I don't feel the slightest inclination to get acquainted with total strangers who come snouting in without an invitation. Looks sorter like rain, off to the south'ard, don't it?"

—Tom P. Morgan.



SUGGESTION FOR EUROPEAN TRAVEL THIS YEAR

Forged Fetters

WHEN you said, "Come," did I not say,
 "All right"? You bet your life I did!
 Did I not let you have your way
 In the selection of my lid?
 Quite surely so! And did I frown
 When you breathed harshly, "Give me
 what
 You won last night. I need a gown"—
 I ask you, did I? I did not!

Did I oppose you when you said
 You thought I ought to dine on mush?
 I never did! Since we were wed,
 I've not complained a single tush;
 I've let you tell me what to wear
 And say and do, abroad or home—
 Ay, how to brush my crow-black hair,
 So as to hide my near-bald dome.

When you asked, "Darling, don't you think
 The walrus an amusing bird?"
 I answered, "Yes." And don't I drink
 What you suggest, though it's absurd?
 I've done your bidding, been a fool
 For years; but now your plans I'll
 wreck
 Without remorse. No more you'll
 rule—
 You want a— Yes, dear; here's a
 check!
 —A. Walter Utting.

His Handicap

"One of the penalties of approaching
 age is clumsiness," confessed Merton
 Morose, on whose head the frosts of
 time have been sifting down for quite a
 spell. "When I move carelessly about
 a room, I knock over five things on an
 average; and when I am especially
 careful, I knock over ten."

Self-Abasement

"EVERY man should know himself," re-
 marked the parlor philosopher.
 "Perhaps," said the mere man; "but in
 doing so, he wastes a lot of time that might
 be spent in making more desirable acquaint-
 ances."

Ruinous

Madge—Gossip doesn't pay.
 Marjorie—I'm beginning to agree with
 you, my dear. The last secret I heard cost
 me over two dollars for extra telephone
 tolls.

Modern Definitions

OPTIMISM—A whitewash for the blues.
 Wall flower—A bud that has gone to
 seed.

Paradox—An improbable probability.
 Genius—A person who can make you be-
 lieve he knows more than you do.

Love—A feeling that sometimes prompts
 a woman to be miserable with one man
 rather than happy with another.

Photography—The art of making a wom-
 an's portrait look as she thinks she looks.

Wisdom—The rare faculty of knowing
 when to quit.

Critic—A person who pricks other
 people's bubbles.

Pessimist—A person who can weep
 for joy.

Parody—The real test of fame.

Contentment—An ability to divide
 what you have with what you want.

Bachelor—A man who is too much
 of a coward to get married.

Silence—The sauce that softens the
 spice of life.

Skeptic—A man who would use test-
 ing acid on a golden opportunity.

—S. S. Stinson.

His Translation

"I understand, Cuddyhump, that
 your wife is convalescent?" said kindly
 Mrs. White.

"No, mom, if yo' please, and t'ankey
 for de 'terrogation," politely replied
 the colored man; "but 'stidder which
 she's gittin' better, mom!"



"My son, what did I tell you about going fishing on Sunday?"



As she felt she looked



As she hoped she looked



As she really did look

AUNT TILLIE'S FIRST EXPERIENCE AT THE BEACH

"WHEN shall you take your vacation this year?" asked Mrs. Wopley.

"Between seven p. m. and seven a. m.," glumly responded her husband.

"Nonsense!" The speaker turned impatiently from her dressing table. "I'm asking a serious question."

"My answer was no joke."

She resumed her hair brushing. "Does that mean that I cannot go anywhere either?"

"I shouldn't think of being so cruel"—his voice was cuttingly sarcastic—"as to require you to remain here in the same old apartment, to be manicured, massaged and hair-dressed by the same old women, to trifle with the same silly embroidery, to

THE GAY DECEIVERS

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

pet the same nasty poodle, to make the rounds of the same old cafes and theaters, just as you did all winter."

"Have I ever gone away without you?" Heatedly she whirled and faced him. "Have I?"

"It's about time, though, that you were beginning to do as other women do," he said, shrugging pajama-clad shoulders. "We've been married three years."

"Do you wish me to stay here with you, Perry?" She wanted him to say yes, knowing that she wouldn't enjoy a trip alone.

Wopley shrugged again.

"That is up to you." He wanted her to stay without being asked.

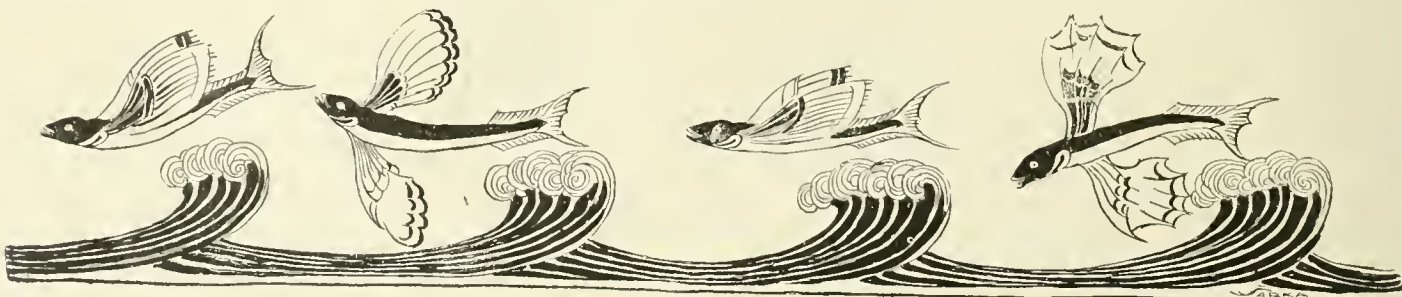
"Very well. If you want to get rid of me," she flared, hot, cross and piqued by his indifference, "I will go alone!"

"Put it that way if you like." He also was hot and cross, and tired besides. "Don't hurry home."

She cried on her pillow, and he swore on his. That was the first night that they had omitted the good-night kiss.

* * * * *

In her stuffy room at Breezybeach—oh,



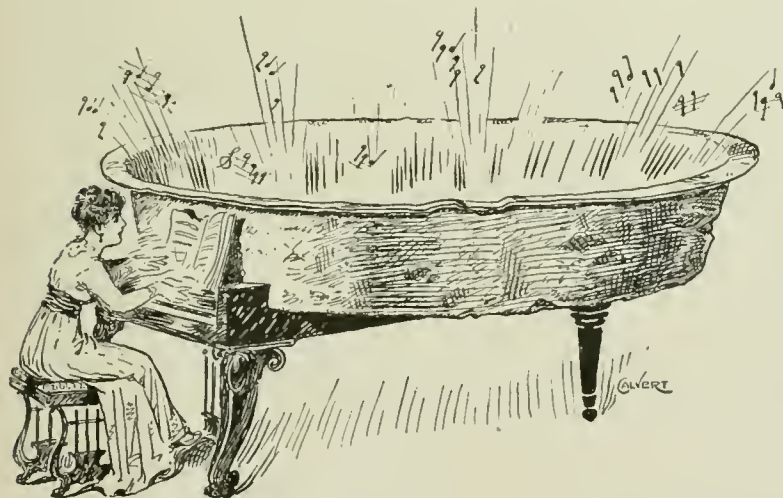


Mr. Goldrox—Marie, has young Dauber mentioned his income?
Marie—No, dad; he seems more anxious about yours.

mockery of a name!—Mrs. Wopley was inditing an epistle to her spouse.

"I'll make the gentleman sorry he didn't keep me under his eye," she vowed, chewing her penholder.

"Dearest hubby—I'm having the time of my sweet young life. There are more and nicer men here than I ever saw at a summer resort. They certainly are giving me the grand rush. You see, they think I am a widow, with piles and piles of money. Isn't it too funny? One, the handsomest fellow, with great dark eyes and a voice that would enchant a stone woman, is my devoted slave. I thought he was going to get sentimental last night, but some one butted in just at the psychological moment. He gives the most delightful little suppers. I could write bushels more, but I'm too tired. I'm not used to so much dissipation. Hope it isn't very hot in the city. Don't work too hard. Lovingly, "Byrd."



IF A PIANO LOOKED AS IT SOMETIMES SOUNDS

Sighing, Mrs. Wopley sealed and stamped this colossal fabrication.

"I don't approve of lying, but one has to fight these man devils with their own kind of fire."

Wopley read of his wife's gayety with feelings that ranged from mild disapproval to jealous fury. Then he sat down and wrote a letter which, apparently by accident, disclosed that he was "going some" himself. This the homesick Mrs. Wopley received, cried over and answered with seven pages about the dark-haired man, yachting parties and moonlight motor rides. And Wopley replied in kind.

"By heaven!" swore hubby, when he had perused her third effort at fiction. "I'll take a look into those dark eyes myself!" Striding to the closet, he dragged out a suitcase and began to pack.

All the way back to the city Thursday evening Mrs. Wopley kept referring to her husband's last letter.

"Took Tessie Arleigh and her mother to lunch," she read. "Accompanied Tessie and the Crassons to the Roof Garden last night." And in conclusion: "Have invited Tessie, the Crassons and some others up to the apartment next Thursday night to eat a

'rabbit' and tango awhile. Wish you could be here."

"Thanks! I will!" grimly muttered Mrs. Wopley, crushing the letter back into her bag. "And I'll invite the whole bunch to clear out of my house. Tessie Arleigh! Hateful pink-and-white creature, I could choke her!"



UP TO FATHER

"Pop, if I wasn't so short o' money, I'd blow ye off to a soda!"

It was eleven o'clock when Mrs. Wopley reached the door of her domicile, and the party should have been at its height. But there was no sound of mirth. Softly opening the door, she saw her lord asleep in his chair.

"Well," she said crisply, "how's the party?"

Wopley roused up. "What party? Oh! We heard you coming and postponed it."

Then she saw the suitcase on the floor and upon the table her most recent letter and a time table. She understood.

"You were coming to bring me home?"

"Oh, no! Just a business trip," he explained. "You came back—to me?"

"No. I needed a rest from the dissipation."

"You can't fool me!" they cried simultaneously, and Wopley held out his arms.

Modern Farming

"How many head o' livestock you got on the place?"

"Livestock?" echoed the somewhat puzzled farmer. "What d' ye mean by livestock? I got four steam tractors and seven automobiles."



The collector—I bought two Whistlers to-day. The lady—Ah! A male and a female. I presume.

A Wise Precaution

LEND your father the lawn mower? Why, certainly," said the new suburbanite graciously. "But he's early, isn't he? I haven't cut my own grass yet."

"That's what pop said," replied the neighbor's boy. "So he thought he'd borrow the mower before you got it out of order."

One on Casey

Clancy was chuckling.

"What's the joke?" asked Mooney.

"Why, Casey just bet me ten dollars he could shoot a peanut off me head with a shotgun."

"What's funny about that?"

"I took him up because I know he'll miss it."

A Practical Answer

I'D BRAVE snow and ice," he said, "for your hand; I'd toil 'neath torrid, gray skies. I'd give my life freely for such a stake and The right to light fires in your eyes."

"I'd rather you'd strive to win a beefsteak Than the stake that you mention," said she;

"And if you'll light fires every morn ere I wake,

I think 'twould appeal most to me."

—Britt Adams.

Tightwad's Mite

Charity worker—Surely you can spare the price of a cigar!

Crusty codger—Here's two cents. I smoke stogies.

Luck is all right, but hustling for something beats it many a lap.

The Observant Child

LITTLE girl, does your papa have much trouble with his automobile?"

"Yes, sir. He has as much trouble with it as if he was married to it."

Still Life

"That feller's a fool!" says Farmer Hitcher.

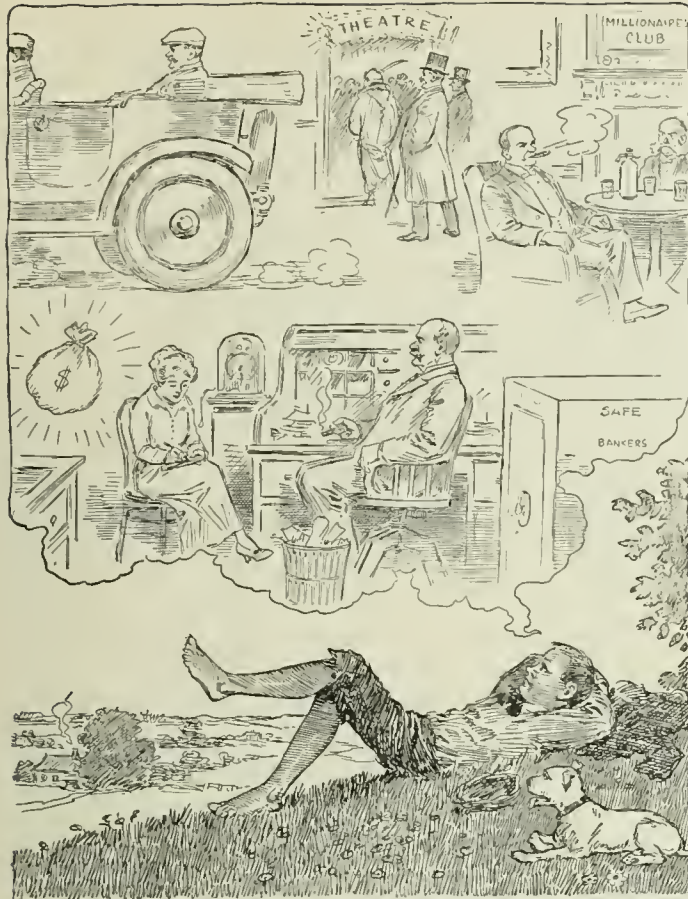
"He's daown in the medders a-tryin' away To git, by gravy! a movin' picthur

Of my hired man that works by the day!"

Lost Somewhere

"Dat's 'de way Ah got mah start," remarked a gorgeously attired "coon," who was critically watching a former co-laborer digging a ditch and perspiring freely in the hot sun.

"Maybe 'tis," replied the other, without raising his eyes; "but what did you do with it?"



THE WISHES

Suggestions to Summer Tourists on Manhattan Island

IN OBSERVING our traffic regulations, remember that the exception proves the rule, and look out for it!

Do not go to a box office to buy theater tickets; you only bother the man inside who fills up the hole made years ago.

Remember that the word "comic" or "comedy" in a theater advertisement is a subtle reference to the ad, not the show.

Do not joke with a policeman; they keep his sense of humor at headquarters.

If you want a drink on Sunday—say so!

Do not talk about "lobster palaces." Only reporters do that.

Do not go to a roof garden to pick violets, nor the Polo Grounds to watch the ponies.

Register as John Grouch, of Gloomville, and all the newspaper humorists will write you up.

Act like "Rubes" if you can; it gives us something to talk about and doesn't hurt you.

Tell us we are a wicked lot. We like it!

If you want to pass as a real New Yorker, stop and watch every odd job; and never

fail to observe the putting in of a plate-glass window or the digging of a hole.

If you really intend to cut up, pull down the blinds, or seventeen different authorities will get you!

—Charles Elkin, Jr.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS

Broken Chords

SHE WAS a maiden in her teens,
Who hied her to bucolic scenes.
Of mild-eyed milkmaids poets sing—
They so demure and sweetly fair.
This maid wouldst meet the proper thing
And paint one in her beauty rare.

She also hoped to take a peep
At bovines standing all knee-deep
In clover, chewing cud's content.

Such was the mission she with charm
Pursued, while thus on pleasure bent
She went to paint up the old farm.

She found, alack! the milkmaid rare—
Like Pevens, he of grizzly hair,
He who in nasal tones' reproof

Split up the atmosphere to beat
The band—and eke to swat the roof—
"Gosh dern ye, Suke, git off my feet!"

The soft-eyed bovine, Suke her name,
Knee-deep in clover! Not the same!
Her back was humped, her eye was red
With anger as she snaps her tail.

Knee deep in clover? Nope! Instead,
Both of her hind feet in the pail!

—Horace Seymour Keller.

Vacation Reading

Consists mainly of thermometers, restaurant menus and hotel bills.



Be wise, be wise, but not too wise, for golly's good, by jing! and rippling laugh and dancing eyes make life a brighter thing. I'd hate to be so great a sage, so steeped in solemn lore, I would not with the kids engage in games upon the floor. The snows of many weary years have bent and whitened me, but I am always keen, my dears, to rob an apple tree.

Be honest, son, and pay your bills and owe no man a bone; then folks will speak your name with thrills of rapture in each tone. But don't be like that honest gent who'd rouse you from your sleep to pay you back a borrowed cent—'twere best that cent to keep.

Be moderate in all, my son, like sane old boys behave, and when your little race is run, we'll decorate your grave.

He Didn't Believe in Circumstantial Evidence

LITTLE Johnny was doing sentinel duty, with his new air rifle slung across his shoulder, when the irate lady next door bore down upon him.

"Did you break my window?" she demanded wrathfully, pointing to the damaged property.

The child looked from the window to her and back again before replying,

"Did you saw me?"

"No. But"—

"Then I didn't do it!" And turning, he marched away.

His Predicament

"How are you, Mr. Gloom?"

"Having as much trouble as a moving-picture hero, thank you!" replied J. Fuller Gloom, the prominent pessimist.

BE GOOD, my son, for goodness pays—but don't be too blamed good, or, as you walk your righteous ways, all filled with angel food and conscious of your growing wings, you'll find the sledding bad; for virtue, like some other things, may be a bore, my lad.

The man who always looks askance at every worldly play, who says that gents who smoke or dance are on the hellward way, will find the earth a lonesome place as righteously he wends, and few will smile to see his face, and he will have few friends. Don't worry over others' sins or read the long list through; don't always kick at Satan's shins, unless he kicks at you.

Be brave, my son. The coward knows but little peace or rest; contempt is his where'er he goes, north, south or east or west. All mortals love the hero heart that scorns the name of fear, that bids all quaverings depart when dangers threaten near. Hast heard the hero's dauntless yell? It hath inspiring sound; but bravery, my lad, may well be run into the ground. The man who waits to fight a bull when there are trees to climb, of Viking courage may be full and hardihood sublime; but you must see, unless you're dense, such courage isn't right—the man who owns it hasn't sense to last him over night.

Be wise, my son, for wisdom wins, and, like a garment great, 'twill cover multitudes of sins for any human skate. But wisdom, if it's used alone, will make you dull and stale, and your associates will groan or ride you on a rail. The turgid man, of aspect stern, of long and gloomy face, who has some axioms to burn, to fit whatever case, is wearisome to one and all; when he has words to spare, the people wish he'd hire a hall and do his talking there.



Mr. Freshie—Now, Mamie, you get out of here! How can I watch my hat and overcoat with you around?



Disillusioned

SALLY, the sentimental stenographer, rested her chin in her hands as she looked out of the window with a dreamy stare. "Listen!" she exclaimed. "I thought I heard wedding bells."

But practical Polly ejaculated, "Pooh! That was the gink in the next room, knocking his pipe against the radiator."

Uncle Foggy's Philosophy

APOLOGIES are often additional insults. Order cannot be preserved in alcohol. Self-made men should be seen, not heard. The pessimist's journey is from bad to worse.

All is vanity, and especially dramatic criticism.

Some prohibitionists are intemperate in the use of ink, if not of drink.

The man who agrees with me is level-headed; the man who does not is flat-headed.

If our own business interested us as much as other people's business does, most of us would be rich.

Self-Diagnosis

The automobile tire collapsed

And said, "Well, I declare!

I think less speed
Is what I need
And entire change of air!"

An Instance

Mrs. Gramercy—She didn't give her husband a moment's rest until he bought her a motor car.

Mrs. Park—So, after all, there does seem to be something in auto-suggestion.

Strange to Her

Three-year-old Doris stood in the doorway, watching the rooster crow. "Mam," she said, "I don't see why an old rooster wants to spank himself and then cry about it!"

Vacation Stuff

The Summery Girl

A QUIET resort of the summery sort
Is where I am longing to be,
Where girls with bright glances are seeking romances,

And cool woods would beckon to me,
Where roaming and boating and swimming
and floating

Formality put out of curl,
And soft is the heart of the summery sort
Of summer resorty girl.

I've tried every jolly and dangerous folly
The prodigal city affords;
I've toyed to satiety with each variety
Of the bait served us on swords;
And none of it thrills me—with ennui it fills me—

And yet I'd get all in a whirl
Could I ramble apart at some summer resort
With a summery sort of girl.

Oh, dull may things grow at the garden or show

And unspeakably dull at the club!
You may note streaks of gray, feel you're getting passe,

And sigh you're no longer a cub;
But just take to the woods, run away from your moods,

And you'll soon frisk about like a squirr'l
When a strolling you start at a summer resort

With a summery sort of girl.

—Lee Shippey.

A Candid Juror

"Yes, we acquitted that woman, although most of us considered her guilty."

"Then you shouldn't have acquitted her."

"I know we shouldn't. She wasn't very good looking."

No Let Up

Crawford—We hear a good deal these days about the tired business man.

Crabshaw—No wonder. As soon as he gets through business, he starts in dancing.

Not To Be Thought Of

Certainly some might be foolish enough to call Athens, Thermopylæ and Marathon the most famous Greece spots in history, but it would be dangerous.



Recruiting sergeant—By jinks! if I could land a young fellow like that, now, I'd call it a day's work



It is unanimously decided to go to California for the vacation. Well, it's nearly unanimous

Horse and Horse

"THE colonel certainly gives you a gaudy setting-out in this recommendation. He says you are a lazy, impudent, trifling blockhead, that you get drunk at every opportunity, and that you will steal anything you can lay your hands on."

"Well, sah—uh-kee, hee, hee!—yo' ortuh hear what he says 'bout yo', sah!"

A Fair Question

Willis—After all, Wallace, it is only a step from civilization to savagery.

Wallace (reading war news)—Which way?

By One Who Knows

The pillow 'neath the lover's head,
When slumber dreams delicious brings,
Indeed seems stuffed, it might be said,
With feathers out of Cupid's wings!

Restaurant Rondel

LOW WAS her brow, her hair all smooth and neat;
And rich her voice, and every tone was sweet.

I gave my order; kitchenward she flew,
The while I watched the people passing through.

Soon she returned. No need to tell me now
Low was her brow.

Mutton for steak, a pudding and no cheese;
Coffee for tea she brought, then stood at ease
To see me eat. For hunger's sake I must.
I rose and overlooked the hand outthrust
In search of tips for service. Then, I vow,
Low was her brow.

—Kate R. Burton.

Engineering Triumph

"WHY are you studying that dachshund so intently?"

"I consider him an architectural triumph of Mother Nature's," explained the bridge builder. "See how nicely the stress is calculated to the span."

Scientific Method

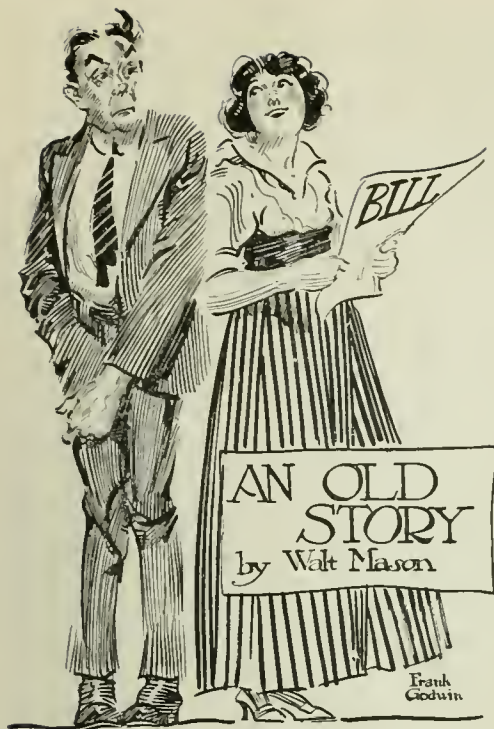
Crawford—There doesn't seem to be any open warfare between Henpeck and his wife.

Crabshaw—No; but he admits it requires a lot of strategy in order to get along with her.

Revenge

I hope the man who took my watch,
Whoever stooped so low,
Will miss more trains than I have missed
Because the thing was slow!





MAN HEAVES a smile when the winter's o'er, and the blankety blizzards cease to roar, and the furnace stands with an empty maw, with the damper shut, so the pipe won't draw. And he says, says he, "For a while I sha'n't spend all I earn on my heating plant, and I ought to salt down some iron men before the cold weather shall come again. In the summertime the expense is light, and I'll carry each week some bul- lion bright to the savings bank, to be placed in brine. May the kind gods smile on this scheme of mine!"

It looks so easy, when winter's done, to save a bundle of honest mon! And man, he chortles and kicks his heels and fills the air with his gladsome spiels.

But his wife remarks, "I have chartered John, our next-door neighbor, to tend the lawn. I want to make it a beauty spot, and here is a list of things I've bought—some shrubs and bushes and bulbs and trees and climbing roses and things like these. I know you're anxious as I can be to have a home that is fit to see; when the bill comes in, you'll be glad to pay—we'll save the money some other way."

And man, he looks at the bill and groans; for many a week he will save no bones. He almost wishes the winter back, with the coal man's wagons a-hauling slack.

But his soul is soothed when the bushes grow and the roses per- fume all winds that blow. "The lawn is handsome, at any rate,

and the bill is paid, though the strain was great; and now, by blitzen! I'll start to save, with a heart triumphant and strong and brave. Ten bones each week I will place in soak, and thus the winter won't find me broke, and I'll be able to look ahead to stormy weather and know no dread."

"The lawn is lovely," his wife remarks; "it knocks the spots from the city parks. But folks who pass in a hurried way don't see its beauties from day to day, so I've decided to bring them here and let them see how our grounds appear. A nice lawn party will just be right; I've asked the neighbors for Thurs- day night. So we must purchase a lot of things—some colored bunting and gaudy strings and Chinese lanterns, which are a dream; a hundred gallons of rich ice cream and nuts and candies and things to eat—I want this party to be a treat—and you must order eight dozen chairs, a German band and some dancing bears!"

And man, he turneth the briny loose; he's up against it, so what's the use? He has to buy what he's told to buy, though hens quit laying and cows go dry.

The summer goes, and the bliz- zards roll, and once again he is buy- ing coal; and it keeps him broke all the wintertime, so he cannot lasso an extra dime. But still he says, "When the winter's gone, I'll save



WHERE THE SWITCHES GROW

"Little boy, can you tell me where Willow Street is?"
"No; but pop can."

some money, so help me John! In spring and summer expenses shrink, and man can gather a roll of chink!"

To the Bitter End

Crabshaw—Why don't you try to patch things up with your wife?

Henpeck—It's no use; she won't even grant an armistice.

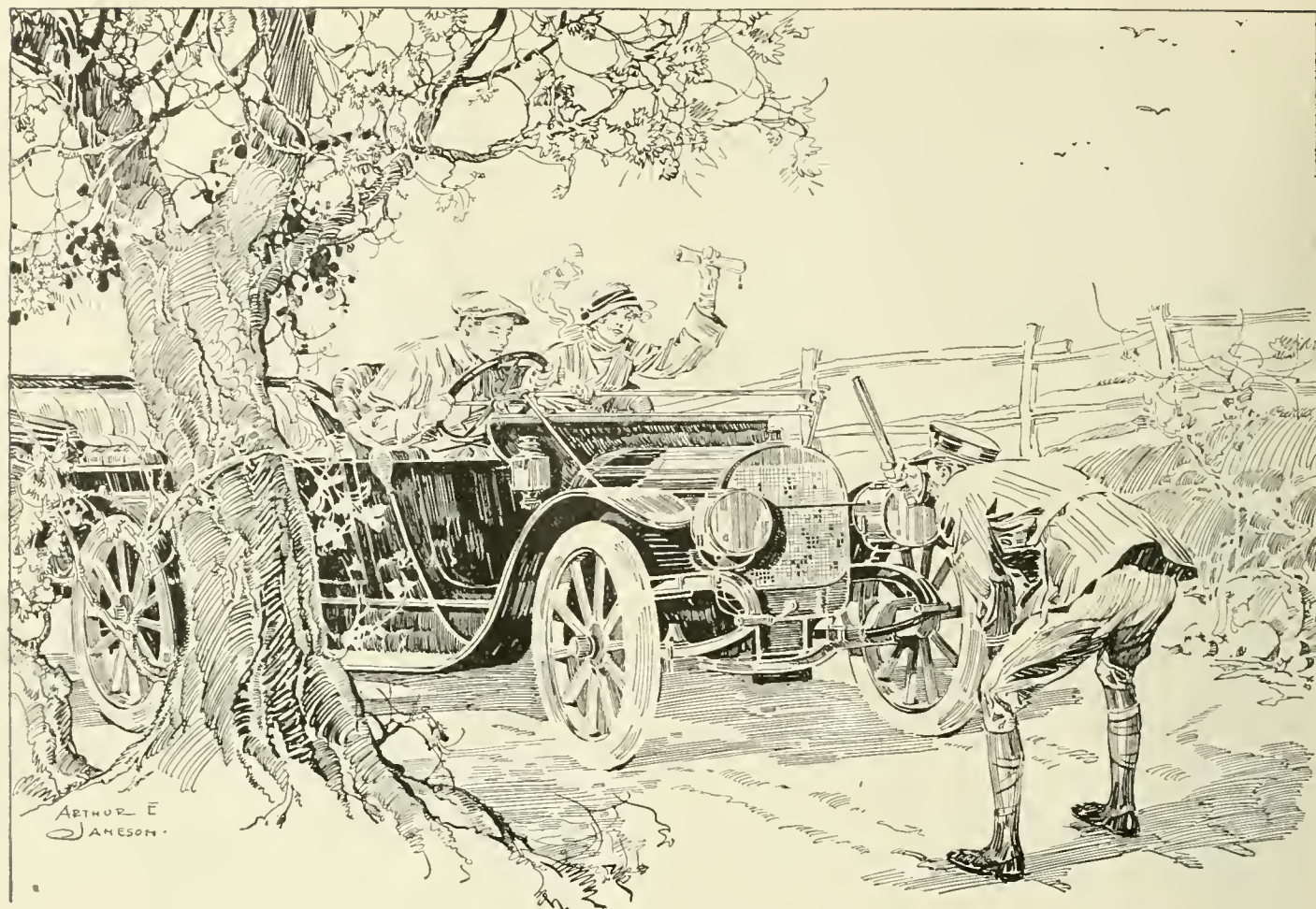
Our Fool Human Habit

We lay our burdens down at night,
Dream of them till the morn; and then
We scarcely wait till it is light
To crawl back under them again.



HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE LINKS

Football player (regaining consciousness after being knocked out by golf ball)—Gee! some rough game, this!



THE WRONG ONE

Officer—Hey, there! Where's yer license? *Girl*—Here it is, officer, just signed by the parson!

The Reason

"EH-YAH!" confessed J. Fuller Gloom, the prominent pessimist. "I have changed entirely the plans of the house I am going to build, in spite of the fact that the architect, my wife and various other sensible and well-posted people agreed that it was as near perfect as it could be made, and I myself was thoroughly pleased with it."

"Then why?"—

"Oh, it didn't suit the neighbors!"

Fate

For nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants, the line of least resistance.

For the remaining one-tenth, industry, perseverance, courage, hope, honesty and all the copybook virtues. If you don't believe it, try it.

None Available

Employer—Have you no excuse to offer for such laziness?

Hired man—I haven't any that will work.



A REPEATER

Wife—What shall we give Bella for a wedding present?

Husband—Oh, same as we gave her the other times.

Family Portraits

THERE is a beautiful home on Long Island that the owners wished to lease for the summer. Two parvenus with social ambition thought this residence might be the means of launching them into local society, so they went to look it over. Upon entering the boudoir of a young woman member of the family, their eyes fell upon a beautiful Madonna on the wall. They also observed a Beatrice Cenci. One of the party said, "Well, if we do take this house, will you please remove the family portraits?"

Logic

Helen—Turn down the light, Bob, and then we can talk about love.

Bob—But, my dear, we will then be in the dark about it.



DIPLOMACY



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NEW YORK.

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ALL THE WORLD TO MOTHER

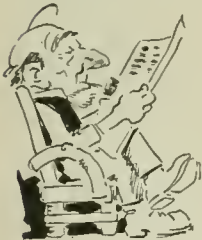


THE POWER OF THOUGHT

"Aw, for heaven's sake quit thinkin', Bill! It makes me nervous!"

Her Pantalets

BELOW the edge of Lucy's skirt
And just above her shoe,
I thought I saw a frill of lace
Peep coyly into view.
'Twas but a glimpse of
snowy stuff,
With rosy ribbon run,
And vanished like a film of frost
Before the morning sun



I know my eyes were not deceived—
That flash of lingerie
Above her ankle silken-clad
A petticoat might be;
But still imagination round
That ruffle pirouettes
And tells me lovely Lucy wears
A pair of pantalets.

—Minna Irving.

The Pawn Ticket

"You're in the wrong place to have this filled," said the druggist.
"Why?"
"Because this slip of paper calls for an overcoat."



FASHION'S UPS AND DOWNS

And There Was Light

WHEN May comes in, the dismal days
Of snow and sleet, of cloud and haze,
Are sped. The air is soft and sheer,
And through the sparkling atmosphere
Dart golden gleams and lambent rays.

The sky, with dazzling tints ablaze,
The eager eyes of man dismays;
The earth has doffed its dusk and drear,
When May comes in.

'Tis thus my love her charms displays,
When first she falls upon the gaze;
Her beauties, radiantly clear,
Like heaven's new-born light appear.
My eyes, my mind, are in a maze,
When May comes in!

—A. Burstein.

Speed Up!

Unless you rate a little above the average you will have plenty of monotonous companionship.

Making Matrimony a Partnership

"DO YOU know," propounded Mrs. Spatz, as she absently deepened her dimple with a crochet needle, "why matrimonial seas are so stormy?"



Mr. Spatz carefully pushed a broom straw through his pipe stem before answering. "Because a wife calls every puff of wind a squall?"

Mrs. Spatz shook her head.

"A goodly number of boats are beached while the helmsman is below, manning the cook's galley," averred Spatz. "The cooks on the Hymen liners are getting to want every afternoon out."

"Guess again," tartly invited his mate. "And place part of the fault where it belongs."

"Which means: Put all the fault where it doesn't belong." He blew a derisive blast through his pipe stem. "Quite often the craft is capsized in a struggle for the possession of the skipper's trousers. When the captain finds himself on the bridge, in full view of the fleet, minus the most important portion of his apparel, you can't blame him for jumping overboard."

"Blaming the woman," jeered Mrs. Spatz, "is the first step in the process of 'being a man.' A boy baby with the colic bangs his little fists against the breast that fed him and tries to howl that the milk wasn't properly handled."

"He is too young to understand that the old adage has recently been amended to read, 'The queen can do no wrong.' But what are your ideas upon the subject?"

"A matrimonial firm," elucidated Mrs. Spatz, "should be governed by the same rules as other firms."



Aceful duffer—I am sorry I blacked your eye. What shall I pay you?
Caddy—Aw, wha' d' ye usually pay fer foozlin' th' ball inter yer caddy's eye?



"My little man, could you show me the nearest way to the post-office?"
"Yes, mum; right through this here hole."

"Oh! The partners should contribute an equal amount toward the capital stock?"

"Capital isn't all that is necessary. There should be co-operation!"

"Husband and wife should labor equally hard?"

"Er—ah," stammered Mrs. Spatz, whose only domestic feat to date had been a mess of scrambled eggs. This she had achieved by dropping a sackful upon a hardwood floor. "They should endeavor to pull harmoniously together. Neither should interfere with the other's department."

"Yes," dryly agreed Spatz. "A wife ought not to ask her husband to fire his best stenographer because the poor girl happens to be pretty."

Mrs. Spatz reddened and hastily proceeded. "A man should treat his wife as his equal."

"Instead of as his superior?"

"He ought to divide the profits fairly with her."

"And when there were none, she would never tell him to 'Get the money, somehow?'"

"It would be partner-like for him to talk his affairs over with her," asserted Mrs. Spatz, evincing symptoms of ire.

"Fine!" heartily assented Spatz. "Let's begin now. Trade is rotten. We must put every penny of our profits back into the business. By working night and day and not spending a cent except for bread and meat!"

"That will do!" snapped Mrs. Spatz, her cheeks threatening to ignite her crochet wool. "I'm no fool. I can see that you don't want me for a partner."

—Terrell Love Holliday.



SOME PEOPLE PREFER THE OLD STEPS

And He Wasn't English, Either

ONE MORNING, after I had spoken to the students in the Lewis and Clarke high school, Spokane, I was accosted in the corridor by a professorial-looking person who wore a Vandyke and had other faults. He thus accosted me:

"Do you know, I was much int'rested in what you said this mornning to the stewdents. I am much int'rested in humoh."

Now, when a man tells me he is "much int'rested in humoh," I know I have fallen foul of one with no sense of humor, and I yearn for escape. That sort consider (and they're right) humor as something totally outside and apart from themselves—something to be chloroformed, impaled with a pin and studied under a microscope of high power.

I was speechless in the presence of this person, and he went on:

"Do you know, the other day a friend of mine said something that amused me greatly. He spoke over the telephone to me and said, 'Good-morning. You're looking

well.' Just as if he saw me, you know. I thought that was very amusing, indeed."

Knowing I should have to go back close to the paleozoic age in humor to reach him, I said, "Yes, the first time I heard that, I kicked a side out of my cradle."

"Oh, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Now you do int'rest me! Is it possible you were int'rested in humoh so young as that?"

Sobbing bitterly, I fled blindly.
—Strickland Gillilan.

What It Was

Six-year-old returned from his first day at Sunday school, very proud that he had learned the song that the children sang

as they marched into the assembly room.

"What was the song?" asked fond parent of orthodox persuasion.

"Onward, Christian Science!"



HOW THEY DO IT

Steve—They say that waiters can always size a man up.
Lillian—I suppose they measure him from tip to tip.



THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE INFANT-TREE AWAITING ORDERS

Little Boy Blow

OH, LITTLE BOY BLUE, come, blow your horn,
Or you might as well have never been born.
Come, puff out your bosom and strut up and down
And shout your own praises around through the town.

The press agent's howling all over the lot.
Without a disturbance you're quickly forgot.
Napoleon, Cæsar and all of those guys,
Their stories are writ round the theme:
Advertise.

We all praise the cut of mild Modesty's coat,
But Boaster's the fellow who captures the vote;
So the lesson to learn in life's early morn
Is, Little Boy Blue, to blow your horn!

—Walter G. Doty.

The New Wheeze

"Out of a job?" asked Yorick Hamm.
"Aside from the fact that the same is couched in unprofessional language," replied Hamlet Fatt, with dignity, "your inquiry savors of ribaldry and is, moreover, uncouth. An actor is never at liberty these days. If you don't see his name on a Broadway bill, he is getting more money from the movies."

Hopeless Case

"Pessimistic, is he?"
"To the ultimate limit. He couldn't even imagine a castle in the air without a mortgage on it."

One of the very uncommon things is common sense.

Metamorphosis

ONCE there was a good man who lived a happy and a busy life.

But one day there came along a moralist, and he wrote an elaborate code of ethics which specifically prohibited everything that the good man was doing.

Then the moralist who had made the code took it to the good man and said, "Here, if you will read what is written in these pages, you will very quickly perceive that you are not a good man at all, but a very bad man."

Thus does ethics make sinners of us all.

Dishonesty

"Pop, in politics is it dishonest to buy votes?"

"Yes, my son, if you don't pay for them."



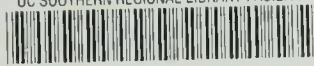
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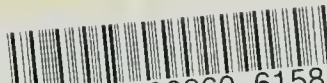


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